

NEW BUSINESS NOTICE.

The MIRROR ADVANCE is published at Chatham, N. B., every Thursday morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of the day.

MARBLE WORKS.

The Subscriber has removed his works to the premises known as Golden Hill, Chatham, where he is prepared to receive orders for

MIRAMICKI MARBLE, FREESTONE AND GRANITE WORKS.

Monuments, Headstones, Tablets & CEMETERY WORK.

CHATHAM N. B.

COFFINS & GASKETS. Rosewood, Walnut, etc.

B. R. BOUTHILLIER.

MERCHANT TAILOR, Torryburn Corner, CHATHAM.

GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS

LADIES' COATS & SACQUES.

TO LET.

The dwelling house and premises owned by Thomas F. Keay, Esq., situated on St. John Street and now occupied by Mr. Richard Stohart.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

I took Cold, I took Sick, I took SCOTT'S EMULSION.

ONE CARLOAD

Early Rose Seed Potatoes, New Brunswick Growth.

W. S. LOGGIE.

D'FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES COLIC, CHOLERA, MORBUS DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY.

MIRAMICKI ADVANCE.

VOL. 18.

CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, JULY 7, 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.

Laundry Manoleate

A SOAP POWDER. Combined with the disinfectant Manoleate is alike useful in washing clothes, walls, floors, etc.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

To Store Keepers, Traders, and the General Public.

PEREMPTORY SALE OF SPRING AND SUMMER DRY GOODS.

The ENORMOUS stocks of SUTHERLAND & CREAGHAN both at Chatham and Newcastle, thrown on the market regardless of COST.

FARMERS!

I am now booking orders for spring delivery for the celebrated FERTILIZER manufactured by the Provincial Chemical Fertilizer Co.

IMPERIAL SUPERPHOSPHATE, SPECIAL POTATO PHOSPHATE, AND BONE MEAL.

FALL STOCK!

COMPLETE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions,

Boots and Shoes, Hosiery, Dress Goods,

Haberdashery, Carpets,

Hats, Caps, etc., etc.

HARDWARE.

Wholesale & Retail.

J. B. SNOWBALL, CHATHAM.

General Business.

Z. TINGLEY, HAIRDRESSER, ETC., HAS REMOVED

SHAVING PARLOR. Benson Building, Water Street, Chatham.

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.

WOOD-GOODS.

FOR SALE. Laths, Pailings, Box-Shooks, Barrel Heading, Matched Flooring, Matched Sheathing, Dimensioned Lumber, Sawn Spruce Shingles.

THE FACTORY

JOHN McDONALD. (Successor to George Cassidy) Manufacturer of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings

WOOD-GOODS.

FOR SALE. Laths, Pailings, Box-Shooks, Barrel Heading, Matched Flooring, Matched Sheathing, Dimensioned Lumber, Sawn Spruce Shingles.

ATTENTION!

Great Reduction in prices of Dry Goods & Groceries LOWER THAN EVER.

at F. W. RUSSELL'S

For Sale or To Let.

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

ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

New York Weekly Herald

The Weekly Sun, ENLARGED TO 12 PAGES.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

The Daily Sun.

Wholesale and Retail.

FOR SALE.

Horses, Harness, Waggon and cart for sale For terms etc., apply to F. W. RUSSELL, Black Brook

SHOP TO LET.

The shop in Water Street, lately occupied as a tinmith shop, adjoining the Trading Co.'s Building, is to let. Apply to L. J. TWEEDIE or SAM. JOHNSON.

Law.

Robert Murray, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

Notary Public, Insurance Agent, ETC., ETC., ETC. CHATHAM N. B.

G. B. FRASER, ATTORNEY & BARRISTER NOTARY PUBLIC

Warren C. Winslow, BARRISTER

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Solicitor of Bank of Montreal, CHATHAM N. B.

TIN SHOP.

As I have now on hand a larger and better assortment of goods than ever before, I am now selling them for former prices for cash.

Japanned, Stamped

Plain Tinware

The Peerless Creamer.

ROCHESTER LAMP, The Success OIL STOVE!

A. C. McLean.

"THE FACTORY" JOHN McDONALD.

Manufacturer of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings

THE EAST END FACTORY, CHATHAM, N. B.

F. O. PETERSON, Merchant Tailor

CHATHAM - N. B. All Kinds of Cloths, Suits or single Garments.

SALT! SALT!

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

MUSICAL!

Mr. S. W. Farnham will reside in Chatham during the present winter to teach music. Terms moderate to any one desiring private lessons in voice culture

WANTED!

Boots and Shoes, Trunks, Valises, Satchels.

LEATHER & SHOE FINDINGS.

