The address slip pasted on the top of this page h ate on it, if the date of the paper is later than that on ip it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the pap out paying for it. See Publisher's announcement on 4th

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 24. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, DECEMBER 16, 1897. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

TERMS—$1.00 a Year, in Advance

BUSINESS NOTICE.

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

It is sent to any address in Canada, or the United States (Postage prepaid by the publisher) at ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, payable invariably in advance.

Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season are inserted at *eight cents* per line nonpareil, for 1st insertion, and *three cents* per line for each continuation.

Yearly or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $5 00 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefor with the publisher.

The 'MIRAMICHI ADVANCE' having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N. B

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

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—AND—
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We have just received a large supply of
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Kola Wine, and Excelsior Egg Preserver Always in Stock.
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Blankets! Blankets! Blankets!
The evenings are becoming cool and our housekeepers are beginning to think they will need new blankets. We have just received 3 cases of Canadian Home-made all wool blankets, which are selling at very low figures.
Prices range from $2.50 to $5.00 per pair.
Special:—Our 7 lb. all wool blankets at $4.50 per pair are splendid value.
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Teeth extracted without pain by the use Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anæsthetics.
Artificial Teeth set in Gold Rubber & Celluloid Special attention given to the preservation and regulating of the natural teeth
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WE MANUFACTURE AND HAVE
FOR SALE
Laths,
Palings,
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Sawn Spruce Shingles.
THOS. W. FLETT,
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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.
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A COMPETENT MAN
OF CHARACTER, INTEGRITY, ENERGY, PERSISTENCE AND ABILITY, AS GENERAL AGENT FOR THE NORTH SHORE DISTRICT OF N. B. FOR
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CAN DIES.
IRON PIPE VALVES AND FITTINGS OF ALL KINDS.
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BOOT AND SHOES IN GREAT VARIETY,
SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS,
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GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.
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Fancy Muslin Curtains.		

Curtain Lace, 15c per yd, and upwards. Paper Blinds, Curtain Poles, Counterpanes, Table Covers and a complete line of New House Furnishings,
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St, John, N. B.

NOTICE TO HOLDERS OF TIMBER LICENSES

CROWN LAND OFFICE, 24 JULY, 1896.

The attention of all holders of Timber Licenses is called to Section 19 of the Timber Regulations which reads as follows;—

'19 No Spruce or Pine trees shall be cut by any Licensee under any License, not even for piling, 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 Lumber shall be liable to double stumpage and the License be forfeited"

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

ALBERT T DUNN,
Surveyor General

FLOUR AND FEED DEPOT.
At The Old Stand Cunard Street.
SHORTS,
BRAN,
CORNMEAL,
CRACKED FEED,
HAY AND OATS,
E. A. STRANG.

FURNACES FURNACES,
WOOD OR COAL,
WHICH I CAN FURNISH AT
REASONABLE PRICES.
STOVES
COOKING, HALL AND PARLOR STOVES
AT LOW PRICES!
PUMPS, PUMPS,
Sinks, Iron Pipe, Baths, Creamers the very best, also Japanned stamped and plain tinware in endless variety, all of the best stock which I will sell low for cash
A. C. McLean Chatham.

BUSINESS CHANGE.
The Business heretofore carried on under the name of John McDonald, will hereafter be conducted under the name, and style of
John McDonald & Co.

NOTICE.
All parties indebted to John McDonald are requested to call and arrange the amounts of their indebtedness within 60 days from date, not later than 14th August. All accounts not settled on or before that date will be placed in other hands for Collection.
Chatham, June 17th, 1897.

While thanking the public generally for their liberal patronage bestowed on me in the past, I respectfully solicit a continuance of the same for JOHN McDONALD & CO.
JOHN McDONALD

HOMAN & PUDDINGTON
SHIP BROKERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Spruce Lumber, Laths and Anthracite Coal,
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Correspondence and Consignments Solicited

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IS OFFERING
SPECIAL BARGAINS
—IN—
WTCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLRY,
Silverware & Novelties,
during the Holidays. All new goods. Give him a call
We are glad to welcome visitors, pleased to show our goods and ready to make close prices to all.
WARMUNDE. EXPERIENCED WATCHMAKER
Fallen Corner, Chatham, N. B.

Miramichi Advance.
CHATHAM, N. B. - DECEMBER 16, 1897

A CONVICT'S YARN.

Egyptology in the days when I was at college, before I took to the profession which I followed for many years, was my chief delight, and to the fact that I was a student of the ways of ancient Egypt I owed one of the luckiest hauls of my life.

