Continued from 1st Page.

"Poor wretches, how long will they be able to sustain that awful strain on their mental and physical powers?"

"Probably two weeks longer, Terry Denver. I hope so at least. By that time I will be able to give to the world some of the most wonderfully superhuman experiences it has ever heard of. Oh! That their miserable, worthless bodies of clay will support the spirit a little longer that I may see the result of my life's work given to the world. What does it signify, that four units perish thus, that science may fatten and occult powers be verified past denial. Let them but return even if driveling idiots, then scienced past my most extravagant dreams, I, Ishmael, will be in mesmeric power. I tremble with expectancy. I fear at times I may not see them return. They are so weak and worn by years of ceaseless strain. Ha, they were brave specimens to operate with. How they resisted my power. After the influence permeated them, all that force of resistance went to accomplishing what I willed, and superhuman were the feats I desired of them."

"Ishmael call them back, and free them. It may not be too late. Your life is nearly spent, theirs but begun. Have you no compassion? Then think what it is. Nothing but murder. Call them back."

"No, no, no. They will come back in two weeks' time, they will come because they could not keep away, then complete knowledge lies in there."

He held up his thin, sinewy hands, trembling with the intensity of the greed to grasp knowledge. He looked into the still vastness of the sky away beyond the stars, and in a voice of sublimest compass, cried out:

"Cursed be they who but a pebble lay in science way. Murder means malice. Slew I thousands to add one sparkling gem to wisdom's crown, it would be but manipulation of the material at my command, and not murder. 'Call them back?' Never, never, never! Science, the crown of wisdom, will glean from Ishmael one perfect gem."

"Thou shalt not kill."

The low, firm voice the comment was spoken in broke the tension.

"No, not after this four. They must go as did the others. I have gained my learning cheap. Slowly died the other four. Slowly and as surely will these die, that will be eight. The other one the ninth's life went out lightly and painlessly as doth a thistle down caught in the curling lap of an ocean billow. I hurled her down from yonder cliff, and watched the water start back a moment amazed, then close; in loving mercy it folded her in its embrace. Even the cold chastity of the water could not resist her beauty. To her I was merciful. I put her in the deepest sleep my power would give, then cast her from me. It had to be. She would have won me from my pursuits. She would have taken me to sunny Italy."

"Ishmael, you will never garner the return you hoped for. Such deliberate, inhuman murder will indubitably be sterile, else bear fruit worthy the method of propagation—"

"Censure not Ishmael this night, Terry Denver. Weary and overwrought past the endurance of his ninety and nine years, he may wax querrelous as well as loquacious. Spare him."

"I did not seek the information, Zanea, that he has imparted to me. I had left you both at the cave, and my surprise was considerable when Ishmael stood by me and answered a question I asked myself. I hope I have not been overly censorial to one of Ishmael's years, but his censurableness is infinite even you will admit."

"No more to-night. Come, Ishmael, take my hand; I fear the dark. Lead me. See the moon has gone and Zanea trembles."

What unbounded tact she used with the old man. Strong when he needed it, and a trembling child at times to bring out his strength. He took her hand and said gently:

"Poor little one, thou art my stay. Thou hast never thwarted the most vapory idea that struggled for condensity. Thou hast ever proved the lightning flash, illuminating and purifying the density of old Ishmael's brain."

Still holding her hand he led her up the hill, utterly forgetting Terry, who stood watching them until they entered by the off rock from where the men and boat had come. He then started for home. At the door, in the darkness, sat Shem.

"I feared Ishmael had brought you, too, under his will. It is long past midnight."

"Where is Zell?"

"Long since retired. Thou couldst not have the child lose her sleep to wait for thee."

"No; but I miss her."

"So I thought. 'Tis well. Thou hast been with us now for half a month, only another half to stay. I have watched thee well and am more and more convinced that thy past has been pure and upright. None can say thou hast evil thought or wrought. Tell me, Terry Denver, why it is thou hast questioned not about the things so queer you see here?"

"I deem inquisitive people and the foxes homogeneous. Foxes to me are the most contemptible of the animal kingdom. If you wished me to know you would tell me."

"Well said. A light is in your apartment. Good night."

"Good night, Shem, and if I sleep late do not wait breakfast for me. I am tired."

CHAPTER VIII.

