

A Cardinal Sin.

"Your papa is tired, my dear," interposed Mrs. Bouchier. "I dare say he would rather be left in peace."

"It is this morning indoors makes the poor man ill," said Josephine. "After a good trot on a morning like this he will be much better."

"I wonder if it would do you good, Philip?" said Mrs. Bouchier, inclined to agree with Josephine. "It may," said her husband.

"Any way, dear, ring the bell and order my horse."

The girl clapped her hands, kissed her father again, and the horse was ordered at once.

A handsome and happier-looking trio could scarcely have been found in England than Philip Bouchier and his two daughters as they rode along the winding drive to the lodge; the father sitting his horse as only an English gentleman accustomed to riding from childhood can sit a horse; the daughters, at his side, with their graceful figures, showing to the best advantage as they sat in the saddles in a way that showed their education in horsemanship was perfect.

If Mr. Bouchier looked rather pale and thin, he was smiling as he listened to the talk of his companions. The soft spring wind was pleasant, the sun was shining, but everything looked fresh and bright from recent showers—all clean and new, not a speck of dust on leaf, flower or grass.

It was a lovely morning, as Josephine had averred, and Mr. Bouchier could not help yielding to its charm, and hoped for a while to leave care and annoyance behind him, and enjoy this ride with his children.

But his ride was destined to be a very short one. The lodge-keeper's wife opened the gate, and bidding Mr. Bouchier a respectful, and his daughters a cheerful, good-morning, closed it again behind them. The girls reined in their horses for a moment to say a few words to the old woman, so that Mr. Bouchier rode out alone on to the main road. Then a tall, young man who appeared to rise from the opposite bank, approached, and, laying a firm hand on the horse's rein, compelled him to stop. The rider at once recognized the self-styled Digby Bouchier, his visitor of yesterday.

But there was something different in the man's appearance; something not accounted for by an entire change in his dress—for now he was clad in garments more fitted to the country—there was a gravity, a solemnity in the expression of his face which made Mr. Bouchier wonder, even fear.

As the horse stopped, he came round to the off side, still keeping his right hand tightly on the rein, as though he feared the rider would endeavor to escape him.

"I must see you—speak to you alone," he said.

"Let go my horse," said Mr. Bouchier, fiercely, but in an undertone, his daughters being within ear-shot.

"Never, until you promise to return to your house with me. I have much to say."

There was command—menace even—in his voice. Although totally unaccustomed to being ordered what to do, Mr. Bouchier felt he must obey. He could not risk a struggle in the highway before his daughters, and, in truth, he longed, although he feared to know what this man had to reveal. Let it be the worst, it would be better than uncertainty as to the extent of his knowledge.

The girls came up at this moment, laughing at some quaint remark they had extracted from the old retainer at the lodge. They looked with surprise at the stranger talking to their father. He raised his hat mechanically, and appeared to be waiting anxiously for Mr. Bouchier to answer some question.

"If your business is so pressing," they heard the latter say in his clear, incisive tones, "so pressing that you can take no denial, I must return to the house with you, I suppose."

"It is of the utmost importance," said the unknown, impressively.

"Very well, I will come back. My dear girls, I am afraid I must disappoint you. I must go back and speak with this gentleman."

Josephine turned her head away and made an ugly face at the trees on the other side of the road. Mabel said—

"Very well, papa; but we are very sorry. Can't we wait for you?"

"My business, I fear, will take some time," said the unknown, with a significance which did not escape Mr. Bouchier.

"I think you had better ride on slowly," he said; "I will tell a groom to follow you at once. Now, sir, be good enough to come with me."

He turned his horse's head, and Manders, again raising his hat in the same preoccupied way, followed him through the lodge gate. Mabel and Josephine exchanged looks of wonder, and walked their horses slowly along the road toward Longmere.

"How strange," said Mabel. "I wonder who he can be."

"Yes," answered her sister. "But wasn't he beautiful?"