It fell out in this way: We had long turned our eyes with ardent looks toward the establishment of Mr. Pontifex, jeweler and valuer, of 2 Moore Lane, city, the contents of whose shop were said to be worth some £20,000.

Mr. Pontifex, in addition to being a jeweler and valuer, was also a bit of an enthusiast on Egyptian relics, and one often saw paragraphs in the paper regarding recent additions made to his Egyptian museum at Norwood.

One day my chum, Dick Herring, lounged into my room smoking a clay and reading a newspaper.

"Listen to this, guv'nor. Seems a waste, doesn't it?"

"Fire away," I returned, "and I'll give you my opinion afterward."

"'We understand that Mr. Chrisopher Pontifex, the well known jeweler of Moore Lane, E. C., has just ordered a mummy from Messrs. Wood & Sons, the curiosity dealers. The mummy is supposed to be the remains of Ptolemy II, and there is no doubt that there will be a great rush on the part of all Egyptologists to the Pontifex museum to see the new importation from the land of the Pharaohs.'" The paragraph then went on to say that £1,000 had been stated as the price of the mummy in question.

"Ain't that a waste o' money?" he said angrily, "and all on the mummy of a bloke as died thousands and thousands of years ago. Still, I shouldn't mind changin places with that ere mummy, purvidin, o' course, that it was to be lodged over the shop. What ho!" he concluded, with a wink at me.

I laughed. "I agree with you," I said. "I shouldn't have any objection at all to changing places with the mummy, say between the hours of midnight and 2 a.m., but I don't quite see how it's to be done."

"More don't I, guv'nor," returned Dick moodily.

He then relapsed into silence, blowing great clouds from his pipe, and the business passed out of my mind. It was recalled to me, however, in a very sudden manner two months later, when, passing down a street near the Strand, I espied close to a pillar box a letter already stamped and addressed for posting, but which had evidently missed the box and fallen to the ground. Acting on the principle which has always led me to obtain as much knowledge as I can, I opened the envelope and was astonished to find that it was from Messrs. Wood & Sons and was addressed to Mr. Pontifex. This is what it said:

DEAR SIR.—The mummy to your esteemed order has now arrived at Southampton, and we expect it in London to-morrow. Will you kindly say if we can deliver same to-morrow afternoon? We understand the mummy is to be deposited first of all on your premises at Moore lane. Awaiting your reply, we are, yours very obediently,

WOOD & SON.

As I read these words a happy thought flashed across my brain, and I resolved to put it into execution at once. Going straight to a telegraph office in the city I sent the following message to Wood & Sons;

Leaving London for a few days. Retain mummy till further notice.

PONTIFEX

The message having been duly dispatched, I took my way at once to my lodgings, where I found my chum, Herring, sitting disconsolately on the sofa.

"Buck up, Dick, my lad!" I cried. "I think we're in luck at last. Read that letter."

I handed him the note which I had picked up near the pillow box, and he read it carefully. Then he said:

"Where's the luck in this, guv'nor?"

"What would you say if I told you that I intended to impersonate the mummy which Mr. Pontifex has ordered, and that, moreover, I intended to carry off all that I can lay my hands on during the night following my being delivered into his keeping?"

He smiled incredulously.

"How's it to be done, guv'nor? It's a knockout plan of course, but how's it to be done?"

"It will be by no means an easy task," I made answer, "and it's risky, but it may be done with care and discretion. Being extremely thin, I have the 'make up' of an ideal mummy. The first thing we have to obtain is an ancient mummy coffin, which I will go and buy at once."

I then proceeded to the establishment of the Messrs. Woods, where I bought an imitation coffin. The real article would have been exceedingly dear, and so I contented myself with a colorable imitation. Deep down in a huge recess I packed a long overcoat with capacious pockets, a few necessary tools, a lantern with matches and a few other handy appliances.

This being done, I obtained a quantity of butter clothes in which I was to be swarthed. To give the same an ancient and brownish appearance I smoked them at the fire, the effect after that process being admirable.

Herring gave me valuable service, and we also enlisted the help of Jack Tovey, an ingenious youngster who had often done good work for us in days gone by.

He showed himself an apt pupil at the mummy business, and when I had rehearsed the attaching of the butter cloths to Herring's figure, as an example of the manner in which it should be done, he expressed himself as being quite able to do the same office for me when the time came.

It was a dangerous game, and only too well did I know it, but I determined to hope for the best and trust to the luck which always seemed to belong to me.

I determined to lose no time in carrying out the scheme because, although delays are dangerous everywhere, they are especially so in our profession. I therefore arranged that I should be conveyed to Mr. Pontifex's house in Moore lane arrayed as the mummy to his order on the following afternoon, Friday.

