

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 21. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, APRIL 25, 1895.

D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR
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J. B. SNOWBALL'S.

DRESS MELTONS,
AMAZON TWILLS,
BLACK & COL'D SERGES,
CASHMERE & MERINOS.
SCARLET, WHITE, BLUE & GREY FLANNELS.
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STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS,
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Steam Engines and Boilers. Mill Machinery of all kinds;
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GANG EDGERS, SHINGLE AND LATH MACHINES, CAST-
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Steel Wire Nails,
THEY NEVER LET GO,
AND TAKE NO OTHERS.

Orders filled at Factory Price, and a Freight Allowance made on
lots of 10 kegs and upwards at one shipment.

KERR & ROBERTSON,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
N. B.—IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE 100 DOZEN K. & R. AXES.

SPRINGHILL COAL INTERCOLONIAL
RAILWAY

On and after Friday the 14th Dec., 1894,
the train of this railway will run daily
(Sunday excepted) as follows:

SLEIGHS.
I HAVE ON HAND THE
Best Stock of Sleighs,
ever offered for sale in this county. I have
Several New Designs.
I GUARANTEE ALL MY WORK. ALSO A FIRST
CLASS STOCK OF
Driving Harness, Made To Order,
All of which I am prepared to sell at
PRICES AND TERMS
TO SUIT
The Hard Times.
ALEX ROBINSON.

HOUSES TO RENT.
Part of the two story double house on Foundry
Lane and part of the large two story house on
Muirhead Street. For further information apply to
JOHN POTTERINGHAM.
Chatham Sept. 5, 1894.

Miramichi Advance.

CHATHAM, N. B., APRIL 25 1895

The Phantom Balaklava

"You may talk about your ortho-
dox ghosts who haunt ancient
castles, wailing and groaning,
and carrying flaming lights from win-
dow to window, for apparently no
earthly, or rather unearthly pur-
pose, save that of terrifying out of
his wits some poor hind bearing
home a bewildered brain after stay-
ing too long with 'John Barley-
corn' in the village inn, but for
something that has forever baffled
me and often wonder whether I was
dreaming or awake, commend me
to what I saw, or thought I saw,
the night before Balaklava, Oct.
25, 1854.

And my father threw himself
back in his armchair before the
fire in the smoking-room grate as
he took a long whiff of a newly
lighted cigar and gazed dreamily
into the flames that were crackling
up the chimney.
The subject of conversation had
drifted from the battlefields of yester-
day, in Abyssinia and Zululana,
to those of thirty years before,
when the tall, heavy forms before
of my father and his old com-
rades in arms, Sir Langley Fether-
stone and Colonel Elmhurst, with
their gray, bristling mustaches,
their still erect gait, their uncon-
sciously imperative style and their
solemn grave deportment, were as
light as my own, Aubrey's or Bob
Fetherstone's the night as we sat
around listening to the stories of
the hot days when our fathers were
men as young as we.

"Hand me my memory, Aubrey,"
said my father, pointing to the
huge cavalry saber that hung over
the mantle piece. The sword that
had waved over the now iron-gray
head, that then was chestnut, as its
owner with a shout of defiance
bore down upon the ranks of the
Muscovites, in the wintry plains of
the Crimea.

My father drew the sword from
its scabbard and lovingly surveyed
the glittering blade.
"Old, never-fail-me!" he said
Do you see that dint in its edge,
Lang? Got that crossing the Alma
of the helmet of a Russian cuirassier.
I sent the blow through
steel and skull together. There is
another! Got that the 25th Octo-
ber from the commander of the
Cossacks that charged the left
flank of the 'heavies'. He struck
at me, I parried, there is the mark."
"And then?" said Sir Langley.

"I swept it round and caught him
across the throat," answered my
father abstractedly. "I saw his
body afterward when it was turned
over to his relatives, for he was a
noble, a grand duke I believe. The
same angry frown was upon his
handsome features as just before
my steel entered his jugular. And
here is another—but there! If I
once got started telling anecdotes
of every experience that old blade
went through in my hands I would
sit talking until morning. Put it
up again, Vic. I love to handle it
whenever I settle down to tell a
story of the old days. It, as it
were, inspires me, by bringing back
the events of bygone years to my
mind as if they but happened
yesterday."