"I didn't notice him much. I was too cross with him, bothering poor papa just at that moment."

"Oh, he was a lovely-looking young man. Just the sort of creature you read about—with a pale face, large dark eyes and straight features, and quite unhappy-looking."

"My dear, don't talk such rubbish."

"He didn't seem a bit afraid of papa, although papa spoke so sharply to him—you know his way. Mabel—if your business is so pressing, etc."

Josephine mimicked her dignified father very well—it was the result of long and audacious practice.

"I wonder if we shall meet him coming back? I am dying to see

papa, and hear who the distinguished stranger is," she continued.

"Finey, you are an idiot," said Mabel, laughing. "I believe the first romantic-looking young man you meet, may run off with you if he chooses."

"Any way," retorted her sister, "I shan't run off with a red face and no nose to speak of, like the Honorable John."

The Honorable John was a gentleman, son of Lord Coventon, and was hopelessly in love with Mabel. Had Mabel returned his passion Josephine would not have disparaged him, for the girls were true sisters.

Then the groom appeared in the distance behind, so the girls quickened their pace, and trotted merrily along the road to Longmere.

Mr. Bouchier, with his unexpected and unwelcome visitor beside him, walked his horse up the long drive to the house; there he gave it in charge of a groom, whom he told to follow the ladies as soon as possible. He then conducted his visitor round the house until they arrived at the library window, which was a French casement, reaching to the ground. Drawing a key from his pocket, he opened the sash, and the two gentlemen entered. Motioning the younger man to seat himself, Mr. Bouchier sank into his customary chair, and tried to prepare himself for what was to come. Let it be the very worst, he must show no fear—let this Digby Bouchier, or whoever he was, state that he had learned the identity of his father with the man Philip Bouchier shot—let him accuse him of having done so, not in self-defense, but to try and keep the inheritance he claimed he must meet his accusations calmly and scornfully, and not even by a change of color show that he was moved; and Mr. Bouchier, as he sat there waiting the onslaught of his young antagonist, felt he was fully equal to the task—fully prepared and able to put on a bold, yet tranquil front. But if ever a man was utterly routed and defeated by unforeseen, undreamed of occurrences and revelations, it was Philip Bouchier, in that struggle about to commence.

To rightly understand the reason for the manner in which Manders commenced his second attack, you must bear in mind that he was intensely theatrical. His stage effect of the preceding night had given him great confidence in his powers as an actor; indeed, the greatest interest he now felt in his deep-laid scheme was the sensation he might be able to produce by striking some unsuspected stroke, revealing the existence of some unthought-of mine under his antagonist's feet, and having done so, enjoy his discomfiture. The way of transgressors may be hard, but at times the excitement of the journey makes the criminal forget the pointed stones he treads on. The schemer had arranged the programme of this encounter in a manner which was so original that his only feeling was delight at the ingenious device. He knew he had material different from Mr. Stokes to work upon, but his tools, he thought, were equal to the occasion.

He did not accept his host's invitation to be seated, but he was not at all desirous of shunning his eyes. He stood erect in the full light of the window, and when Mr. Bouchier, after waiting with apparent indifference for him to commence his business, glanced up at him with a look of well-bred impatience on his face, he saw what certainly startled him.

[To be continued.]

Mothers!

Castoria is recommended by physicians, for children teething. It is a purely vegetable preparation, its ingredients are published around each bottle. It is pleasant to the taste and absolutely harmless. It relieves constipation, regulates the bowels, quiets pain, cures diarrhoea and cold colic, allays feverishness, destroys worms, and prevents convulsions, soothes the child and gives it refreshing sleep. Castoria is the children's panacea—the mother's friend, 35 doses, 35 cents.

General News and Notes.

By a collision between two steamers off Melbourne, Australia, one steamer was sunk and twenty-six lives were lost.

Queen Victoria has appointed a commission to look after the interests of British exhibitors at the World's Fair in Chicago.