HE sun was on the downward slope when Terry left his little home next day. Neither Shem or Zell could be found. He sought a shade and made himself comfortable. Terry had changed a little. His quiet indifference to those he met had grown into quiet liking, then a little further. He felt a trifle put out last night that Zell had not waited up for him. Zanea would have, but then men always would rather have what they do not get. It was afternoon now, and no Zell yet. Where could she be? He lay partly hidden by low bushes prone on the ground. Raising himself, incidentally he would look toward the house. The last time he continued looking. Pacing up and down went Zell and a tall monk. His cowl was drawn over his face, so Terry could not see what his age was. He was strongly built and held himself well erect, but for the head which leaned forward, it may have been to more readily hear Zell's low-spoken words. She held his hand and would pat it softly. She looked happy, and, Terry thought, a shade more womanly. An interesting thoughtfulness had taken the place of childlike ignorance formerly depicted on her face. Up and down they went; every turn they came nearer to where Terry lay. He could hear their voices and sometimes a word. Now they came quite close and he heard Zell call him Father Ambrose. Then the monk spoke.

"Thou hast been kept in total innocence of all things to gratify the whim of an experimental and eccentric old man. To-day I have told thee of, and explained to thee, what is generally called the most important occurrence in life. That is, love and all that follows love. Now, let me exact a promise, child. If ever love pauses irresolute between Zanea and thee, if it lay in thy power, give it to Zanea. Promise, promise Zell. Zanea is noble. She has understood for years that love comes to all, but she lived, and does live but for Ishmael. You have lived a life of perfect happiness. Zanea has had trials and sorrows that would have crushed a lesser nature. Promise me, wilt thou, my child?"

"I know but too well what thou meanest, Father Ambrose. Oh! why was I not taught those things slowly that I could gain strength. I love Zanea, but I love——."

"Hush thee; say it not; make the promise. Look away beyond yon majestic cloud, forget all this and promise. Thou can'st not suffer as will Zanea."

Zell dropped the hand of the sombre-robed monk, lifted her eyes to the cloud, folded her hands and stood fully five minutes as if waiting for courage, then sweetly, nobly she answered, "I promise."

"Zell, thou art full of latent force and tender womanly sweetness. Thou could'st have done great things had they come to thee. What is a greater trial to woman than renouncing love? I must leave thee. Fare thee well; I go to Zanea.

Zell remained as Father Ambrose had left her, gazing into the shifting vapors of the clouds. Terry rose and went to the lonely, childlike woman. Low and firmly he called:

"Zell."

She did not move her eyes from the cloud and spoke as if mystified.

"Oh, Terry! it is you. Tell me, Terry, what is beyond those mighty walls of rock? I knew not till to-day that aught there was. Scarce can I believe it, yet Father Ambrose says 'tis so. Tell me what is beyond."

"The world."

"Yes, but what is in the world?"

"Life, death, joy, sorrow, love, hatred and strife."

She turned to Terry and looked pathetically puzzled.

"What does all that mean? What is life?"

"Life is the mingling of death, joy, sorrow, love, hatred and strife."

"What is death? Life is what we make it. Is death, too, what we make it?"

"Yes."

"What is death?"

"Death is the sundering of the body and soul. Only a change of abode. By a careful inlaying of our lives, death will not be an atom less to be desired than life. After death comes life again."

"What then is joy?"

"Joy is the ether eliminated from right."

"You mean joy always surrounds what is right?"

"Yes."

"And love?"

"The concentration of all the passions good and evil on one object. Then an entire destruction of all the evil, yet leaving evil's force."

"Then comes hatred?"

"Hatred is love with all the evil left in."

"And what is strife?"

"Strife is the diabolical work of the great Ego."

"It is all, all as we make it. Terry, I am tired, will you take me on the water, or will I go inside?"

"No, do not go in; we will go in the boat."

Shem came to them. He said, "Wait, Terry has not broken fast. I will serve him at once."

"You are always thoughtful of him. Is he not, Terry?"

"Yes, he has won me completely by his thoughtful, well-timed attention to my material wants. Will you eat with us then? Just this once."

"Do Shem. I will get you a seat, and you will sit by me. Dear old Shem."

"Your winning eyes always compel me to do as asked. I will break bread with you this once."

"Shem, do you know what Father Ambrose told me to-day?"

"That Father Time had touched thee on the brow and left a period mark, showing that a sentence of thy life was quite complete."