Seeing that we were all watch-
ing him in anticipation he again
took some whiffs of his cigar and
commented:
"It was the night before the
never-to-be-forgotten 25th of Octo-
ber. We were close to the Russian
lines, our pickets being almost
within hailing distance of the
enemy.

"I was riding out to inspect the
sentries stationed along the Grodno
road. It was a clear wet, cold
night, and I clasped my great coat
close about me, and spurred my
charger along the muddy road. As
I reached the side of the valley I
drew him in quickly as I heard a
distant rumble, like the moving of
some parks of heavy ordnance at
the extreme end. I listened. All
was still again. An occasional
stray shot from the outposts, a
distant challenge of a sentry, a
light here and there peering through
the murky mist from the doomed
city, and between it and us a large,
amorphous mass of something indis-
tinguishable that marked out the
Russian lines.

"I rode on. I arrived at the
station of the sentry, and as I did
so some smart firing broke out
toward the rear. Our pickets were
evidently being driven in, and I
sent the sentry back to hasten up
the supports. He never returned.
I subsequently heard that he had
gone with the re-enforcements he
had been sent to summon, and been
captured.

"I stayed cursing his delay for
over half an hour. When I again
heard the same rumbling noise I
looked up the valley. All was
dark, but the rumble seemed to be
advancing at terrific pace. As it
was coming from our lines, I
thought it might be a night attack.
Although, how cavalry could be of
any service at such an hour, as
such a night, I failed to see. But
it is the soldier's duty to obey first,
and to form his opinion afterward,
and I eagerly awaited the oncoming
of the force.

"A white streak appeared 200
feet away, the noise crashed upon
me with full force, and in an in-
stant I saw the charging ranks and
the wild, eager forms of the soldiers
seated on their foaming, galloping
steeds. Forms, did I say? Yes,
forms only! Forms pale and shad-
owly. Horse and man alike
women, as it were, out of the mist.
On they came, icy breezes rushing

with them as they swept by. My
horse plunged and reared franti-
cally. To save myself from being
dismounted I sprang from his back
into the snow, and, prancing and
snorting, he made off toward our
lines, giving rise to the subsequent
rumor of my death.

"As I turned I saw the form of
Louis Nolan. He was sitting half
round in his saddle, his sword hang-
ing from his wrist, his forage cap in
his hand, which he was waving
exultingly. His face was partially
turned from me toward the ranks,
but not a word passed the open
mouth, with the ashen hue on the
lips, though I could see a blaze in
the lightning eye. On they came,
husars, lancers, dragons, with all
the pomp and glory and magnifi-
cence of war mingled with the
mystery of the world unknown.
There rode Major Halket. His
proud, handsome face set firmly
and unflinchingly, his sword clinch-
ed in his hand, as it was found next
day when they raised his body from
the blood-soaked soil. Then came
Lord Fitzgibbon. You knew him,
Lang, and so did I, since as children
we played together in the green
woods of Mount Shannon. He was
pointing a shadowy finger ahead,
and his attitude was as if he was
calling to his husars following
close behind. As he dashed by he
recognized me, and a sad, oh! what
a sad smile, fitted across the pallid
face for an instant as he tossed a
last farewell to me, in his careless,
boyish style, and disappeared into
the mist.

Next came Pigott, the Love-
face of the Seventeenth. The same
serene light in those eyes that had
broken many a maiden's heart in
the drawing-rooms of Belgravia.
And Hackett—Hackett of the fifth
—'the saint,' as we of the First
Royals used to call him, that up-
right, God-fearing, great-hearted
man, whose name was called on the
muster roll of heaven ere the sun
set next day. His eyes were now
fixed on the dusky sky above, his
face bore the calm, assured, expect-
ant look that Jerome must have
worn at the stake. He was gallop-
ing far in advance of his men, as if
anxious to obtain his recompense.
In a flash he disappeared into the
dark.

