

NEW BUSINESS NOTICE.

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

EDWARD BARRY.

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CALL EARLY AND BOOK ORDERS.

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H. A. LAWLOR, J. W. MURRAY

March 29, 1892.

If the address slip pasted on the top of this page has a date on it, and the date of the paper is later than that on the slip, it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper without paying for it. See Publisher's announcement 4th on Page

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 18. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, JUNE 9, 1892. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. TERMS—\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

Tenders!

We tender the citizens of New Brunswick the most valuable and certain ROAD TO HEALTH.

ALE AND BEEF PEPTONIZED.

THE GREAT FOOD TONIC! PRICE 25 CENTS. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Laundry Manoleate

A SOAP POWDER, Combined with the disinfectant Manoleate is alike useful in washing clothes, walls, floors, etc., purifying and cleaning, at the same time assuring

Cleanliness—Health—Safety.

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THE GUIDING STAR TO HEALTH. A POSITIVE CURE FOR

DYSPEPSIA, SCORFULA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, BAD BLOOD, RHEUMATISM, HEADACHE, FOUL HUMORS, JAUNDICE,

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IMPERIAL SUPERPHOSPHATE, SPECIAL POTATO PHOSPHATE, AND BONE MEAL

Send for Catalogue and convince yourselves of their value.

R. FLANAGAN, CHATHAM, N. B.

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FULL LINES OF

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Caps,

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Wholesale & Retail.

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Z. TINGLEY, HAIRDRESSER, ETC., HAS REMOVED

SHAVING PARLOR

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He will also keep a first-class stock of Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, and Smokers' Goods generally.

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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.

I intend to sell Cheap for Cash.

ROGER FLANAGAN.

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BABBIT METAL.

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Chatham, N. B.

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Great Reduction in prices of Dry Goods & Groceries.

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Containing Baron Liebig's Celebrated experiments and results. Infallible. Will save you hundreds of dollars. Price 25 cents.

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The Dwelling House and premises situated on St John Street, in the Town of Chatham, near the R. C. Chapel, lately occupied by H. S. Miller, Esq.

For terms and further particulars, apply to L. J. TWEEDIE, Barrister-at-Law, Chatham.

Dated at Chatham, 24th March, 1891.

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Advertising Rates furnished on application.

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J. B. SNOWBALL.

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Also—The store, corner Cunard and Duke street, lately occupied by the W. C. U. as a coffee Room. Apply to GEORGE STOTHART April 13, 1892.

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Robert Murray, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

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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 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

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

A. C. McLean.

"THE FACTORY"

JOHN McDONALD, (Successor to George Casady)

Manufacturer of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings

Builders' furnishings generally, under plan and matched to order.

Stock of DIMENSION and other Lumber, CONSIDERABLY ON HAND.

THE EAST END FACTORY, CHATHAM, N. B.

Small tin bottles have been made at work for us, by some page, double, years, and John, from Toronto, Ontario, who will, when you call, show you the work and the quality of the work. You can do the work and the quality of the work. You can do the work and the quality of the work. You can do the work and the quality of the work.

F. O. PETTERSON, Merchant Tailor

(Next door to the Store of J. B. Snowball, 12th CHATHAM - N. B.

All Kinds of Cloths, Suits or single Garments, specimen of which is respectfully invited.

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SALT! SALT!

For Sale in Bags or bulk by GEO. BURCHILL & SONS, Nelson.

Wanted at once.

A timethly accustomed to making cans and working about labor factory. Young man preferred. Apply to J. B. SNOWBALL.

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Mr. S. W. Farnham will remain in Chatham during the present winter to teach music. Terms made to any no desiring private lessons in voice culture.

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CUSTOMERS FOR A FULL LINE OF Boots and Shoes, Trunks, Valises, Satchels.

—ALSO— LEATHER & SHOE FINDINGS,

—AT THE— New Boot & Shoe Store

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Water Street, Chatham, (opposite W. S. Loggie's) Also, Furniture in Parlor and Bedroom Sets, Sideboards, Baby Carriages, etc.