"I do not know your meaning, Shem."

"Well, then, in simpler phrase. That thou hast a wrinkle in your brow."

"No. He said as many such as you, and Terry, Ishmael and Zenea, lived beyond those rocks, as ants in yonder ant hill That they wrought and fought and hoard just as ants do. How queer! Why did he not tell me long before, Shem, and why did we not go among them?"

"Father Ambrose would have told thee had he wished thee to know."

"Did Zanea know?"

"Yes."

"Why did she stay here, then?"

"To render help to Ishmael."

"Would I have done the same?"

"Thou can'st ask Father Ambrose what thou wishest to know. Thou hast asked me to eat with thee, and then thou givest me not the time to eat. For shame, Zell."

"I will say good night. Terry, I will not see you until the morning. I am tired."

She went to the house, leaving Shem and Terry alone.

"I feel like questioning the wisdom of Father Ambrose in telling Zell about the world. Is it well?"

"Why not? There are none better suited or more capable."

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes, and heard him speak. His words were chosen wisely, and he formed pure thoughts into equally pure sentences. He is remarkably terse and pithy. He, I am sure, has told what is the better for Zell to know. Just how much and what."

"Perhaps."

"I know it."

"I feel, Terry Denver, as if great changes were close. One has been—Father Ambrose has wakened Zell's thirst for knowledge. That thirst is most dangerous in one of her parentage. She has been taken beyond Shem. She was all I had. She was to me what woman's first born is to them, 'my babe.' Now she is someone's pupil, someone's lover, and will be someone's wife."

Tears stood in Shem's eyes. He made no effort to conceal them. His grief was so great he was not conscious of them. Tears of such men are not symbols of weakness. They are an involuntary veiling of the eyes, that through them the soul will not be seen.

"Shem, grieve not so. Zell will never forget you. How could she?"

"No, I will not. I will remove the table and say good night. It is early. You sit and enjoy the quiet."

Three days elapsed before Terry saw any but Shem. Shem was not at all talkative, and offered no explanation of closed doors and windows. Terry was one who had inner resources, and found himself quite a companion.

The evening of the third day he saw the barricade removed from Ishmael's cave, and the usual light shone brightly. He immediately loosened the canoe, jumped in, and paddled toward the cave. When half way there Zanea came from the door in the rock, and when his boat neared the shore she was waiting him.

"It is four days, Zanea, since I saw you. Have you been ill?"

"Ill? no. I have never been ill in my life. We have been busy with Zell. We are teaching her the alphabet. Ishmael has been working at other things, too, that he would not be interrupted at. Terry Denver, you have no mercy. You are a severe judge. He has worried night and day over your last talk. He killed his wife, 'tis true; but, as he told you, he did it in a most merciful manner. You shudder at the mercy as well as the deed, yet how many men you mingled with ere your advent here murdered their wives. Murdered them just as coldly and a thousandfold more cruelly. They took their wives from loving homes, for a time spoiled them, then left them, quite indifferent to the loneliness they were forced to endure. Left them to find what comfort they could in counting the hours till they would return. Left them to eat out their very souls while hoping for the return of the tender companionship they had been promised. Lack of food of any kind means starvation or death. My power to see what is beyond this gave me a vision of a girl who wed, not a murderer of Ishmael's type, but the other. She knelt night after night and prayed to her God till the grey dawn broke to bring back her husband—safe. Had she not been cruelly murdered before that cry broke from her starved, quivering soul? Yes, manifold were the times. Terry Denver, shudder not at Ishmael's kindness. His wife suffered not a fraction what the wives of many of the men of the world do, yet you meet those men with outstretched hand."

"Who was his wife?"

"She was my mother."

"And you can defend the murderer of your own mother, Zanea?"

"I defend the method of the murder against the method other men adopt."

"I cannot think in unison with you."

"No? I did not think you would. If you remember, you have always opposed me."

"Why?"

"I do not know."

"You always hold such queer views. I cannot conceive of any one condoning the crime of murder, even in a father."

"I contend that it were better far than had he left her to live out a number of deaths, as she surely would have, as wife of a man wedded to research and study like Ishmael was. If she had been studious it would have been so different; but man will surely break the reed that cannot give him strong support. Ishmael chose a merciful method."

She showed Terry a miniature of her mother. She was as lovely as Zanea, but lacking in the strength of character Zanea had inherited from her father.