Fortunately the weather was very gloomy at the time and King Fog was over all things.

We engaged a spring cart to convey the coffin containing me to Moore lane, and at 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon we set out, my two chums and I. In speaking of myself I should perhaps use the word "it," for never did any live man present so dead an appearance as I on that occasion. If it had not been for fear of bursting some of the butter cloths, I honestly think I should have broken out into hearty laughter, for the whole affair seemed to me one of the finest comedies on record.

At length the coffin was duly deposited in the room, and then I heard Pontifex tell the car men to withdraw the lid. This they did, and then I could feel that the jeweler was gazing at me fixedly, and I knew that if detection were to come it would come now. Thank heaven it did not come! On the contrary, the worthy dealer in precious stones seemed greatly impressed with his purchase and insisted on delivering a short homily to the car men on the subject.

"See here, my good men," he said in an unctuous, satisfied voice; "see here, and admire the work which the ancient Egyptians knew so well how to perform. Think of the ages which have rolled by since Ptolemy II lived and ruled! Think of the millions who have since then turned into dust, and yet here am I able to look tonight on the intact body of that very king! Ah, a marveleus science, the science of embalming! Marvelous indeed!"

The hours went by with a slowness that tortured me. My face was on fire with perspiration, and though I could breathe through some small holes we had made in the butter cloths, my whole position was so exceedingly painful that I do not think I would go through such an ordeal again even for twice the temptation.

I heard the church clock in Cheapside strike the hours, and the interval between each hour seemed like a week. At length midnight struck, and then I knew that my awful rest was near its end. I could hear the servants locking up for the night.

I could hear Pontifex bidding them good night as he passed up stairs to bed, and half an hour later the house was as silent as the tomb.

'The time has come." I thought, "for Ptolemy to come to life. Here goes!"

I had provided myself with a ring to which a small blade was attached, and working away with the same I was able after much toil to free my arms, and afterward, of course, the work was comparatively easy, but for ten minutes or so I could not rise, my limbs being too cramped to allow of me doing so.

At the end of that time I pulled myself together, and making a mighty effort I leaped out. Seizing my lantern I lit it, and then put on the overcoat and other clothing which I had concealed in the deep receptacle.

Having put on my india rubber shoes and collected my professional instruments, I went down stairs silently, and soon found my way into the shop toward the treasures of which we had so long turned our eyes and which treasures now lay within my reach. I made a deliberate selection, filling my pockets with the precious stones in generous profusion.

A low whistle outside told me that my faithful pal, Herring, was watching to see that the coast was clear for my exit. I therefore took my way out into the passage, and using my best efforts to make no noise I slid back the great bolts and turned the key of the massive house door.

Everything went perfectly. The lane was deserted, and I walked rapidly in the direction of the Mansion House, where I was joined by Herring, who burst into a loud peal of laughter when he saw me.

"'Ow are yer. Mr. Tollermy?" he said. "Give us yer 'and. Blow me if yer ain't the coolest bloke wot I ever set eyes on."

Then he said no more, and he walked on silently till we reached our den in St. Luke's. Next morning a train from Charing Cross conveyed up to Folkestone, whence we journeyed to Paris, and from there to Brussels, where the swag was duly sold and split up into shares.

My companions, Herring and Tovey decided that as I had had the lion's share of the work I should also have the same share of the proceeds, and the result was that I was richer by the night's transactions to the tune of something very much like £8,000—London Tit-Bits.

That Colored Cook.

It would come pretty near insulting the colored servant in one of Detroit's prominent households to tell her that she was "almost one of the family." The family in her view is but an arch of which she is the keystone. It is she who from a summit of importance holds things in place and prevents catastrophe. Like a true aristocrat she repels any attempt at familiarity by her own distant demeanor, and when she is moved to speak her mind the occasion is so exceptional and usually so amusing that it is not only tolerated, but welcomed. The eldest son of the family is spending his vacation at home after the freshman year. He was in the library reading when she came in to attend to some cleaning. After rubbing off the glass in the doors of the bookcase she stood away, with her hands on her hips and exclaimed:

"Books an books an books!"

"Don't you care about them, aunty?"

"Co'se I kyahs 'bout 'em! Whut does dey wanter chop 'em up dat way in so many sep'rate pieces, instid o' makin 'em bigger so's ter save trouble when dey gits dusted?"

"I guess these are more to your liking," said the young man good naturedly as he pointed to a set of shelves near him.

"Whut is dem 'bout, Mars Henry?"

"Oh, about everything you can think of. It's a set of encyclopedias."

