

NEW BUSINESS NOTICE

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

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

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

Monuments, Headstones, Tablets & Cemetery Work.

CHATHAM N. B. For Sale or To Let.

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 AND MERCANTILE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Warren C. Winslow, BARRISTER 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, comprising

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The Peerless Creamer, ROCHESTER LAMP, SUCCESS OIL STOVE,

PATENT TELESCOPIIC OVEN. The fitting of which can be taken out for cleaning, thereby doing away with the removing of pipe or oven as is the trouble with other stoves.

A. C. McLean. ATTENTION! GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES, DRY GOODS & GROCERIES LOWER THAN EVER

F. W. RUSSELL'S, BLACK BOOK. ENGINE & BOILER FOR SALE.

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

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Miss Carter, organist of St. Luke's Church, Chatham (Graduate of the Toronto College of Music) is prepared to receive pupils for instruction in the above, in primary and advanced grades.

FOR SALE. Miss Carter, organist of St. Luke's Church, Chatham (Graduate of the Toronto College of Music) is prepared to receive pupils for instruction in the above, in primary and advanced grades.

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 20. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, NOVEMBER 16, 1893. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. TERMS—\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

K. & R. AXES MADE WITH FIRTH'S BEST AXLE STEEL, ESPECIALLY FOR US. NONE BETTER. 100 DOZ. NOW IN STOCK. **KERR & ROBERTSON,** WHOLESALE HARDWARE, ST. JOHN N. B.

Important Notice!

Just entered at Custom Houses, Chatham and Newcastle, direct from Great Britain, marked **J. D. C.**, per SS. Demara from London; SS. Assyria from Glasgow; SS. Sardinian from Liverpool.

113 BALES AND PACKAGES OF MDSE FOR OUR FALL TRADE Comprising 200 dozen Perrin's Eglantine, Bretagne and Suade Kid Gloves—special to our order from Grenoble, France—every pair guaranteed. 217 pieces of the latest designs in Fall Dress Materials, Shaded and Shot Silks, Surahs and Velvets, the latest conceit in style, Ladies' Coats, Mantles, Jackets, Fur Garments, Hosiery and Underwear, Cloths, Clothing, General Domestic Drapery and Fall Dry Goods of every description.

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HARDWARE.

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Miramichi Advance.

CHATHAM, N. B., NOVEMBER 16, 1893. TOM'S THANKSGIVING.

When the congregation sang the grand chorus of "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," at the close of the Thanksgiving service, Farmer Ashford felt that he had very much to be thankful for. He was "warm" in this world's goods, and a big farm, sleek herds, fat granaries and money at interest made him notable among the rural folk of his native village. Yet even his wholesome piety could not withhold a deep sigh as his eyes scanned the empty places in the family pew. There were his son Will and his handsome wife, who had come home for the great feast of the year. Will had been prosperous in the great city and was all that a father's heart could wish—upright, highly honored as man and merchant and on the road to riches. There was his adopted daughter Kate, a distant relative by blood, who made him and his wife almost forget that they had buried all their own girls. But the partner of his joys and sorrows for 45 years was at home feeble from a terrible attack of illness, half blind and almost bedridden. This Thanksgiving day would be the first time she would have sat at the table for six months. The deep sorrow place, however, was the thought of Tom, the son, who had been away for ten years, a wanderer on the face of the earth.

"Well," said the farmer as they jogged home, "do you know it's not five years gone since we've had a line from your brother, though I try to think he is still living. Tom, though wild an' onsteady, had a warm heart, an' 'pears to me he would a-written to his mother, who's been pinin for him so long. I tell ye, Will, wess less that fever which left your mother so poorly than her heart sickness for Tom, dear soul. Oh, why did he ever leave a good home?"

Will had the cheerful optimism which so often goes with an easy life, and then, too, he was anxious to comfort the old man: "Don't feel that way about it, father. Tom will turn up all right yet, and he'll burst in on you some day as lively as a cricket. There never was a fellow better able to take care of himself than Tom, if he was a little wayward. He always did like to do the most odd and unexpected things. Why, do you know, there was the captain of one of the ships who was swept overboard in a gale and thought to be lost for seven years. He was picked up at sea, and the ship which rescued him was wrecked in the south Pacific. The things he went through before he got home would almost make your hair stand up. And the romance was, he returned just in time to stop his wife marrying another man—pretty nearly an Enoch Arden business."

"Well, well," said the farmer, "I wish we could make mother think as you do," shaking his gray head sadly. "Thanksgivin always opens up the old wound fresher'n ever. I sometimes almost hate to have the plate and the cheer all set there with nuthin but empty air in 'em, but she will have it so." Kate had listened to these words with a throbbing heart. She scarcely attended to the lively chatter of her companion on the back seat. She could have told them something which she fancied might have shed a little light on Tom's sudden departure from home long ago, but she was not quite sure, and she had always recoiled, too, with a maidenly shame from speaking of such guesswork.