"She was beautiful."

"Yes. Come to the cave and see Ishmael. Show him a little of that charity you laud in others."

They found Ishmael standing in the entrance of the cave with his eyes fixed on the pass through which the men would come. He began in a tense voice:

"Zanea, child, does my sight fail me? Are they coming yet?"

"Not yet, Ishmael; they have not had time to perform their feat. Patience a little longer, they will come; Zanea says they will come. Here is Terry Denver come to see thee."

"Ha! and to say again I will not garner the return I hoped for. What if he were right? No, no, I did not sin. I will reap an abundant harvest. I tilled well and deep."

"There, there, he has come to talk with thee. Zell comes soon and then all will be happy."

Terry noticed now, down on the road, the white-clad Zell with Shem, and he watched them make the ascent. Near the summit Shem turned and left Zell to finish the journey alone.

"You meet Zell, will you, Terry Denver? This will be the first time she has met Ishmael."

"So it will be."

Terry met Zell and the two walked to Ishmael.

CHAPTER IX.

ELL, this is Ishmael." She paused a moment, then knelt by the aged man.

"And this is Ishmael? Thou art like a drift of snow, yet thou art warm. Thou art a warm snow drift overhanging the mountain."

She drew her little hands down the silken beard in reverent admiration, then bent her head to his knee like a weary child.

"Ishmael, do you know this is rest."

"Well, rest thee my little one. Zanea, come too, and kneel to me as does Zell."

"Zanea knelt and bowed her head to rest on the other knee. Ishmael lay one hand on either head. For a short space of time the earnest old face lit with the joy of fatherhood. Yes, Zell, this is rest, peaceful rest. This is for the young and the old—middle life is for work; mine is finished. I will soon know—soon see the mystical beyond."

"Have you inlaid your life, Ishmael, with purest gems or crumbling sandstone?"

"Zell, let him rest."

"Let me rest, Zanea? No, no, I must work yet a little; let me go. Wait me here, I will return when all is complete."

They were very much depressed after the old man left. Zell clung to Zanea and Zanea soothed the timorous Zell with gentle touches, till the depression vanished. Then the two paced slowly along the platform several times. The moon burst in full radiance over Tarn and hill, and Zell and Zanea stood to look at the circle of reflected sun. How perfect the beauty of those two, and as perfect their minds. It was what ought to be, when Terry could not decide which was most to be desired. He sat with his elbow resting on the table and his long fingers shading his eyes, studying the two. This was a favorite position and occupation of Terry's. All were quiet for some time then Zanea threw her arm around Zell.

"Thou are winsome, my Zell. Thou hast won his lo

Low, so low spoke it might have been a re-echoed sigh. She caught a strand of Zell's hair and twined it around her hand and arm, a trick she often indulged in. To-night she stroked and lay each hair in place, then coiled and smoothed it, until it shone in the moonlight, and reminded Terry of a copper snake. Playfully Zanea tossed a fold around Zell's neck. Again the echoed murmur.

"Thou art winsome, my Zell. Thou hast won his love."

She drew Zell to her and kissed her tenderly, so very tenderly, then lightly she tossed another fold around Zell's neck. Zell smiled at the notion, and Terry shuddered. It was like the sure twining of a snake, but it was only her own glorious hair. Softly Zanea spoke again.

"I love thee, Zell. I love thee, little sister. Sister—what a sweet word."

Then into the grand face of Zanea a wierd, unholy light flashed. The eyes glistened as did the eyes of the venomous rattler she had crushed to death, then grasping the coil of hair she drew with all her strength. The folds slipped tight around the white throat of Zell, so tight as to prevent any cry for help. She threw up her hands in the struggle for life with such force that both staggered backward toward the precipice. Their feet caught in their clinging silken gowns, and again they staggered further, right to the verge, there they swayed. Terry watched the scene as if fascinated until the two paused on that awful brink of death. With a bound he gained them and all the power of concentrated love broke forth in his cry for—Zell. He leaned forward and encircled her with his arms, with his two hands he caught the rope of gleaming hair, then braced himself to sustain the weight, the fall of Zanea would make, and prevent Zell from being strangled. Only a moment of this horrible waiting, a heavy jerk, then Terry lurched backward, bearing his Zell to safety. He unwound her hair from around her neck and watched her lay still and white in his arms. A distant, muffled splash told that Zanea, too, lay still and white, but in death.