The guests of icy winds accom-
panying the rush of the phantoms
were now declining in their force,
the rumbling noise that had risen
to the roar of a tempest during their
progress past was now quieting
down. As the last line of charging
horses passed from my sight I saw
a shadowy lieutenant of the Guards
beside me. He pointed in the
direction whither they had gone,
a scornful smile was on his spectral
face. His hollow voice echoed
tauntingly in my ear:
"So Major Hurst, of the First
Royals, prefers discretion to valor
because he belongs to the heavy
and not to the light brigade!"

"I aimed a blow at my traducer,
but my hand only struck into the
empty air.
"He laughed a mocking laugh,
and again pointing down the valley
said, 'Go!'
The warm nose of my horse, who
had returned, was pressing against
my hand.

"I will show you that at least
one of the 'heavies' can do as well
as the men of the light brigade!"
I cried, jumping into the saddle and
galloping off after the vanishing
cavalry. I felt like one bereft of
his senses. I galloped on and on
in the dark until I saw again the
white streak approaching me in a
contrary direction and the rumbling
echo in the rear. A second
and it burst upon my sight. But
what a change! Horses riderless
terrified, wounded, maddened with
excitement. Not a single form of
a soldier passed. Riderless horses!
Riderless horses! Riderless horses!
Here and there opaque spots upon
the saddle showing where human
blood had washed down. I drew aside
from the apparent stampede of
ghostly steeds and waited. Then I
saw another white streak approach-
ing. It came nearer! The fur
caps, the long riding coats, the
leggings, the long lances, and, above
all, the superb horsemanship dis-
played told me that they were the
Cossacks of the Czar. But there
faces were rigid as the dead.
Instead of their habitual yells, in
victory or defeat, not a sound
escaped from their tightly closed
lips. As I gazed like a man walk-
ing in his sleep I saw one of the
silent host bearing full upon me,
his lance in rest, his cold, dead eyes
holding me transfixed so that I
could not move a limb. I felt my
charger tremble beneath me, but he
never made an effort to break
away. A moment more and a pang
shot through my heart. Then all
seemed dark, save for an occasional
star shooting by. The stars in-
creased in number; then more and
more, until they formed a disk like
the full moon, that again was trans-
figured into a sun, whose intense
light almost blinded me. I struggled
to place my hands over my eyes,
and as I did so I heard a voice
above me say:
"He's coming to. My! but it
was a close call!"

"I opened my eyes. I was lying
swathed in blankets in the tent of
one of the boys of the Ninety-third.
My limbs and body were tingling
from recent friction, and five beard-
ed faces were peering anxiously
into my half-opened eyes.

"I recognized Heathcote. Poor
Heathcote, that was afterwards
killed at Delhi, just after his being
gazetted as colonel of his gallant
corps.
"Why, old man," he said, joyfully,
'you were near saving the
Russians a job! I found you lying
stiff and stark near the Grodno
road, as our boys came along to

help the Twenty-sixth drive back
the attack on the outposts. We
brought you hear and have had a
big job getting you round. It is a
wonder you are not minus toes and
fingers, but there's only the tip of
your ear frozen."
"And," added my father, touching
the uneven upper surface of his left
ear, "there is the mark where the
Russian frost bit me, but the vision
I saw that night is in view of the
events of the following day, far more
indelibly implanted in my memory."

General News and Notes.

Prayer is to many people a sort of last
resort.

It takes two to make a marriage, but only
one to get a divorce.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South
America Cure for Rheumatism and Neu-
ralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its
action upon the system is remarkable and
mysterious. Warranted the most
wonderful Rheumatism Cure ever known. War-
ranted by J. Falles & Son.

The days which seem too long generally
outnumber those which seem too short.

The pleasures of memory are as nothing
to the pleasures of forgetting.

ENGLISH SPRAIN LIMENT removes all
hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blisters
from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints,
Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stiles, Sprains, Sore
and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save \$50
by use of one bottle. Warranted the most
wonderful Blisters Cure ever known. War-
ranted by J. Falles & Son.

It is thought the coming woman will
hardly allow her age to be put on her tomb-
stone.