D. W. WARD,

Water Street, Chatham, (opposite W. S. Loggie's)

LONDON HOUSE.

Wholesale and Retail.

"Daily Bread" and "Empress."

Pork, Plate Beef, Dry Codfish.

LESSIVE PHENIX

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

R. HOCKEN.

TEACHER WANTED!

A second-class female teacher is wanted in District No. 4, Upper Saxon. Apply, stating terms, to JAMES EDGAR, Secy. to Trustees.

Miramichi Advance.

CHATHAM, N. B. JULY 7, 1892.

LADY FLORRY'S GEMS.

[Concluded.] CHAPTER IV.

A great change had resulted from my management, I must own. The people about the place had found out that I was not to be trifled with, and it was quite cheering to find how they settled down to the work.

I was out early every morning and about the place, fine weather or foul, and for months past I had encountered smiles where there used to be scowls.

One bright June morning I descended the cliff and reached the great chalk rock, where I undressed, stood for a few moments with the early sunshine full upon me and reflected from the high cliff, as I gazed down into the dark depths of the clear water, before making my dive.

Then I leaped right out, parted the cool, bracing fluid, and dived right down to see how long I could stay before rising again, and repeating the performance, feeling drier I was, and directly after how feeble my efforts were as compared with those of a seal.

"I ought to have gone right to the bottom," I said to myself, as I was dressing; "who knows but what the jewels may have been thrown in there? Not a bad hiding-place, I mused, "but no, not likely."

I walked back sharply, and, as of old, the rushing and splash in the well-house saluted me as I crossed the yard, thinking that if it had not been for my old friend's heavy loss I should have persuaded him to let me design new machinery for raising the water supply.

Brayson's words had so impressed me that it had grown into a habit to take my glass of cold water after my bath, and one was kept on a shelf on purpose for my use, one of the men thrusting in the winch-stop when a bucket was level, and filling the glass as a matter of course as soon as I was seen crossing the yard.

That morning, as I stood in the well-house, sipping the clear, cold fluid, and listening to the trickling and echoing splashing of the falling water, I gave quite a start, and involuntarily peered down into the horrible-looking black hole.

The next minute I had tossed off the remains of my draught, and hurried away, trembling lest my excitement should have been noted by the men; for, like an inspiration, the thought had come to me: "The jewels are hidden down there!"

Instead of turning into the garden, as I generally did I hurried in and up to my own room to finish dressing, but with my cheeks burning and temples throbbing, calling myself fool, madman; telling myself that it was impossible, improbable to a degree, that there were a million more likely places for the jewels to have been hidden, and that to throw them down there was to cast them away forever.

But all these arguments were in vain against the hourly growing feeling that I had at last hit upon the spot where the stolen gems were hidden.

Why had I not thought of that place before? I don't know. Perhaps it was too simple, perhaps too impossible. Suffice it, I never had till now, and the idea had suddenly become a fever, which went on increasing for quite a week, when, unable to combat the feeling longer, I gave way.

"There must be something in it," I said to myself, "or I should not be haunted in this way. Superstition? Perhaps; but whether it is that or madness, or folly, I shall never rest till I have searched that well."

As soon as I had made up my mind to this, my first thought was to consult Lord Gortleigh, but I cast that out at once.

"Hell ridenit!" I said, "I can't make him feel as I do; and, although I would have gladly given anything for a confidant, I felt that I must act alone, and keep my actions hidden—no easy task, from everyone about the place."

It was like a fit of insanity, quite a monomania; but I was determined, and from that hour began to think out my plans.

The simplest thing would have been to empty the well; but that was impossible. No amount of drawing water had the slightest effect, for the diggers had tapped the huge reservoirs extending beneath the mighty chalk range running east and west of the vast spur upon which the castle stood dominating the sea. There could be no draining the well, and, even had it been possible, I should not have felt disposed to propose such a thing, for I wanted to keep my actions secret in case it was all a fancy engendered by the sight of the place.

That night, with a feeling of certainty that I had as good as found the jewels which had been hidden there for the reasons I had already settled, I made my way to the well-house after everyone had retired for the night.

I had provided myself with a lantern, matches, and a reel, upon which were a hundred yards of salmon line from Lord Gortleigh's tackle, and lastly, a heavy plummet, beneath which I hung a little grapnel formed of hooks securely bound back to back.

The place looked very grim and repellent as I carefully closed the doors. All was silent and black,

General Business.

When a drop of water dripped from the great cistern overhead, it fell with a splash far below, which echoed from the slimy sides of the well in a peculiar way that was almost startling. But I was too hot upon my project, and, carefully lighting my lantern in one corner, I tried to keep it covered over till I had attached the end of the line to the lantern-ring, and swung it down over the side into the well.

