

# MIRAMICHI

VOL. 23. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, DECEMBER 17, 1896. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. TERMS—\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

## WE DO JOB PRINTING

Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.

## PRINTING FOR SAW MILLS A SPECIALTY.

We print on wood, linen, cotton, or paper with equal facility.

Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others!

## JUST OPENING. MACKENZIE'S

### QUININE WINE AND IRON.

THE BEST TONIC AND BLOOD MAKER. 50c BOTTLES. WE GUARANTEE IT AT

Mackenzie's Medical Hall, CHATHAM, N.B.

DERAVIN & CO. COMMISSION MERCHANTS. ST. KITTS, W. I.

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

### Z. TINGLEY, HAIRDRESSER, ETC., SHAVING PARLOR

Benson Building, Water Street, Chatham. He will also keep a first-class stock

Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, Smokers' Goods generally

### IMPROVED PREMISES

Just arrived and on Sale at Roger Flanagan's

Wall Papers, Window Shades, Dry Goods, Ready Made Clothing, Gent's Furnishings, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes &c. &c.

Also a choice lot of GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.

R. FLANAGAN, ST. JOHN STREET CHATHAM

### WOOD-GOODS!

WE MANUFACTURE AND HAVE FOR SALE

Laths, Palings, Box-Shooks, Barrel Heading, Matched Flooring, Matched Sheathing, Dimensioned Lumber, Sawn Spruce Shingles.

THOS. W. FLETT, NELSON.

### NOTICE TO HOLDERS OF TIMBER LICENSES

Section 12 of the Timber Regulations, which reads as follows: "19 No Spruce or Pine trees shall be cut by any Licensee under any License, not for planting, which will not make a log at least 18 feet in length and ten inches at the small end, and if any such shall be cut, the Licensee shall be liable to double stumpage and the Licensee be forfeited."

and all Licensees are hereby notified, that for the future, the provisions of this section will be strictly enforced.

ALBERT T. DUNN, Surveyor General

### HOMAN & PUDDINGTON SHIP BROKERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Spruce Lumber, Laths and Anthracite Coal, 129 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK.

### FOR SALE.

An engine 18 1/2 hp and 30 inch swing, elevating reel, screw cutting etc.

Apply to JAMES NELSON, Canada House, Chatham, N. B.

## DOCTOR JACK.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE, Author of "Doctor Jack's Wife," "Captain Tom," "Baron Sam," "Miss Pauline of New York," "Miss Caprice," Etc.

AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE. So blithe this hour, when once again The Star glows steadfast in the sky; So hope attuned, when human pain Groves low, for faith that help is nigh; So hallowed, when the angel train With song and harp are passing by.

Once more, between the midnight gloom And pale moon's breaking dawn, Heaven's matches like wick and bloom, And far athwart the east are drawn The pencilled suns which illumine All pathways men must journey on.

Again the Sages and the Seers Bend low before a little child; And o'er the long and stormy years, The desert spaces vast and wild, The strife, the turmoil, and the tears, He looks, and smiles, the undelid.

"Tis Christmas-tide! At Mary's knee The shepherds and the princes meet! To clasp the Infant Saviour's feet. The Star is bright o'er land and sea; The Gloria song is full and sweet.

MARGARET E. SANDGREN. CHAPTER I. Rat-tat-tat!

This summons, in shape of several heavy blows, hit upon the forehead of a room—the best the house afforded—of an hotel on the Calle del Prado, in Madrid. Within the chamber there is a movement among the bedclothes, a smothered yawn, and then a voice, resonant and unmistakably American, calls out:

"Hello there, what's the row?" "The sensor wished you awakened at nine. It is a beautiful day for the bull-fight. Besides, there is a gentleman waiting to see you," comes the voice of the landlord from beyond the door.

Jack Evans sits up in bed. The sleep is gone from his eyes entirely as he sees the golden sunlight creeping in through the small windows.

"Send him up in ten minutes, and I will have breakfast for two in double that time."

"Si, senor." Jack Evans proceeds to dress leisurely, as though life had little in it to make him hurry, or else from some deep-rooted aversion to haste. His bed had been a hard one, but this singular young man has never known of the world, and possesses the admirable characteristic of adapting himself to circumstances. He can sleep on a feather bed, in a New England town, or on the bare boards of a Mississippi shanty boat—in a word, he makes a superb traveler, grumbling at nothing.

He has just finished his ablutions, and is applying the coarse towel vigorously, when a rap sounds upon the door.

"Enter," he slugs out, whereupon the door, which he has unbarred, is pushed open, and a Spanish gentleman greets him warmly.

"You are late riser this morning, Senor Evans. The fandango last night must have been too much for you," laughs the new-comer.

"I dreamed of the gipsies, and the clattering castanets haunted me, but that was not my first zama-cueca, Don Carlos."

"Indeed, I thought you had only been a few days in Spain, and where have you seen the national dance before?"