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In store, the following reliable Brands of Flour—"Neva,"

"Daily Bread" and "Empress."

Pork, Plate Beef, Dry Codfish.

Item selling off balance of Dry Goods and Fancy articles away below cost.

SOMETHING NEW LESSIVE PHENIX

(the greatest Washing Powder yet discovered), Putz Liquid Pomade Polish, (for metals), FARINOSE IN 60c. BAGS @ 25c.

R. HOCKEN.

Miramichi Advance.

CHATHAM, N. B., JUNE 9, 1892.

CATCHING A COLONEL.

The colonel of the Red Hussars was an Irishman, who was as proud of his nationality as it is possible for an Irishman to be, and that is not saying a little by any means.

He carried his patriotism so far as to aver that not only were the Irish the finest, the most courageous, the most gifted of the four nationalities; but that nearly all the really great Englishmen were really Irishmen.

He justified this Hibernianism by a mode of reasoning which was highly original, but not wholly convincing. It would have provoked shouts of laughter from the mess if it had proceeded from the lips of a subaltern but the colonel was an altogether different person to deal with. It would be dangerous to quarrel with him, and he was as peppery as a London fog, or an old maid who has been jilted by the curate. It was considered far more advisable "to give him his head," and let him exhaust himself by the violence of his own efforts.

When he launched out on his favorite topic, therefore, he was listened to in disrespectful silence by his subordinates, but in revenge it was the greatest delight of the ways of the regiment to mimic his voice and manner, and to represent him as uttering the most astounding Hibernian expressions of a wholly profane character. This was called "doing Old Pat," and was a very popular amusement in every mess-room where the colonel's personality was known. His real name, of course, as the army list will tell you, was Col. Dominick Sydney Power, but this is a comparatively trifling detail. He had been nicknamed "Old Pat" at a very early stage of his military career, and "Old Pat" of the Red Hussars was almost as well known throughout the service as Cox's hound, or the cold-meat train to Working.

Therefore, when the Red Hussars heard that Sir James Macleod had been gazetted from the Blues to their own regiment, conjecture ran very high among the officers, whether Sir John would contrive to hit it off amicably with "Old Pat." It was generally felt that the stranger would probably prove a Scotchman of the deepest dye, with a very large allotment of Scotch pride and patriotism, while, no doubt, after his experiences in the Blues, he would be inclined to regard a mere colonel in a hussar regiment with more compassion than reverence. Under these circumstances, there seemed to be every prospect of some lively and exhilarating scenes when the colonel should deem it fitting to take the Scotch baronet into his confidence on the important subject of national distinctions.

"It will be great fun if he goes for Old Pat, and gives it him hot when he begins the usual rot," said young Fanshawe, with a broad grin, and it was generally agreed among the junior officers of the regiment that it would be great fun indeed.

While his subordinates were coming to this insubordinate decision, Col. Dominick Power was engaged in reading a long letter from an old schoolfellow of his, and a former brother officer of Sir James Macleod's, to whom he had written a few days previously in order to make some enquiries with regard to the new importation into the mess-room of the Red Hussars, and the baronet's motives for effecting the exchange.

"A woman is at the bottom of it as usual," wrote Capt. Fletcher, of the Blues. Macleod was very hard hit, and she threw him over for no reason that any one can divine. He knew that you were ordered abroad, and he wants to get out of the country without appearing to run away. That's the bait. He is a capital fellow; no nonsense about him in any way; is a good sportsman; A1 shot, and very popular in the regiment. There is only one point on which I had better caution you. Don't bet with him. He always wins."

"Is he, indeed?" mused Col. Power, and he may be the very devil himself for all he'll get out of me. It's myself that would like to see the colonel of the regiment betting with a mere whipper-snapper of a subaltern—newly joined, ed, too."