"Zanea, hast thou left me, my light? Where art thou gone, my child? To seek thy mother thou hast left thy father. Nobly, without a cry of fear thou didst receive grim death. To be with thee, my illustrious one again, I would forfeit the havesting of my life's great work. Thou wert the greater Ishmael. Ishmael was but the scive that winnowed thy great thoughts. Zanea, Zanea, where hast thou gone? What is beyond? They will not come. They will not come. They—they come not."

More feeble grew the voice and body. Down on the rock he sank. His spirit had sought Zanea's away in the mystical hereafter. Terry bore Zell into the cave and placed her on one of the couches, then hastened to Ishmael. He lifted the time-worn man and placed him, too, on one of the beds he had prepared for his victims. He then ran swiftly down the hill, untied his boat, pushed it from the shore, and paddled down the Tarn to seek Shem's assistance. Shem sat by the water's edge waiting Terry's return.

[*To be Continued.*]

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General News and Notes.

The first meeting of the new British Cabinet was held Thursday last.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Warranted by J. Pallen & Son.

The Emperor of Germany has conferred the grand cordon of the Order of the Red Eagle upon the Khedive of Egypt.

A Family Friend.

SIRS,—I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in my family for years and can highly recommend it for summer complaint, diarrhœa, cramps, etc.

MRS. GEO. WEST, Huntsville, Ont.

Stuart Knill, a Roman Catholic, has been elected lord mayor of London.

The many remarkable cures of catarrh effected by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is conclusive proof that this loathsome and dangerous disease is one of the blood, only needing such a searching and powerful alterative to thoroughly eradicate it.

The Quebec Legislature will probably not open until December—two months later than was expected.

Change is Welcome.

GENTLEMEN,—For twenty years I suffered from Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, poor appetite, etc., and received no benefit from the many medicines I tried, but after taking five bottles of B. B. B. I can eat heartily of any food and am strong and smart. It is a grand medicine and has made a wonderful change in my health.

MRS. W. H. LEE, Harley, Ont.

A cablegram announces the murder at sea, near Cape Town, Africa, of Capt. G. P. Buckley and wife of Danvers, Mass., by sailors.

The B. N. A. Act.

THE great British North America act nowadays is to buy a bottle of B. B. B., and cure yourself of dyspepsia, constipation, headache, liver complaint or bad blood, and it is an act that always attains the desired result.

A cheese weighing 22,000 pounds has been manufactured at Perth, Ont., for exhibition at the World's Fair in Chicago.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY:—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Warranted by J. Pallen & Son.

The Board of Directors of the Suez Canal Company have decided to reduce the tolls on January 1, 1893, by half a franc.

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GENTLEMEN,—I have used Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaint and can say there is no other remedy as good.

MRS. JAMES DENNISON, Lake Dora, Ont.

The annual rise of the Nile is progressing favorably, and Egypt's crop prospects are good.

Worse and Weaker.

GENTLEMEN,—I suffered for three days very severely from summer complaint and could not get relief but kept getting worse and worse till the pain was almost unbearable and I became very weak. Some friends advised Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and after I had taken the first dose I found much relief and it did not fail to cure me. I do no intend to be without this valuable medicine if I can help it.

WM. T. GLYNN, Wilfred, Ont.

Hon. E. H. Bronson, M. P. P., has donated $2,000 to the Manitoba Presbyterian College, and his mother has given $1,000 to the same institution.

There can be no health for either mind or body so long as the body is vitiated. Cleanse the vital current from all impurities by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine recruits the wasted energies, strengthens the nerves, and restores health to the debilitated system.

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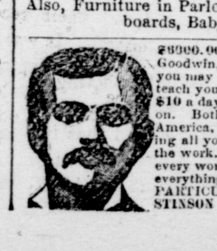

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Beginning with the issue of November 6th, 1890, when the ADVANCE entered upon its

Seventeenth Year of Publication!

The publisher made an important change in the terms on which the paper isfurnished to Subscribers. These include

1st. Strict adherence to the system of cash in advance for all subscriptions.

2nd. The reduction of the price of the paper to

One Dollar a Year!

It is to be particularly understood that all outstanding subscription accounts due after November 6th, 1890, are to be settled on the old terms, viz., $2 per year, the advertised credit rate.

