

THE HAUNTED SCHOONER.

Her name was the Albicore and she hailed from Gloucester, Mass. She was one of the prettiest and sweetest-looking schooners that ever crossed harbor...

They've seized the schooner," said the Portuguese. Three bodies were thrown overboard from the Albicore. We heard the splash as they struck the water...

There was the same old bloodstain on the quarterdeck, but it seemed much fainter than of old. I told the captain the whole story. He determined to take the body ashore and give it Christian burial.

For Cuts, Burns, Sores or Wounds, Victoria Carbolic Salve is the best soothing ointment. General News and Notes. Lime aids in rendering other plant foods available.

GENERAL BUSINESS. Chase and Sanborn's Coffee. The quality of the Coffee we sell under our trade mark is our best advertisement.

Miramichi Advance. 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 is furnished 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...

Having now published the ADVANCE for nearly 19 years, and endeavoring 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...

D. G. SMITH, PUBLISHER. ROBERT BALLOCH & CO., TEA MERCHANTS, MINCING LANE, LONDON. REPRESENTED IN CANADA BY J. A. MORRISON, HALIFAX.

K. & R. AXES, MADE WITH "FIRTH'S" BEST AXLE STEEL, ESPECIALLY FOR US. EXTRACT FROM A NOVA SCOTIA CUSTOMER'S LETTER.

"THE K. & R. Axes are giving good satisfaction and as I will be buying quite a quantity, I would like you to limit their sale to me in this locality, as they suit my trade."

NONE BETTER. KERR & ROBERTSON, WHOLESALE HARDWARE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

3 APPLICATIONS THOROUGHLY REMOVES DANDRUFF. ANTI-DANDRUFF GUARANTEED.

W. T. HARRIS HAS JUST RECEIVED A CAR OF THE FAMOUS MANITOBA FLOUR. THE BEST IN THE WORLD. TRY IT. Every Barrel Guaranteed!

EXCURSIONS TO BAY DU VIN! Commencing on Saturday, July 9th, the Str. Miramichi will carry excursions on SATURDAY of each week, from Newcastle and Chatham, to Bay du Vin and return for TWENTY FIVE CENTS.

STOP THAT CHRONIC COUGH NOW! For if you do not it may become consumptive. SCOTT'S EMULSION. Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES.

RAISINS. 75 BOXES OFF STALKS. VALENCIA RAISINS. FOR SALE LOW TO CLOSE THE LOT.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES IN THEIR SEASON. THE USUAL STOCK. FRESH GROCERIES, FLOUR, CORN-MEAL, OATMEAL, &c.

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

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

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

A. Kortright Neales, M. A., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Notary, Conveyancer, &c. Office, Winslow's Building, Chatham, N. B. MONEY TO LOAN.

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

Japanned, Stamped and Plain Tinware. The Peerless Creamer. ROCHESTER LAMP. The Successor OF STOVE.

A. C. McLean, "THE FACTORY" JOHN McDONALD, (Successor to George Cassidy) Manufacturer of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings.

F. O. PETERSON, Merchant Tailor. CHATHAM - N. B. All Kinds of Cloths, suits or single Garments.

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"I'll tell you what's the matter," replied the mate; "that infernal schooner is haunted. My God, what a time I put in aboard of her!"

"Avast there! Johnny, my lad, softly, softly! There are no such things as ghosts. Besides, if there are, it is no use making a song about those on the schooner. I am going to sell her for a fisherman, and I want no ghostly yarns spread abroad about this craft. So just clap a stopper on your jaw tackle until we get a good price for her."

There were casks of salt beef and pork down below, three tanks full of fresh water and any amount of hardtack, flour and rice. The skipper put the mate and four sailors in charge with orders to keep him in sight and order for Gloucester, Mass. The brig was in good sailing trim, having a quantity of rum and molasses in her lowerhold, while the 'tween decks were full of green coconuts.