The geese that lay golden eggs are most
frequently killed before they begin to lay.

Iron, on human or animal, cured in a
month by Woolf's Sanitary Lotions,
Warranted J. Falles & Son.

You cannot always be sure it is Sunday
simply by listening to the average "sacred
concert."

A woman will often trust a man with her
heart whom she wouldn't trust with her
pocketbook.

Truth would prevail much oftener than
it does if it didn't have so much trouble in
getting a hearing.

A Wonderful Fish Producer.
This is the best given to Scott's Emul-
sion 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 your weight. Scott's Emul-
sion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all
Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00.

Some people lose a good deal of sleep
for their unrighteous neighbor will not get
his just deserts.

The man who believes that the means are
always justified by the end is in danger of
coming to a mean end.

People may fervently pray, "Good Lord,
deliver us," and yet continue to place their
chief reliance on good luck.

The preacher who objects to Sunday news-
papers is usually the most anxious to have
his sermon appear in a prominent position
in Monday's issue.

Hotels.

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.

GOOD STABLE & CO.
THOMAS FLANAGAN,
Proprietor

CANADA HOUSE.
Corner Water & St. John Streets,
CHATHAM
LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM.
Every attention paid to
THE COMFORT OF GUESTS.
Located in the business centre of the town.
Bathing and Stable Attendance first rate.

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 STABLE ON THE PREMISES.
Daniel Desmond,
Proprietor.

Tenders for Stock.
Tenders will be received by the undersigned up
to and including Saturday, March 30th last, for the
stock in trade, belonging to the estate of T. A. A.
Clark, Newcastle.
Stock consists of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats,
Caps, etc. Parties tendering to state whether pay-
ments will be made in cash or approved endorsed
notes.
The highest or any tender not necessarily
accepted.

JAMES HUDSON ESTATE.
All persons having any just claims against the
estate of the late James Hudson of Wellfield
parish of Chatham, Northumberland Co., deceased
are hereby requested to render the same, duly at-
ested, to the undersigned for payment; and all persons
interested in the said James Hudson are requested to
make payment to the undersigned within three
months from date.
ROBERT HIRN-BORROW,
Chatham March 14 1895

DERAVIN & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
ST. KITS, W. I.
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JUST RECEIVED

I have just received a large supply of
PATENT MEDICINES.

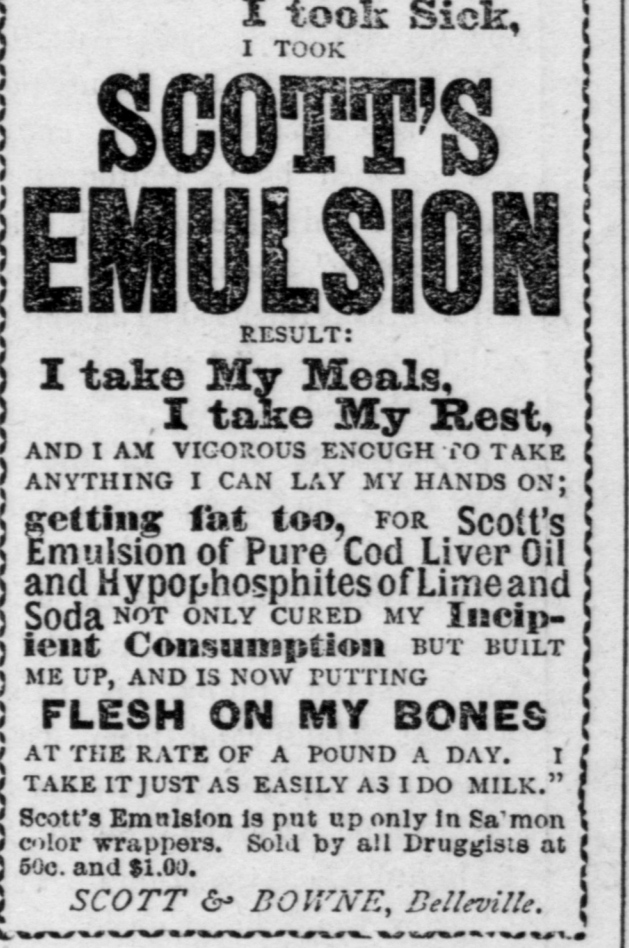
constituting part of the following:
Sarsaparilla, Emulsion, Cough Syrup, Liniment and
Maltine Preparations, Hawker's Preparation,
Quinine Wine, Quinine Iron, Quinine Iron
and Wine, Shiloh's Consumption Cure,
Groder's Syrup, Anti Dandruff, etc., on.