I have made the foregoing changes in the business of the ADVANCE for two reasons.

The first is because many patrons who have been given credit, have abused the privilege to such an extent as to make the business of publishing the paper a non-paying one, and it is necessary, in my own interest and that of those who do pay, that I should no longer continue to furnish the ADVANCE to those non-paying subscribers.

The second reason is, that I wish to meet the competition of the city weeklies, which are made up from the type of the dailies and, therefore, cost little for production in comparison with a local paper like the ADVANCE, the type of which must be set up especially for it.

Having now published the ADVANCE for nearly 19 years, and endeavored to make it a creditable representative of Miramichi and North Shore enterprise—a paper which may be taken into any household without fear that it has catered to sensationalism at the sacrifice of that cleanliness of matter, which is too often neglected by the press of the day—I have reason to hope the foregoing announcement will meet with general approval and be the means of largely increasing the circulation and influence of the paper.

D. G. SMITH, PUBLISHER.

Card to the Public.

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Reference:—Thos. Fyshe, Esq., Manager Bank of Nova Scotia

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Canada House,

Corner Water and St. John treets,

CHATHAM.

LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM.

Every attention paid to

THE COMFORT OF GUESTS.

Located in the business centre of the town. Stabling and Stable Attendance first rate.

WM. JOHNSTON, PROPRIETOR

REVERE HOUSE.

Near Railway Station, Campbellton, N. B.

formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan

Comfortable accommodation for permanent and transient guests. Commercial Travellers will also be provided with

Sample Rooms.

GOOD STABLING on the premises.

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ADAMS HOUSE

ADJOINING BANK OF MONTREAL,

WELLINGTON ST, - - - CHATHAM, N. B.

This Hotel has been entirely Refurnished, throughout and every possible arrangement is made to ensure the Comfort of Guests Sample Rooms on the premises.

TEAMS will be in attendance on the arrivals of all trains.

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EARLE'S HOTEL!

Cor. Canal & Centre Streets,

NEAR BROADWAY,

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The best Hotel in the lower part of the City for Tourists, Professional and Business Men, Commercial Travellers, Agents, Etc., Substantial in appointments, centrally located and most economical in PRICES

This Hotel has been Newly and Handsomely Furnished and Decorated, Contains a grand Exchange, Passenger Elevator, Railroad and Steamboat Ticket, Telegraph office and Billiard Room.

The House can be reached by Horse Cars, Stage, and Elevated Railroad, and is conveniently located and acessible to places of amusement and businesss including Coney Island, Rockaway, Manhattan and Brighton Beach, Central Park, High Bridge, Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklin Bridge, Starin's Glen Island, Bartholdi Statue, "Liberty Enlightening the World." etc. We have first-class accommodation for 400 guests, and our building being four storeys high, and with numerous stairways, is considered the safest Hotel in the city in case of fire.

Branch Office, SEYMOUR, BARKER & CO., members N. Y. Stock and Produce Exchanges and Chicago Board of Trade. Stocks, Bonds, Grain, Provisions and Petroleum, bought and sold for Cash on margins. DIRECT WIRE TO CHICAGO

Sanitary and Fire Arrangements Perfect.

Location the Most Healthy in the City.

Ferdinand P. Earle, Owner & Proprietor

EARLE'S NEW PALATIAL HOTEL

The Normandie,

BROADWAY & 38TH STREET.

European Plan; Restaurant Unsurpassed.

Esterbrook, Inspector of Buildings, says, "Every room is a place of security for its occupant, as the house is ABSOLUTELY FIRE-PROOF" Steam heat, speaking tubes, electric bells, fire and burglar alarms attached to all rooms.

FERDINAND P. EARLE, Resident Proprietor.

SALT! SALT!

For Sale in Bags or bulk by

GEO BURCHILL & SONS, Nelson.

$50.00 FOR A CHICKEN.

To create an interest in the breeding of high-class poultry, I will award a special prize of $50.00 cash to the person raising the heaviest Plymouth Rock chicken hatched from eggs purchased of me.

Plymouth Rocks are unquestionably the breed of fowls known for the Canadian farmer. Send for descriptive circular of this valuable breed of fowls.

Eggs for hatching, guaranteed fresh and true to name, carefully packed in baskets and delivered to Express Company. $2.00 per setting of 13. Address

T. A. WILLITTS. Breeder of Plymouth Rock Fowls, Weston, Ont

A Word for ALL. How to MAKE MONEY by Saving t. Buy all Your Hardware at the GOGGIN Building, YOU WILL MAKE 20 % Cash.