Solomon's Wisdom.

The wisdom of Solomon, were he alive today, would lead him to choose Burdock Blood Bitters as a remedy for all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood. It cures dyspepsia, biliousness, headache, constipation, and all forms of bad blood from a common people to the worst scrofulous sore.

Baseball is not a woman's game, and she can never expect to become an expert at it. To use a common expression, she is not "built in that way," and we are glad that she is not—Halifax Mercury.

Despatches of last night indicate a complete defeat of the Government troops in Chili and the fall of Valparaiso.

A Narrow Escape

"I would probably have been in my grave to-day had it not been for Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. For two years I suffered from bowel complaint and became very weak and thin, but after using half a bottle of the Extract I was completely cured and have since had no return of the complaint."—Miss Hilton, 34 Huntley St., Toronto.

There has been no further frost in Manitoba, and threshers are at work in all parts of the province.

John Baxter, a painter, of New York, shot his wife and children, and then suicided on Thursday night.

Census returns disappoint Canadians.

The Belledune mystery has turned out to be a sensation manufactured by the author of the haunted ship of Bathurst.

Don't You Forget It.

I will never forget that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry saved my life. Five years ago I had a terrible attack of summer complaint and was given up by the doctor and my parents. A friend advised Fowler's Strawberry and at the second dose I was relieved and soon was well as ever."—Maggie McGilvray, Falkenburg, Ont.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

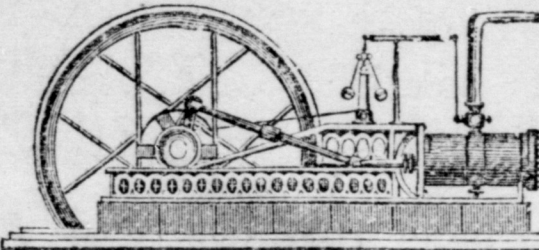
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Acheson, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eruption, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication. THE CENTRAI COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

Miramichi Foundry AND MACHINE WORKS,

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Malleable Iron, Steam and Water Pipe, Tees, Elbows, Reducers, Union and other Couplings, Globe and Check Valves,



STEAMSHIPS, TUGS, YACHTS, LAUNCHES, BARGES, Etc., Built and Repaired.

General Iron and Brass Founders, Mill and Steamboat Builders.

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PONDS WISCONSIN PATENT ROTARY SAW CARRIAGE A SPECIALTY. ESTIMATES FURNISHED. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. W. M. MUIRHEAD, Proprietor.

Miramichi Advance.

Beginning with the issue of November 6th, 1890, when the ADVANCE entered upon its

Seventeenth Year of Publication!

The publisher made an important 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 6th, 1890, are to be settled on the old terms, viz., \$2 per year, the advertised credit rate.

I have made special arrangements with the

WEEKLY TELEGRAPH OF ST JOHN

FAMILY HERALD AND WEEKLY STAR

of Montreal by which I will furnish either of those papers and the

"ADVANCE"

TOGETHER AT

One Dollar and Sixty Cents a Year!

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 published the ADVANCE for sixteen 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 that cleanliness of matter, which is too often neglected by the press of the day—I have 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.

Chatham Foundry

CHATHAM, N. B. ESTABLISHED 1852.

Iron and Brass Castings a specialty for Mills, Steamboats, Railways, etc. Stoves, Iron Railings, Plough and general Agricultural Castings, Rabbit Metal, etc. Machinery Made and Repaired with quick despatch.

Orders promptly attended to at reasonable prices and fair Terms.

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Sutherland & Creaghan, Chatham, are now showing their immense new importation of all the leading novelties in

DRAPERY AND FANCY GOODS

for the coming season. Our low one price cash system for sound, reliable merchandise is a guarantee to purchasers. We mean business. Our direct buying from manufacturers enables us to offer goods at prices that cannot be touched elsewhere in town.