Tom had been the Benjamin of the family, born ten years after Will and when he was growing up to manhood the elder brother was plodding toward success in the big city. Three girl children had been swept away ultimately, and Kate Sanborn had grown up in the family to fill a daughter's place to the old people and that of a sister to Tom. She was a lovely girl of 17, the belle of the countryside, at the time of Tom's abrupt leavetaking. She could never forget what happened that day. They had just returned from the picnic, to which she had been escorted by Seth Warner, who owned the adjacent farm. Tom said to her under the apple trees, with a choking voice: "Kate, I hope you have chosen wisely, and that you'll be very happy. But you know I never liked him. I may be wrong though. But don't keep it from father and mother. As for me—" and the boy (he was scarcely 20) turned away with a grinding of his teeth and a catch of the breath and strode toward the barn to finish up the evening chores. The bewildered girl was completely in the dark at these words, and there was no chance to ask for an explanation. Before morning, Tom, who had sat silently with a gloomy face and kissed his mother over and over with unusual tenderness for good night, had gone away like a thief in the dark. It had come to Kate afterwards that Tom had loved her with something more than a brother's love, and in the light of that revelation her innocent heart unaged its own secret. How could she even hint the fancy and the wretched blunder it bred to those she so dearly loved, whom it had perhaps bereaved of a son? She could only grieve in secret.

Will, to divert his father's mind from a distressing subject, turned to Kate and said laughingly: "I suppose Seth Warner will be at the house to-night. When are you going to reward that poor fellow for his devotion? A squire faithful for a dozen years deserves some reward in these fickle times. I call that true love."

"Yes," said the farmer, "Seth has served for Kate almost as long as Jacob did for Rachel. He's one of the best young men in the village. I dunno what the church would do without him. A good farm, plenty of money, a kind heart, an improvin conversation. Kate couldn't do better if she ever wants to change her home, and then it would be for only a stone's throw."

"Father Ashford," said Kate in a low voice, with her pale cheeks burning red and almost angrily, "when I leave you 'twill never be to marry Seth Warner. He is too good for poor me."

"Kate I won't have you satirizing Mr. Warner. You know he's a great friend of mine, and how much I enjoy his pious words in season and out of season. Why he exhorts as much in private as Parson Bates does in the pulpit," said young Mrs. Ashford mischievously.

The stranger looked about the table at each one, longest at the mother of the house. He was trembling like a little child. With a mighty voice struggling with its sobs he exclaimed: "Then let it be no longer empty," and tearing off the shock wig from his head, "Mother, father, Kate, Will, don't you know me? I'm home again, thank God!"

One may well drop a veil over the scene. We suspect the turkey got a little cold, but what mattered that, for there are feasts of the heart richer than any food for the body. Yet later on Father Ashford did confide to Tom: "This farm has fattened many a fine bird, but I do think I never raised so tasty a gobble before. That there turkey couldn't a been beat on the president's own table."

After dinner Tom sat for a long time by his mother's chair, she folding his hand as if he were a baby, he telling them about life at the wild west. Often a look of pain crossed his brow, and many a thing he touched lightly. At least so Will's wife fancied. That astute lady whispered to her spouse, "I'm sure there's something between my new found brother and Kate." "D'ya think so?" with a lift of his eyebrows. "One can see it with half an eye, you goose!" and Mrs. Will crossed the room.

"Dear mother," said she, "you're just tired to death with excitement and need rest." This was indeed true, though the thirst of that maternal heart craved still deeper drafts of Tom, and the latter carried her up faintly protesting to her own room in his strong arms. The same diplomat beguiled the father away, and Tom and Kate were left to themselves.

"Kate you're handsomer than ever, though I use to think you the prettiest girl in the place," and the sufficed cheeks and brilliant eyes justified Tom's opinion. "I choke here in the house. Come out under the apple trees." "Kate" as they stood under the bare limbs, "d'ye remember 'twas here I said almost my last words to you, and you that I was? Why didn't you marry Seth?"

"Because I never cared for him." "Never?" said Tom he declared to me that you and he were plighted lovers, and that you didn't wish father and mother to know it at present—that he was breaking promise to tell even me."

"It was false, false," she said, with indignation. "How could such a thing be true when I—I—breaking thing and her eyes falling before the intense questioning of his own." "My God, is it—can it be?" Kate's figure trembled with a silent assent, and he lifted her from her feet and kissed her again and again on the cheeks and lips. "And I have lost years of precious life and love from that knave's wicked lie!"

"But Kate, my darling, I ought to have told you all about myself first, for I have not been a good man. I came out to confess to you what I could never tell that old sweet saint and my dear father. Hear me and judge me!" "I went west to the mining regions and plunged into any evil that could drug memory, wandering from one camp to another, with various luck. Often plucked by the ruffians that swarmed thick as August flies, I finally grew as great a blackguard as any of them." He felt the shudder of the woman he held in his arms, but went bravely on. "I was ashamed to write often, and so my letters got few and fewer. I slid into the tricks of the gambler who plays for bread, for it meant a heap less bone ache to hunt the precious stuff atop than below the ground. It was like strong drink or the rotting of a ripe melon. It wormed so deep into the grain that I never thought what I was till I got a letter from home.