HARDWARE

of every description, Joiners' Tools, Disston's Celebrated Saws, American Tools of the finest quality, Builders' Materials, Farmers' Tools, best quality, Iron, Steel, Chains, Nails, Spikes, Bolts of all kinds, Pumps, Glass, Paints in all colours, Ready Mixed and Dry, Umbers, Sienicas, Carriage Paint, best English Boiled and Raw Oil, Machine Oil, Harness Oil, best quality, Varnishes, Turpentine, Waggon Axles and Springs, Cart Axles, Horseshoes, Dry and Tarred Paper, Grindstone Fixtures, English chain Traces, Hay Wire, London and Paris Whiting Paint and Whitewash Brushes of all kinds.

BRANDRAM'S CELEBRATED

LONDON WHITE LEAD.

MAGNETIC

IRON ROOFING PAINT.

BEST ROOF PAINT IN THE WORLD.

Other goods too numerous to mention.

CALL EARLY AND GET PRICES.

ALL GOODS WARRANTED.

FOR SALE!

FRUITS

—AND—

VEGETABLES

IN THEIR SEASON.

—ALSO—

THE USUAL STOCK

—OF—

Fresh Groceries, Flour, Cornmeal, Oatmeal, &c.

ALEX. MCKINNON,

WATER STREET, CHATHAM.

PIANOS.

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

A. W. S. SMYTHE.

WANTED.

An energetic and well educated gentleman to represent in Miramichi one of the largest American Life Insurance Companies. An active pushing man can secure a good situation either on salary or commission. Reply to

P. O. BOX 214, Fredericton, N. B.

6.23

Legal Notices.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TO be sold at Public Auction on Thursday the 3rd day of March, next, in front of the Post Office, in Chatham, between the hours of 12 noon, and 5 o'clock p. m.

All the right, title and interest of Malcolm Taylor in and to all those several pieces or parcels of land in the County of Nothumberland and Province of New Brunswick, abuted and bounded as follows, viz:—

All that piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Hardwick in the County and Province aforesaid, bounded on the upper or westerly side by land owned by John Williston and on the lower side by lands owned by William W. Williston and being in straight lines from the Shore of Bay du Vin Bay, back to the Highway Road, being the land and premises conveyed to the said Malcolm Taylor, or intended so to be by Alexander Taylor, by Deed dated the 20th day of March, A. D. 1886 and so described.

Also, all that other piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the said Parish of Hardwick, in the County and Province aforesaid, bounded on the upper or westerly side by land owned and occupied by John G. Williston and on the lower side by land wned by William W. Williston, and being in traight lines from the Highway Road, back (or southerly) to the base land, and being the lands conveyed to the said Malcolm Taylor by James Taylor, or intended so to be, by Deed dated the 20th day of March, A. D. 1886, being the lands and premises on which the said Malcolm Taylor lately resided.

The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of Northumberland County Court at the suit of Robert Taylor against the said Malcolm Taylor.

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, this 16th November, A. D. 1891.

JOHN SHIRREFF, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby postponed to Thursday, the 5th day of May next, then to take place in front of the post office, Chatham, at the hour above named.

Dated this 3rd day of March, A. D., 1892.

JOHN SHIRREFF, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby further postponed to Thursday the 4th day of August next, then to take place in front of the post office, Chatham, at the hour above named.

Dated this 5th day of May, A. D., 1892.

JOHN SHIRREFF, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby further postponed to Saturday the 5th day of November next, then to take place in front of the post office, Chatham, at the hour above named.

Dated this 4th day of August, A. D., 1892.

JOHN SHIRREFF, Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TO be sold at Public Auction on Thursday the 3rd day of November, next, in front of the Post Office, in Chatham, between the hours of 12 noon, and 5 o'clock p. m.

All the right, title, interest and share of John A. McDonald in and to all that tract or lot of land situate, lying and being on the north side of the southwest branch of the Miramichi River, in the Parish of Blissfield and County of Northumberland, and bounded as follows:—Westerly by lands owned by David Bamford, easterly by lands owned and occupied by James Robinson, northerly or in rear by Crown Lands, and in front or southerly by the said River, and having a frontage along said River of 100 rods more or less, and known and distinguished as lot number thirty-one originally granted to Louis Mitchell, containing 200 acres more or less, and being the lands and premises on which the said John A. McDonald at present resides.

