

## "BE GOOD TO YOURSELF."

"Good-bye! Good-bye!" the driver said, as the coachman bowed his handsome head. "Be good to yourself, my girl!"

Ab, many a fond good-bye I've heard From many an old maid's heart; And many a friendly farewell word, When strangers come to part; And I've heard a thousand merry quips, And many a sensible jest; And many a fervent prayer from lips That all a tremble with distress.

And many a bit of good advice In smooth proverbial phrase; And many a wish of little price—For health and happiness—has been said.

But, missing how the human soul (What'er the Fates may will) Still measures by its self-control Its greatest good or ill.

Of meditations, I protest, I had many a shining pearl; I like the merry coachman's best: "Be good to yourself, my girl!"

## IN THE HOP-FIELDS.

Hop-picking was always a gala time at Pendexter Farm.

Far away, the golden haze hung over the hills like a quivering veil; the bland air was full of the soft, subtle fragrance of wild grapes ripening in the woods; and wherever dead tree or rude stone wall afforded it a vantage ground, the silvery tangles of ivy were lovely and purple-fingered asters held up their clusters of dazling bloom. And in the hop-fields merriment and merriment of morning until night.

Will Pendexter, walking up and down the aisles of silver-green leafage, with his hands behind his back, and a look of contentment on his face, reminded one of Boaz in the ancient Scripture story—prince Boaz standing in his harvest fields and giving a kind glance and pleasant word to every one.

"Isn't he handsome?" said little Fanny Dix to Miss Morgan, the rector's daughter. Fanny was a pale little dresser-maker, with an anxious cough, who had been recommended by her doctor to spend a fortnight in the hop-fields; and Miss Morgan, whose mother had died of consumption, picked hops every year on principle, just as Judge Marley's daughters used to pick them.

"Don't you know?" said Miss Morgan, sagely. "No."

"I can tell you, then," said the rector's daughter, who dearly loved a morsel of genuine romance. "Because his first love killed him."

"As if any one would kill Will Pendexter," said incredulous Fanny.

"Oh, but he wasn't Squire Pendexter then—all this happened twenty years ago," averred Miss Morgan, her flying fingers never leaving off among the clusters of pale-green hops. "That was before he inherited Pendexter Farm. He was only a poor young farmer then, with his own living to make, and this was a beautiful girl, who was spending the summer here. And they were engaged and all—and the very night before the wedding she ran away with an Italian, one Count Capriotti, who was singing on the New York stage."

Fanny drew a long breath. "And what became of her?" said she. "Oh, they went to Italy where the count expected to succeed to large estates, and I suppose they are there now."

Fanny looked with secret awe at the ruddy face and magnificent height of Will Pendexter, as he sauntered down the green aisles of waving tendrils and tremulous leaves, and almost seemed to hear him call Mahala Bendexter about her baby, in the off-hand, ordinary language of every-day life, and give lame Billy Bartlett "good day" as he passed there had been no Count Capriotti in the world.

"But Fanny Dix was but a girl yet; she did not know how twenty years would bridge over the darkest gulf in a human life. There is no scar that will not heal in twenty years—there is not a grave on which grass will not grow—eye, and daisies bloom, in twenty years."

"I don't know that we can take another hand, Simpson," said Squire Pendexter, meditatively. "The field is crowded already."

"What I thought, exactly, sir," said the overseer, respectfully. "But this ere is a pretty young slip of a girl, with a feeble mother dragging along on her arm. And a man doesn't like to say 'no' to such! So I thought I'd just speak to you before."

"Where are they?" said the squire, rubbing the gold knob of his walking cane against his nose; and Squire Pendexter knew that the case of the forlorn stranger was safe enough.

"Mother, don't fret; here comes the gentleman now," said the faded maid, and Squire Pendexter found himself looking into a pair of wild, deep-lime eyes—eyes that belonged to a slight, beautiful girl dressed in faded fabrics and worn shoes, who was leaning against the well-curb. For while Simpson had been gone on his errand of inquiry, she had crept close to the clear, cold water out of the sparkling depths of the well and given her mother a drink out of the silver-banded gourd which always hung there.