"Sir James Macleod proved to be a tall, fair young man, whose long features and high cheek bones testified very clearly that the place of his birth lay beyond the Tweed. He was not remarkably good-looking, but he carried himself with such an air of distinction that it seemed wonderful, as young Fanshawe said, that any woman could throw over "such a dasher, and a real, live baronet to boot." His manner, however, was that of a thorough man of the world; and it is not remarkable under the circumstances, that he got on at once with the young men who were to be his companions for the future.

"We thought you would be no end of a heavy swell," said young Fanshawe, in a day or two, during which friendship had ripened into familiarity, "but you ain't a bit."

Whereas Sir James Macleod laughed good-humoredly.

What shall you do when Old Pat begins his usual rot," continued Fanshawe, in a confidential tone, "about Ireland being the finest country in the universe, and everybody else being miserable scoundrels and outsiders? Shall you stick up for 'Auld Reekie' I wish

you would. It would make Pat so sick."

"What do you mean?" enquired the other.

Young Fanshawe explained his meaning at some length.

"And you think that he would be furious if anyone contradicted him?" enquired Macleod, fixing a very grey eye on the other.

"Furious? I think he would have a fit."

Macleod deliberated for a moment with the same wary expression of eye, and then he said quietly:

"I should like to make a bet with you. I will lay you two ponies to a five-pound note that if you will draw the colonel out on his favorite topic, I will contradict him on every point, and will have a most angry discussion, and, at the end the colonel will be as good-humored and pleased as if—well, as if I had put a hundred pounds in his pocket."

"You don't know Old Pat," replied Fanshawe, shaking his head. "He'll make the regiment too hot to hold you in less than no time."

"Well, shall I book the bet?" suggested Macleod, blandly.

"No, I won't bet on a certainty."

"Are you sure," enquired Macleod, with an air of doubt, "that it isn't that you don't feel—quite—up—to drawing Old Pat?"

"You may book the bet," cried Fanshawe, haughtily, and his cheek flushed with anger. "And if you lose you will have no one to thank but yourself."

"Quite so," said Macleod, calmly, and he made the entry in his pocket-book in the most business-like way. "And if I lose—well, at any rate I shall afford you some amusement."

And so it came about that that same evening, when a mellow fog was beginning to make its appearance on the colonel's grim visage, young Fanshawe to the consternation of the mess, proceeded to introduce the subject of a certain deceased Irish politician.

"What a scoundrel that fellow was!" said young Fanshawe, apropos of nothing, and dragging the deceased leader into conversation precisely as Mr. Dick used to hoist King Charles I's head into the "Memorial."

The other subs looked at young Fanshawe with an expression of amazement. Had he gone out of his senses, or had the wine got into his head? Closer inspection, however, showed that he looked unnaturally sober and unusually intelligent. Then there must be some game on—some game at the colonel's expense. This would probably be good sport, and it would be as well to be in at the death.

Every eye was, therefore, fixed on the colonel. Old Pat was not to be drawn by a young Fanshawe. He snorted indignantly, but reserved his steel for wrothier foes.

The circle of watchful eyes now turned to Fanshawe. What would be his next move?

"My patter has just bought a hogs-head of the finest Scotch whiskey," said the youth, coming up to time with commendable alacrity and a cheerful smile. He launched out into some details on the subject and his intentions thereto, concluding with the following significant remark: "I hate Irish whiskey. It is such sickening, soapy stuff. I think Scotch is much the best."

A joyful gleam shone in the attentive optic. This was getting interesting. Young Fanshawe was actually of malice prepense "going for" Old Pat.

"Don't you think so, Macleod?" said young Fanshawe to the Scotchman, who was cracking walnuts with the utmost insouciance.

"Don't I think what?" he replied. "That Scotch whiskey is better than Irish?"

"Why of course. Can there be any doubt? Does anyone dispute it?"

Continued on 4th Page.

General News and Notes.

There are 10,000 cases of influenza in Buenos Ayres.

The Dreaded Grippe.

Following this scourge of humanity come a train of evils in the shape of obstinate colds, coughs, lung troubles, etc. There is no remedy so prompt, and at the same time time effectual and pleasant, as Milburn's Cold Liver Oil Emulsion with Wild Cherry and Hypophosphites,