The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of several executions issued out of the Supreme and County Courts at the suit of Hollis Shorey et al, at the suit of James Robinson, and at the suit of James Hodge against the said John A. McDonald.

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, 15th July, A. D. 1892.

JOHN SHIRREFF, Sheriff.

NOTICE OF SALE.

Notice of Sale to William Muirhead of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland, in the Province of New Brunswick, Iron Founder, and all other persons whom it may concern.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the third day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, and made between the said William Muirhead and wife of the one part and the undersigned, Isabella J. Letson, of the place aforesaid, of the other part, duly recorded in volume 66 of the County records of Northumberland, on pages 603, 604, 605 and 606. There will for the purpose of satisfying the monies secured by the said mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at public auction on Wednesday, the sixteenth day of November, next, at twelve o'clock, noon, in front of the post office in Chatham, in the county aforesaid, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows:—"All that certain piece or parcel of land situate lying and being on the south side of the Miramichi River in the parish of Chatham aforesaid, being part of the lot number thirty-eight which piece thereof is abutted and bounded as follows, to wit: Commencing on the north side of the Queen's Highway at the lower side of the lands belonging to the estate of the late Richard Blackstock, deceased, thence easterly along the north side of the said road to the west side of lands owned and occupied by late Honorable Wm. Muirhead, thence northerly along the west side of the said late Honorable William Muirhead's land to the channel of the river Miramichi; thence westerly or up stream to a continuation of the easterly side line of the said Richard Blackstock's property; thence southerly along such side line to the north side of the said highway being the place of beginning, comprising the whole of the lands and premises now used as the "Miramichi Foundry" with the steam engine and boiler, turning lathes, planing machine, and all machinery contained and in use in any of the said buildings" Together with all and singular the buildings, machinery and improvements thereof, and the privileges and appurtenances to the said premises belonging, or in anywise appertaining.

Dated the 10th day of August, A. D. 1892.

ISABELLA J. LETSON, Mortgagee.

MUSIC!

PROF. SMYTHE'S CLASSES

will reopen December 30th 1889.

NEWCASTLE:—Mondays and Thursdays.

CHATHAM:—Tuesdays and Fri days

DOUGLASTOWN:—Wednesdays and Saturdays.

December 23rd 1889. t. f

EXCURSIONS

—TO—

BAY DU VIN!

Commencing on Saturday, July 9th, the Str. Miramichi will carry excursionists on SATURDAY of each week, from Newcastle and Chatham, to Bay du Vin and return for TWENTY FIVE CENTS.

THEO. DESBRISAY, Manager.

THE ST. JOHN BUSINESS COLLEGE AND SHORTHAND INSTITUTE

Have you thought of changing your present position?

Have you thought of what would procure you an increase of salary? We can tell you:

A Thorough Business Education,

such as is given at SAINT JOHN BUSINESS COLLEGE. Send for our new circular which will give you an idea of what we HAVE done, what we ARE doing, and what we INTEND to do.

KERR & PRINGLE, Saint John, N. B

VOICE-PRODUCTION

—AND—

THE ART OF MUSIC.

Mrs. Porteous (Scolarship Pupil of the late Madame Sainton Dolby, London, Eng.) will receive a limited number of pupils for instruction in the above. First term commences on 1st September 1892.

TERMS ON APPLICATION.

A singing class will be formed, particulars of which will be duly advertised,

Chatham, N. B., August 18th, 1892.

HAVE YOU

BACK-ACHE

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

WILL CURE YOU

"Backache means the kidneys are in trouble. Dodd's Kidney Pills give prompt relief." "75 per cent. of disease is first caused by disordered kidneys." "Might as well try to have a healthy city without sewerage, as good health when the kidneys are clogged, they are the scavengers of the system." "Delay is dangerous. Neglected kidney troubles result in Bad Blood, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and the most dangerous of all, Brights Disease, Diabetes and Dropsy." "The above diseases cannot exist where Dodd's Kidney Pills are used."

Sold by all dealers or sent by mail on receipt of price 50 cents. per box or six for $2.50. Dr. L. A. Smith & Co. Toronto. Write for book called Kidney Talk.