"Sir," without a moment's hesitation, "might I have a job of work in your hop-fields? We have come from the city—mother and I—there's no living to be picked up there, and my mother is ailing, and we thought the smell of the hops might do her good. Please, sir, we'd work cheap, if only we might sleep in the barn and have a bit of something to eat between whiles!"

"I don't want you to work cheap," said the squire, assuming an aspect of unwonted gruffness to cover the sympathy that shone in his eyes. "I never grudged money's worth of good, honest work. As for the barn, my housekeeper can put you in one of the vacant back chambers of the kitchen, and there's always enough to eat at Pendexter Farm."

"Pendexter Farm!"

"The woman who had been sitting on the mossy cattle-trough slowly lifted her head and pushed back her worn sun-bonnet.

"Where are we, Isora? Whither have we come? I know a man named Pendexter, once, who—"

"Yes," said the squire, who had given a little start at the first sound of that low contralto voice. "It was I, Clara Capriotti! To think that Fate should have brought us together again after all these years!"

The pale woman struggled to her feet and clutched at her daughter's slim, strong arm.

"I tell you, Isora, said said, "We have a mistake. Give me my shawl. Quick! Let us go!"

"But, mother, why?" soothed the girl, who scarcely, as yet, comprehended all this by play. "Don't you hear what the gentleman says? We can have work here and food and shelter. Mother, sit down again! You are trembling all over!"

"I tell you, child, you don't know!" said impatient Clara, possessed with a sort of wild, unreasoning terror. "We—we must go!"

"Clara," said the squire, he himself assuming the direction of affairs, "the child is right. Let by-gones be by-gones. You don't suppose I would turn you from my door?"

Clara looked into his face. "Have you forgiven me, then?" said she.

"Forgiven you? Yes, years and years ago. Let us be friends again, Clara."

For his heart ached to see how pale and wan she was—how haggard were her cheeks and how like smouldering fires the light burned in her sunken eyes.

She told him that, after noon, while pretty Isora was stripping the clustered hops from the vines with a dozen girls as pretty and as blooming as herself: How her life had been a sinless wreck; how Carlo Capriotti had been no count at all, but a nameless pretender, with neither honesty nor honor; how he had left her with the baby Isora on her hand, to shift as best she might for herself, and was killed in a gambling brawl; how she herself, struggling on for years, constantly feeling herself less able to wage unequal warfare with the world.

"Clara," said the squire, when she had finished, "why didn't you come to me?"

You'll grow stronger in these country breezes, and that pale girl of yours will get a color in her face in a while!"

So they stayed at the Pendexter Farm, and beautiful Isora Capriotti grew fatter to look upon with every passing day.

"Clara," said the squire one day, "that girl of yours is prettier than ever you were."

"I know it," said Madame Capriotti. And as she spoke the words, a pang of jealousy struck sharply through her heart. Yet, was it not natural enough that Squire Pendexter should take note of Isora's opening loveliness?

And in her room that night, Clara wrestled with her own heart and conquered it.

"He will marry Isora," she told herself. "Isora is beautiful, and he is in the prime of life. It is as it should be. While I am only a wreck, waiting on the shores of time for the final blow to come and sweep me away. God bless his noble heart! God bless his sweet-souled girl! And spare me, spare me! I may be happy together for many, many long and happy years!"

The squire came to Madame Capriotti the next day, with rather an embarrassed face.

"It is coming," thought Clara. "I know it would."

"Clara," said he, "I've a question to ask you. She held out her hand with a smile. Ask it, then, freely," she said, graciously.

"Should I be making a fool of myself if, at my age, I were to marry?"

"You would be doing the most proper and natural thing in the world," answered, still smiling, although her heart seemed to stand still within her.

"Then, by Jove, I'll risk it!" said the squire, jubilantly. "Clara, will you have me? Shall we begin our disjointed lives over again, my girl?"

"Madame," said Squire Pendexter, "Hullo! I spoke too abruptly! Have you—"

"No," said Clara, faintly. "But—but I thought it was Isora that you loved."