"One night I was matched against another nighthawk who preyed on the camp. The stake was large, and at last I swept the pile. My opponent clapped a swift hand on his pistol butt. But I was too quick for him. 'Twas my life or his. I shot to kill; but, thank God the wound was not mortal. Half mad with terror, I fled from the accursed place and took the trail for the States. After that, Kate, I dared not write home." Tom could not see her averted face, but could feel the thrill of her beating heart.

"When I reached California, I enlisted in the army, and it has made a man of me. I might have got a commission, but I yearned for home and for you, dear, though I vowed no one should hear from me till I had fully earned the name of an honest man again."

There was silence. Tom's face was pale and strained. The wait was the suspense of one standing for sentence. That sentence quickly came. It was an arm thrown about his neck and a long kiss of perfect love and trust laid on his lips.

The visit of Seth Warner that night, who entered familiarly, not noticing a stranger at first, brought them an unctuous smile to oil the greeting, which improved the occasion: "I trust that all are duly thankful for the blessing of the year."

"God has been very good to us," said the farmer. "He has brought Tom back. He's your old schoolmate, Seth." The man turned pale as Tom advanced, fascinated by the glitter of an eye which held him like that of a rattlesnake.

"What! not shake hands with an old friend? Let me introduce you then, in a new character," said Tom. "Look on him, all of you. This is the lying cheat who nearly ruined my life," and he told the

story, detaining Seth with an iron grip till he had finished. Then he opened the door, and the hypocrite slunk away like a whipped dog. "And see, father, mother," Tom continued, with his arm curled around Kate's waist, "here's one who has promised to be doubly your daughter."

The stars of November never breathed their silent benediction on a happier roof than the Ashford homestead on that Thanksgiving night.

General News and Notes. The New York Sun says the battle against a robber tariff is not yet won. Hon Justice Tashereau, of the Supreme Court, died at Quebec last Thursday.

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

A Wonderful Fish Producer. This is the little given to Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil by many thousands who have taken it. It not only gives flesh and strength to the system, but creates an appetite for food. Use it and try your weight. Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c and \$1.00.

The New York Times intimates that the big armored cruiser New York has been badly constructed and is unstable. It is said the new U. S. tariff bill will put a duty on crude and refined sugar, as well as increase the duty on whiskey.

It is, on human or animal, cured in 30 minutes by Wood's Great Peppermint Cure. Warranted by J. Pallen & Son.

Francis Weeks, the convicted New York embezzler, has been taken to Sing Sing prison to serve his 10 years' sentence. English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blisters from horses, Ring Bone, Splints, Ring Bone, Ring Bone, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Conges, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blisters Cure ever known. Warranted by J. Pallen & Son.

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ALEX. MCKINNON, WATER ST., CHATHAM. I am now prepared to offer my customers and the public generally, goods at **REDUCED PRICES** in the following lines, viz:— Mixed Candy, Nuts, Grapes, Lemons, Raisins, Currants, Citron and Lemon Peel, Flavoring Extracts and Pure Spices, and other Groceries.

A nice line of gift cups & saucers, Mugs, Lamps, and a General assortment of Glass and Earthenware &c. **ALEX. MCKINNON,** December 12th 1892. **WOOD-GOODS.** WE MANUFACTURE AND HAVE **FOR SALE**

Laths, Pailings, Box-Shooks, Barrel Heading, Matched Flooring, Matched Sheathing, Dimensioned Lumber, Sawn Spruce Shingles. **THOS. W. FLETT, NELSON.**

Z. TINGLEY, HAIRDRESSER, ETC., HAS REMOVED—SHAVING PARLOR Benson Building Water Street, Chatham. He will also keep a first-class stock of Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, Smokers' Goods generally.

F. O. PETERSON, Merchant Tailor (Next door to the Store of J. B. Snowball, Esq) **CHATHAM - N. B.** All Kinds of Cloths, suits or single Garments. portion of which is respectfully invited. **F. O. PETERSON.**

WILD CHERRY COUGH SYRUP Made from balsams combined with Extract of Wild Cherry. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money cheerfully refunded. **PRICE 25 CTS. PER BOTTLE.** Perfectly safe for the youngest infant. Remember it is sold on a guarantee.

MEDICAL HALL. J.D.B. MACKENZIE. Chatham Jan. 11 1893. **NOTICE.** For sale one second hand carding machine breaker and carder, nearly all new cards, guaranteed to make good work, also supply machine cards, cranks, plate, rollers, emery, wool pickers, mineral paint, iron proof. **W. MORICE & CO.** Sackville Co. Westmorland N. B. May 20 1893. **DERAVIN & CO COMMISSION MERCHANTS.** ST. JAMES, W. I. Cable Address: Deravin, LEON, DERAVIN, Consular Agent for Franco.

SHINGLE WOOD! THE SUBSCRIBER WISHES TO PURCHASE a large quantity of cedar shingle wood at the Factory Chatham

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Garden, and Field Seeds, Choice Timothy Seed, and Wheat, Wall Papers, Window Shades, Dry Goods, Ready Made, Clothing, Gents' Furnishings Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes &c. &c. Also a choice lot of **GROCERIES & PROVISIONS: R. FLANAGAN,** ST. JOHN STREET & WATER STREET.