"Capt. Cuddington, who was a thrifty New Englander that did not believe in giving anything away, opened his heart on this occasion. He filled a ten-gallon keg with rum and broke out two or three hundred coconuts and sent them aboard the schooner with instructions to the mate to take his nip regularly and always to remember to fix it with coconut juice, which had the effect of mellowing it and making it less heavy."

There was a lovely whole-sail breeze when the mate and his men made sail on the prize. After they got the foresail, mainsail and jib on her she began to scoot through the water like a steamboat. The mate, seeing that a clipper he had under him, thought he would play a practical joke on old Billy Cuddington. The wind was on the starboard beam and both vessels were heading about N.N.W. The schooner was moving about three feet to the right of the brig.

"Good-bye, captain," he yelled. "I'll tell the Gloucester girls you're coming. I guess I'll get there weeks before you. Your durned old hooker can't get out of her own way."

I tell you old Billy Cuddington was madder than a March hare. He always had thought his brig was a hummer, and to see this schooner, with her jury rig and meagre sail spread, walk away like a witch was too much for him. He hailed the schooner and ordered the mate to leave to, but that worthy was as full of mischief as a wagon load of monkeys, so he only laughed at the old man. An hour later he set a sort of apology for a spinner. It seemed to have the pulling power of several dray horses, and under its influence the schooner forged ahead and by nightfall was out of sight, much to the surprise and disgust of Capt. Cuddington, who put no faith in humanity and was not sure that his mate would not put into some Southern port and sell the craft and run away with the money.

That's what Cuddington would have done if he had been in the mate's sea boots, but the mate was constructed on different and fairer lines. The sailors on the brig had a hard time of it the rest of the voyage. It was clew up and hoist up continually. The old man gave the boat no rest, but cracked on canvas in the hope of catching up with the schooner, making sail between the squalls with no regard for his scanty crew. The sailors said he was like a Portuguese devil; when he was good he was too good, but when he was bad he was d-d bad.

One night not so very long after Cape Ann light was sighted, and at dawn the brig sailed into Gloucester Harbor. The schooner was there moored to a wharf, looking as

pretty as a picture. She had arrived ten days before the brig, having been blessed with fair winds all the way, which made her reel off the knots in regular clipper style.

"They are Spanish pirates and

At this moment the skipper came up the companion ladder. The first thing that attracted his attention was the stain on the deck.

"So some of those infernal Portuguese sons-of-guns have been gutting fish on my quarter-deck, have they? By the great horn spoon, I'll teach the yellow-bellied lubbers a lesson yet!"

Then I up and told the skipper what I had seen the night before, and convinced him it was no blood of a codfish that had dyed his quarter-deck. He was a superstitious man, and turned white as a shroud.

"That morning all the crowd came aft and told the skipper they would fish no more. The schooner was haunted, they declared, and they insisted on heaving up anchor and putting back to Gloucester."

It is my private opinion that he was glad of the chances to go back. He was an excellent seaman and an expert fisherman, but he came of an old seafaring family and of course a belief in the supernatural was hereditary.

Well, we manned the windlass, hove up anchor and made sail on the Albicore and pointed her nose for Gloucester. We made an unusually smart passage and our arrival in the old fishing port created much excitement. (We hadn't been troubled with ghosts during the run back.) Everybody thought we had come back laden with cod.

The old owner came aboard as merry and light hearted as a 3-year-old. He went ashore in doleful dumps the most disgusted man in Gloucester. We landed what few fish we had and then all hands left her. Mr. Fish tried his hardest to ship another crew, but those dogs had spun such a yarn about the schooner that nobody would go to the Banks in her. So the sails were unbent and she was laid up.

I kept a logbook in those days. The date of the mysterious apparition was April 13, 1857.