"Then you thought wrong," said the squire, briskly. "I have never loved any woman but you, Clara, and I never shall."

So they were married quietly, and the autumn of life shines softly over them, as the veiled sunlight hangs its golden haze over the picked hop-fields of Pendexter Farm.

And poor Clara is content at last.

British Election Methods.

The following appeared as an advertisement in the Newcastle (England) Leader:

Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy, when I fall; for I shall arise again. I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me—Micah vii, 8.

Election prayer meetings of all able to attend who believe in the righteousness of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone and the Hon. John Morley's present line of policy toward Ireland and the British empire, will be well met for victory of which we feel well assured, if only we will do our duty, to be held on that evening will be given during the day. Ladies as well as men welcome and invited.

Canvassers are all expected to thoroughly finish up their day's work, for it will be time to come to seek God's blessing on indecision. Discussions, irreverent conduct or talking will be entirely out of place. We gather to meet with God—not to discuss with men. Pray for the presence and power of the Holy Ghost before coming or you had better stay away. We mean business for national peace and cannot afford time for trifling. Ireland wait for justice: China and India cry out against our iniquitous opium business, and Great Britain groans under the iron heel of the cruel curse of the drink traffic, which we have just sent Mr. Hammond into Parliament to uphold. Hymn books will be provided.

Brief exposures of Scripture, bearing on the present Liberal policy and contest and the late defeat at Newcastle, will be given by various speakers. Written difficulties of Christians who may conscientiously, at present, be unable to support Mr. Gladstone will be answered by the following evening, or privately if preferred. Impromptu questions not allowed. Prayers must be brief—not more than three or four minutes—so that many may take part, and bearing only on matters of public policy and not on private personalities. Collection at doors to defray cost of food and advertising only. Any surplus to go to Newcastle infirmary, and a cash account rendered in Daily Leader.

General News and Notes.

Philadelphia is the greatest carpet manufacturing center in the world.

Altogether Disappeared.

DEAR SIR,—About three months ago I was nearly wild with headache. I started to use B. B. and took two bottles and my headaches have disappeared altogether. I think it a grand medicine.

LETTER BOXES, London, Oct. 17.

Dynamic machines were, in 1878, ordered by the British Government for the Lizard lights.

A Wonderful Cerebrotic.

This is the title given to Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil by many thousands who have taken it. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food. Use it and try its weight. Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c and \$1.00.

When a man finds any thing that he particularly likes, his wife discovers it is not good for him.

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

Naturalists tell us that only the female goddess like, the males being smaller and quite indolent.

Very Much Pleased.

Sirs,—I am very much pleased with the effects of Hagar's Pectoral Balsam. Our family has been greatly troubled with severe cold, pains in the chest, etc., and have been promptly relieved by this valuable medicine which we willingly recommend.

CLARA A. McKENZIE, Clarendon Station, N. B.

A King (N. Y.) man, ninety-nine years of age, has been sent to the posthouse by one of his sons.

"Cholly Chipkins is getting intolerably proud and stuck up." "His wealthy? What's the occasion?" "His wealth told him he showed signs of brain-fog,"—Washington Star.

R. Gedone—I hear that Jeweler Gilt has disappeared and that his liabilities are heavy. Brad Street—So are his assets—he didn't leave anything but two safes—Jeweler's Weekly.

Boggs—Heck the Jews, Jiggs, what are you going to do with that keg of powder? Jiggs—I am going to try to blow myself away from a porous plaster that is on my back.—Harvard Lampoon.

"No, Mr. Timberhead," said Miss Elder, kindly but firmly, "I cannot marry you, but I'll be a—"

"Thanks, Miss Elder," interrupted the rejected one, "but I have two grandmothers.—Harper's Bazar.

For months she just doted on ice cream. And nothing so much enjoyed her; But you find now her fondest dream is centered around the oyster.—New York Sun.

There's one satisfactory thing about betting on politics. Every man may invest his money with the assurance that he will lose he will receive the same returns as the man who wins.—Boston Transcript.

Sponge Cake.—"Misses—Do you call this sponge cake? Why, it's as hard as can be. New cook—Yes, mum; that's the way a sponge is before it's wet. Cook it in your tea, mum.—New York Weekly.