"Nobody is likely to be watching the place," I thought, as I lowered the light for 10 or a dozen feet; and, then, as I looked over the rail, I began to search for what I expected to find, to wit, a string attached somewhere to the side—a string that I had settled in my own mind would be attached to the packet lowered down.

But I walked slowly round, examining carefully, and especially about the massive oaken cross-beams which supported the bucket wheel, and there was no result. I could see nothing but the stout rope, which rose up from the darkness, passed over the wheel by the cistern, and went down again into the black depths—two ropes, as it were, three feet apart, about the centre of the great shaft, nothing more.

I drew the lantern a little higher, then lowered it; and again more and more, but there was no string, and, bitterly disappointed, I let the light go down and down, stopping several times, and listening, in fear lest the clicking made by the salmon-winch might draw attention to my task, and at last the echoing sound seemed so long that I twisted the line about the railing, and stole to the floor and listened.

All was still, and I went back to peer down at the lantern swinging softly to and fro fully 50 feet down. And now, after loosening the line, I let it run out with the lantern descending, past the buckets till I caught a faint gleam just beneath it and then I could just see part of a wheel standing out of the black water, the beams which held it being beneath the surface, the light burning clearly, and showing that there was no foul air.

As I rapidly wound the lantern up, I saw once more the two buckets about half way down. Then, as I went on winding, they seemed to be descending but of course it was the lantern coming up, and directly after I had it in my hand, untied it and attached my grapnel. This I held over the well, and the weight ran it out rapidly. I heard it strike the water, and then on and on it went to what seemed to be a tremendous depth, before it touched bottom.

Then I began to drag here and there, pulling it in all directions, expecting every moment to feel a check, and when at last I did my heart seemed to leap; but, as I lifted, it was only to find that a hook had caught against the bottom.

I kept this up for a couple of hours, passing from one side of the draw wheels to the other after hauling up, but my efforts were in vain. I hooked nothing, and, at last, in despair at my ill-success, I wound up, meaning to put the work off for another night, when all at once there was a sharp check, which nearly snatched the wheel out of my hand, and I knew that I had caught against one of the cross-beams that supported the lower wheel beneath the water.

After a great deal of snatching and tugging the line was free, but at the expense of many yards; left below, and my plummet and grapnel left sticking in the beam.

"Enough for to-night," I said to myself, opening my lantern and blowing out the candle.

Then throwing back the doors, I stood listening, fancying I heard a step, but all was silent, and I crossed the yard, let myself in and went to bed, but not to sleep. For I lay tossing from side to side, more convinced than ever that the jewels lay at the bottom of the well.

Why? I don't know; I can only tell you what I thought, and, though I had dragged so unsuccessfully, and felt that I was not likely to recover them in that very primitive way, feeling as I did that the beams would prevent me from thoroughly searching the bottom, I was more determined than ever, and by sunrise had made up my mind what to do.

Continued on 4th Page.

General News and Notes

Never get in a draught. It wasn't intended for that purpose. Always swallow it.

Oh, My Head!

That splitting headache, aching brow and irritable feeling can be immediately relieved and permanently cured by Hardock Blood Bitters, the best remedy for headache, constipation and all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

Gallop consumption runs in the human race, and when you have it the odds are against you.

Nothing so Good.

Dear Sirs,—I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in my family for a number of years, and find nothing so good for diarrhoea and sick stomach as it has proved itself to be.

Mrs. D. A. Wilson, Bidley, P. O., Ont.

Always change your clothes after violent exercise. The thief who was pursued, eventually escaped by following this plan.

McLEAN'S VEGETABLE WORM SYRUP

Safe Pleasant Effectual

The Cure For

SCROFULA. Scrofula was once supposed to be the touch of royalty. Today, many grateful people know that the "sovereign remedy" is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Sarsaparilla, and the swelling disappeared."—W. F. Kennedy, McFarland's, Va.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1, six bottles, \$5.

Cures others, will cure you

DRS. C. J. & H. SPROUL, SURGEON DENTISTS.

Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anesthetics.

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DRIED APPLES.

80 BBL. BEANS, Hand-Picked and Extra Prime.

C. M. BOSTWICK & CO. ST. JOHN.

H. MARQUIS, TINSMITH

Galvanized and Sheet Iron Worker.

NOTICE.

I take the earliest opportunity of notifying all Licensees that the Stampage Regulations prohibit the cutting of small Spruce lumber for pulp purposes

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS.

ARE THE BEST.

W. T. HARRIS

IS SELLING FOR CASH

BOYS AND MENS' OVERCOATS, REEFERS

MEN'S SUITS

AT COST

TO MAKE ROOM FOR SPRING GOODS.