Four years afterward I happened to be in Boston. The sharks and crimps had left me stranded, having got every dollar out of me that I was paid off with from a bark that brought hides and copper ore from Iquique. I was wandering round the docks in search of a chance, when I came across the Albicore fitting out for a cruise to the Banks. A Boston firm had bought her and had put Capt. Bayliss in charge. He was built on different lines from Capt. Ogden, caring nothing for man nor devil. I shipped aboard of her, never mentioning anything of my past experience on her. We sailed for the Banks, having good luck on our passage. We anchored and began our fishing operations, being fairly successful. One evening, when putting off in my dory to fish, I happened to remember that the date was April 13, 1862. My dory mate hailed from Canso, Nova Scotia, and had as much intelligence as a clod of clay. We hauled in the codfish hand-over-flipper about 11 o'clock a thick fog came up suddenly. I didn't mind this a bit, as I had a pocket compass with me and had the Albicore's bearings carefully noted. She wasn't more than three hundred yards off anyhow, so we kept on fishing without the slightest alarm. It was within a few minutes of midnight when we heard the blast of a steamer's whistle, hoarse, yet strident. It seemed to penetrate the fog and was certainly quite close. The next thing we heard was a crash of timbers, and an instant afterward an enormous black hull glided by swiftly. Her propeller churned up the water and we heard the throb of her engines.

The Nova Scotian took the oars and I steered the dory to our schooner. When we got aboard we found all hands on deck in a state of terror. The steamer had run into her, cutting off a portion of her long overhanging stern. The well was sounded and no water was found. Her stanch construction had saved her. The steamer went on regardless whether she had sunk the schooner or not. Next morning the captain got aboard my dory and I paddled him round under the stern so that he might see what damage had been done. The steamer's cutter had shaved a clean slice off the stern. Jammed under the trans-

omies we saw a shriveled corpse dressed in a Spanish costume richly adorned with gold lace. We got a stage out over the stern and hauled the body on deck. Imbedded in his left breast was a dagger bearing the inscription, "Guerra al cuchillo, April 13, 1855." He had been carefully planked up and concealed.

There was the same old bloodstain on the quarterdeck, but it seemed much fainter than of old. I told the captain the whole story. He determined to take the body ashore and give it Christian burial. We nailed two thicknesses of canvas over the shattered stern stayed long enough on the Banks to fill up with fish, and then set sail for Boston, where we gave the corpse a splendid long-shore funeral. This broke the spell. The Albicore ever after was the luckiest craft that sailed to the Banks. I think she is running yet. But I never met anybody who could clear up the mystery of the derelict and her ghostly combatants.

A. J. K. For Cuts, Burns, Sores or Wounds, Victoria Carbolic Salve is the best soothing ointment.

General News and Notes. Lime aids in rendering other plant foods available. RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY!—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavins, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stiles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle.

Indigestion Cured. GENTLEMEN,—I was thoroughly cured of indigestion by using only three bottles of B. B. B., and truthfully recommend it to all suffering from the same malady.

NERVE BEANS. NERVE BEANS are a new discovery. They cure all kinds of Nerve Debility, Loss of Vigor, Nervous Prostration, Headache, Dizziness, etc.

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.

VOICE - PRODUCTION AND THE ART OF MUSIC. Mrs. Porteous (Solearship Pup) of the late Madame Saint-Dolby, London, Eng. will receive a limited number of pupils for instruction from the above. First term commences on 1st September 1892.

BOIESTOWN CRIST-MILL. Parties having Wheat, Barley or Buckwheat to grind are informed that the Boiestown Cris-Mill has made arrangements with the Canada Eastern Railway Company by which their grain will be conveyed from the mill and returned free of charge to the station.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. 1892--WINTER ARRANGEMENT--1893. On and after Monday, October 17, 1892, the trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE CHATHAM JUNCTION. Through Express for St. John, Halifax, Pictou, (Monday excepted) 4.31. Accommodation for Moncton and St. John, 11.15. Through Express for Moncton, 11.15. Through Express for Quebec, Montreal, Chicago, 12.15.