SAMUEL HENRY STRONG.

The New Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada.

The vacancy on the bench of the Supreme Court caused by the death of Sir William Ritchie has been filled by the appointment of Samuel Henry Strong.

Mr. Strong was born in Dumfriesshire, England, in 1825, but emigrated to Canada with his parents when a child. His father

was a clergyman of the English church, who lived for a time at Hull, P. Q., and later in Toronto.

The new chief justice was called to the bar in 1848, and appeared in Queen's Bench in 1863. In 1869 he became vice-chancellor of Ontario, and was shortly afterwards transferred to the court of appeal.

When the supreme court was created in 1875 he was one of the first judges appointed thereto.

Facts About Ireland.

Consumption is believed to be more prevalent in Ireland than in either England or Wales. Four times more Irishmen reside in the United States than Englishmen. It is more difficult to believe the statement that 60,000 people in the Emerald Isle speak Irish only, or that there are 40,000 and 60,000 in that country consisting of but a single room. Yet this is the country in which we are told is less prevalent than in any other which speaks volumes for the right-headedness—Chambers' Journal.

The Missing Clue.

In the north of London a few weeks ago a crowd might have been seen questioning a ragged unclean who had lost himself in the whiff of the streets. The boy, however, who was about four years old, could give no satisfactory reply.

"Where do you live?" asked a sympathetic bystander.

"Don't know."

"Where do you go to school?"

"Don't go," was the feeble response.

The audience was in despair, until a stout old lady, evidently of his own class, triumphantly solved the mystery by asking:

"Where do you get your mother's beer?"

"Prince of Wales," was the ready reply, naming a public house a few streets away. The boy was promptly handed off to that hostelry to be identified.

Variable Appetite and Itching at the nose are signs of worms. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup is the best cure.

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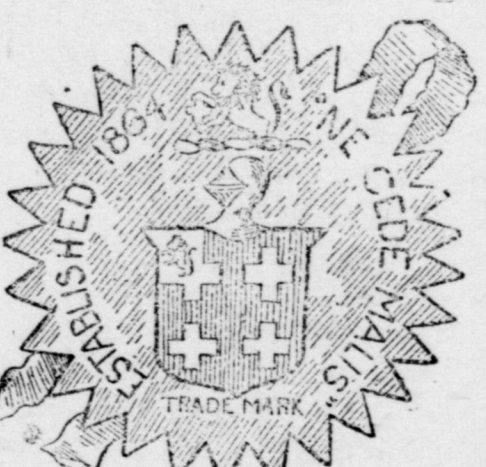
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## GENERAL BUSINESS.

## Chase Sanborn's Coffee



The quality of the Coffee we sell under our trade mark is our best advertisement.

This Seal is our trade mark, and guarantees perfection of quality, strength and flavor.

BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO.

## Miramichi Advance.

Beginning with the issue of November 6th, 1892, when the ADVANCE entered upon its

Nineteenth Year of Publication!

The publisher continued the 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 10th, 1892, 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 the cleanliness of matter, which is too often neglected by the press of the day—I have a 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.

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS 1892-93.

On and after MONDAY, OCT. 17th, until further notice, trains will run on the above

Between Chatham and Fredericton.

Express Trains on L.C.R. run through to Fredericton on Sunday. Express trains run daily on the above route.

Connections.

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, Boston, (Monday excepted) 4.21

Accommodation for Montreal and St. John, 11.15

Through Express for Quebec, Montreal, Chicago, 11.25

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., Oct. 20, 1892.

D. FOTTERING, Chief Superintendent.

3 APPLICATIONS THOROUGHLY REMOVES

DANDRUFF

ANTI-DANDRUFF

GUARANTEED

Restores Falling hair to its original color.

Keeps the Scalp Clean.

Makes hair soft and Pliable.

Promotes Growth.

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.

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JAMES A. MORRISON,

COMMISSION AND GENERAL MERCHANT.

SPECIALTIES:

TEA, SUGAR AND MOLASSES.

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Parlor and Cooking Stoves