TOGETHER WITH THESE I HAVE ON HAND
A FINE ASSORTMENT OF
TOILET SOAPS,
HAIR BRUSHES,
WHISKY,
TOOTH BRUSHES,
SHAVING BRUSHES,
TOOTH POWDER,
TOILET TUBS,
AND COMPLEXION POWDER.

A Fine Lot of Pipes and Cigars
always on hand. Newcastle Drug Store,
E. LEE STREET,
Proprietor

I took Cold, I took Sick, I took My Rest, AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANOTHER I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too, for Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda not only cured my Incurable Consumption, BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING FLESH ON MY BONES AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS DO MILK.

Scott's Emulsion is put up only in its mon-
ocolor wrapper. Sold by all Druggists at
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DR. J. HAYES,
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Lic. Royal Col. Phys., London.
CHATHAM, N. B.

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

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ALEX. MACKINNON,*
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, Utes, Grapes, Lemons
Roses, Currants, Citron and Lemon
Fruit, Pickling Extracts and Pure
Spices, and other Groceries.

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LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM.
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Chatham March 14 1895

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Cable Address: Deravin
LEON DERAVIN, Consular Agent for France.

AYER'S
THE ONLY
Sarsaparilla
ADMITTED
READ RULE XV.
"Articles that are in any way dangerous or of poisonous, also patent medicines, nostrums, and empirical preparations, whose ingredients are concealed, will not be admitted to the Exposition."
Why was Ayer's Sarsaparilla admitted? Because it is not a patent medicine, not a nostrum, nor a secret preparation, not dangerous, not an experiment, and because it is all that a family medicine should be.
At the
WORLD'S FAIR
Chicago, 1893.
Why not get the Best?

MEATS, ETC.
TURKEYS,
GEESE,
CHICKENS.
X'MAS FRUITS.
RAISONS,
CURRANTS,
ORANGES,
LEMONS,
APPLES, Etc.
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ALL KINDS.
Family Groceries a Specialty.
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For Sale or to Let.
The Kerry House, Bathurst, which is a
desirable hotel for a profitable business. The
house is pleasantly situated, fronting the harbor and
is well patronized by summer tourists.
Possession given 1st May, next. Apply to
JOHN SIVEWRIGHT,
Bathurst, March 25th, 1895.

5,000 HIDES!
Five Thousand Hides
Wanted.
I will pay cash on delivery for all the hides I can
procure; also, I will buy one thousand calf skins
either for cash or for exchange.
Parties in any part of the County meeting please
bring their can be supplied by sending to their order
to me.
WILLIAM TROY

TO RENT.
The architect's premises known as the lower
storey (near Dr. J. B. Brown's residence) and the
dwelling house on St. John Street near the sub-
scriber's upper storey.
R. FLANAGAN.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
EASTER HOLIDAYS.
Extension returns tickets will be issued on the
11th, 12th, and 13th April at single first class fare
plus 50c for return up to and including the 15th Ap-
ril 1895.
Tickets not good going after 15th April 1895.
D. POTTERINGHAM,
General Manager.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
25th March, 1895.

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QUININE WINE
AND IRON,
THE BEST TONIC AND
BLOOD MAKER
50c BOTTLES
WE GUARANTEE IT AT
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
CHATHAM, N. B.

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MERCHANT TAILOR,
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Keeps constantly on hand full lines of Cloths
of the best.

GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS
I'll make out and make to order on the prem-
ises, with quickest despatch and at reasonable
rates.
LADIES' COATS & SACQUES
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Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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