"My dear fellow, I spent three years of my life in Mexico. It was there I made my fortune in the gold mines, you know. That is how I speak Spanish so well," and Jack Evans proceeds to arrange his tie in a negligé style that has always seemed a part of his equipment.

The Spaniard looks at him in a peculiar way, as though the answer brings amusement. This young American, whose acquaintance he had formed in gay Paris, excited new feelings within his breast every day.

"Three years in Mexico, Senor Evans? And you have hunted gipsies in the Rocky Mountains, played a cowboy in Texas, shot moose while on snow-shoes in Canada, trailed the jaguar on the Amazon, hunted tigers and elephants in India, been chased by lions in Africa—you have seen the wastes of Siberia, explored China, been lost in Alaska, sailed on a whaler into the Polar sea, and traveled across the Lark Continent with Stanley—the name of Heaven, man, how old are you?"

Jack Evans laughs aloud. He is amused at the astonishment of the Spaniard.

"Seventy by experience, but really just thirty-two last month, Don Carlos—the Americans live fast, you know. At first I was in the habit of the mustangs of Texas, so you see there has been twenty years for the rest."

"Caramba! you are a wonderful man, senor." Then a flash of suspicion leaps to his eyes—"Perhaps you have already seen a bull-fight. I am told they have terrible encounters in the land of the Moors."

"Yes," replies Jack, quietly. "I have seen some bull fights that would set a wild man's hair on end. I imagine, for the Spanish-American blood would never get up with the same affairs you have over here, if I hear of them is half true."

"Ah! senor, I think they will give you a slight warning to-day—a black toad, the fiercest bull south of the Apennines, and instead of the worn out hacks usually put in to bait the Spaniard, they will have noble horses for the pleasure. This is the greatest day Madrid has had for a decade. Your blood will be thrilled by the daring of our brave bull-fighters."

Jack listens with something of a sneer, for he has had much experience among this class of boasters, and knows what little bravery they usually possess, sinking away whenever a fierce bull turns upon them, prodding him from the rear, and vaulting the fence as he makes a rush. The Spanish character, as seen from a foreign standpoint, has "grit" in it, but an American or Englishman to admire, and Jack has never been able to overcome this prejudice. All candor, too, senior?

"Oh! I've taken a turn in the ring along with the rest, and became disgusted with it. By the way, what did you do with the skin of the bear I shot when you were in the States?"

"It is made into a rug. You shall see it when you go home with me. My niece is all excitement at the thought of the rug."

"What! you a bull-fighter, too, senior?" "Oh! I've taken a turn in the ring along with the rest, and became disgusted with it. By the way, what did you do with the skin of the bear I shot when you were in the States?"

"It is made into a rug. You shall see it when you go home with me. My niece is all excitement at the thought of the rug."

"What! you a bull-fighter, too, senior?" "Oh! I've taken a turn in the ring along with the rest, and became disgusted with it. By the way, what did you do with the skin of the bear I shot when you were in the States?"

"It is made into a rug. You shall see it when you go home with me. My niece is all excitement at the thought of the rug."

"What! you a bull-fighter, too, senior?" "Oh! I've taken a turn in the ring along with the rest, and became disgusted with it. By the way, what did you do with the skin of the bear I shot when you were in the States?"

"It is made into a rug. You shall see it when you go home with me. My niece is all excitement at the thought of the rug."

"What! you a bull-fighter, too, senior?" "Oh! I've taken a turn in the ring along with the rest, and became disgusted with it. By the way, what did you do with the skin of the bear I shot when you were in the States?"

Business Notice

Wanted

Building Stone

Fashionable Tailoring

F. O. Petterson

Munyon's Remedies

Manchester House

Lime for Sale

Notice of Bill to the Legislature

For Sale

Drs. C. J. & H. Sproul

Burgon Dentists

## HEAD QUARTERS.

THE HEADQUARTERS FOR DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES AND TOILET ARTICLES IS AT THE NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.

## LARGE & FRESH SUPPLY

TOOTH BRUSHES, HAIR BRUSHES, COMBS, TOILET POWDERS AND PASTES, PERFUMES & SOAPS.

## BOOTS! SHOES!

First Class Article made to order

## MUNYON'S REMEDIES

ARE SELLING FAST.

## HICKEY'S PHARMACY

Next door to R. A. Murdoch

## SHERIFF'S SALE!

## THE LONDON GUARANTEE AND ACCIDENT CO.

## GATHAM RESIDENCE

For Sale.

## FURNACES FURNACES, WOOD OR COAL,

WHICH I CAN FURNISH AT REASONABLE PRICES.

## ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

## ADAMS HOUSE

ADJOINING BANK OF MONTREAL

## CANADA HOUSE.

Corner Water & St. John's Streets, CHATHAM, N. B.

## REVERE HOUSE.

Near Railway Station, Campbellton, N. B.

## E. A. STRANG.