"I done s'pose it mont be somefin o' dat cahster," she replied coolly. "Whut does dey tell 'bout?"

"Oh, everything you can think of."

"Has dey got anyfin in 'em 'bout rifmetic?"

"Yes."

"An astronomatics?"

"It tells all about the stars."

"An natural historification?"

"Yes."

"I reckons yoh's got 'em all by hart long ago?"

"No. If I had, I should consider myself a very wise man. It would hardly be worth while for me to go to school any more."

She looked at him with an expression of absolute grief.

"Mars Henry," she exclaimed, "lemme tell yoh somefin foh yoh own good. Don' yoh go back in dat college no mo'. If aftuh yoh's been goin dar year aftuh year yoh hasn't learnt no mo' dan yoh kin pile together in er space 3 feet high an 2 feet wide, yoh is sholy wastin yoh time!"—Detroit Free Press.

In His Own Coin.

During an entertainment at Blackburn recently a well know amateur conjurer was performing his trick of producing wood balls from an empty bag, assisted by a boy out of the audience.

Conjurer (to boy)—Will you please tell the ladies and gentlemen what is in the bag?

Boy (feeling the bag)—Nowt.

Conjurer — Like your head—nothing in it. Now try again.

Boy (producing wood balls from bag)—Wood! Like his head!

Collapse of professor. — Spare Moments.

A Wonderful flesh Producer.
This is the title given to *Scotts Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil* by many thousand who have takeit. 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 Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and $1.00

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W. J. OSBORNE PRINCIPAL.
Use the Same Text Books,
AND FOLLOWS THE SAME COURSE OF INSTRUCTION AS ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE.
Write for Catalogue,
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COME EARLY AND BRING YOUR ORDERS!
Now is the time to order your printed forms for Fall and Winter business. Send your orders to
THE ADVANCE OFFICE
—FOR YOUR—
LETTER HEADS,
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CARDS,
RAILWAY RECEIPTS,
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ENVELOPES,
TAGS, ETC.
A full stock of paper, envelopes, tags and printers' stationery on hand. Come or send to
THE LEADING JOB-PRINTING OFFICE.
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Corner Water & St. John Streets,
CHATHAM
LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM.
Every attention pa to
THE COMFORT OF GUESTS.
Located in the business centre of the town. Stabling and Stable Attendance first rate.
WM. JOHNSTON,
PROPRIETOR

Pulp Wood Wanted
Advertiser is open for good spruce lumber for pulp-making for delivery during next three months; lowest price to "Magnesia" care of Editor Chatham ADVANCE.

LOOK OUT!
The Black Brook Grist Mill will commence to grind about 22nd Nov. Bring the Breadstuff along.
RUSSELL, McDOUGALL & CO.

GO TO PORTLAND, BOSTON, ETC.
VIA THE
Canada Eastern Railway and Fredericton,
Pullman Sleeper runs through from Fredericton Junction to Boston.

Lime For Sale
Apply to
THE MARITIME SULPHITE FIBRE CO. LTD.

Teacher Wanted:
A first or second class female teacher is wanted for District No 1½ Napan.
Apply stating salary to
A. G. DICKSON,
Secretary.
Napan, Nov. 30, 1897.

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Of the system of business practice used in Packard's Business College, New York. S. S. Packard is unquestionably the ablest business college man in America, and is an acknowledged authority on educational and business subjects. His system is the latest and best, and is entirely free from the absurdities of other systems now in use. We have been using this system for several weeks, and teacher and students are delighted with it.
The St. John Business College
Now is the time to enter. Business and Shorthand Catalogues to any address.
S. KERR & SON

Janitors Wanted
For Brick School and building adjoining, salary not to exceed one hundred and twenty dollars.
Also for West End School, salary not to exceed fifty dollars.
To commence Jany 1, '98.
Applications in writing will be received up to Dec. 4 '97.
For particulars apply to
G. STOTHART,
Sec. to Trustees.
Chatham, Nov. 17, '97

DERAVIN & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
ST. KITTS, W. I.
Cable Address: Deravin
LEON DERAVIN, Consular Agent for France.

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QUININE WINE
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THE BEST TONIC AND
BLOOD MAKER
50cT BOTTLES
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Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
CHATHAM, N B.

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If you want a
First Class Article made to Order
come to the shop of Samuel Johnson.
The driving-boots that all the Lumbermen are looking for are made at this establishment, and a stock of them is now on hand.
All Hand-made work and Warranted.
Repairs made promptly.
Prices reasonable all round.
SAMUEL JOHNSON.
Building adjoining the Post Office, Chatham.

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