DRESS MATERIALS, CASHMERE, PRINTS, CORSETS, GINGHAMS, FLANNELS, LACE CURTAINS, ART MUSLINS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, LACES, HAMBURG, SUNSHADES, UMBRELLAS, TABLE LINENS, NAPKINS, CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, TICKINGS, SHEETINGS, PILLOW COTTONS, GREY AND WHITE COTTONS.

Men's Clothing, Hats, Collars, Braces, Silk Handkerchiefs, Scarfs, Rubber Coats, &c.

Sutherland & Creaghan,

DIRECT IMPORTERS.

General Business.

MUSIC!

PROF. SMYTHE'S CLASSES will reopen December 20th 1890.

NEWCASTLE:—Mondays and Thursdays. CHATHAM:—Tuesdays and Fridays. DOUGLASTOWN:—Wednesdays and Saturdays.

December 22nd 1890. t. f.

For Sale or To Let.

The Dwelling House and premises situate on Upper Water street, in the Town of Chatham, at present occupied by F. H. Morrison, Esq.

The Dwelling House and premises situate on St John Street, in the Town of Chatham, near the R. C. Church, at present occupied by H. S. Miller, Esq.

For terms and further particulars, apply to L. J. TWEEDIE, Barrister at Law, Chatham.

Dated at Chatham, 24th March, 1891.

COFFINS & CASKETS

Rosewood, Walnut, etc. Coffin Findings and Ropes supplied at the very lowest rates. Paul Bowers' outfit furnished.

James Hackett, Undertaker CHATHAM, N. B.

Teacher Wanted.

A first-class female or second class male to take charge of the school, District No. 3, Ladbroke at beginning of term. Apply stating salary to W. L. WILLIAMS, Secretary to Trustees.

Oats and Potatoes.

1000 Bushels of Oats. 200 Bushels of Potatoes.

FOR SALE BY ROGER FLANAGAN.

NOTICE.

The business carried on by Stewart and Russell at Napau has been dissolved. Mr. Stewart has assumed the entire control, under his own name. All parties having claims and all parties indebted will arrange with him.

R. A. SWEETZ, R. A. RUSSELL.

Napau, May 8, 1891.

Wrought Iron Pipe

FITTINGS & S.

GLOBE AND CHECK VALVES.

BABBIT METAL.

RUBBER PACKING

Cotton Waste, Etc. Etc.

J. M. RUDDOCK.

Chatham, N. B.

LONDON HOUSE.

Flour! Flour! Flour!

In Store, two "brands" of the following reliable Brands

"Ogilvie's Hungarian"

(Made from all Manitoba Wheat)

"Our Country"

"Crown of Success"

"Planet" & "Honesty."

As I am clearing out the balance of my stock of Dry Goods and Fancy Articles, I will offer the same at prices very low below cost.

R. HOCKEN.

DR. FOWLER'S

EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY

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DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS

AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS

IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR INVALIDS.

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BARTLETT'S BLACKING.

PEARL BLUE,

Bartlett's Shoe Dressing,

for sale at wholesale prices

W. S. LOGGIE.

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, Sawed Spruce Shingles.

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NELSON.

Lost or Stolen in Newcastle.

A book—"Cooney's New Brunswick." The finder or holder will be suitably rewarded. Apply to the owner.

Douglstown, 17th

General Business.

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In any size from 8x10 to 24x36 inches, and finish them in Ink, Oil, Gray or Water Colors.

We cordially invite the public to call and see samples of above work.

We are now making Cabinet Photographs at \$3 and \$5 per Dozen.

No more cheap tintypes, after Saturday, June 13th.

Pictures framed as usual.

J. Y. MERSEREAU,

Chatham, June 10, 1891.

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BLOOD

CURES DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEART BURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES.

BITTERS

NOTICE.

Queen Insurance Company

CAPITAL \$10,000,000.

\$100,000,000. Mr. Warren C. Winslow, Barrister, has been appointed agent at Chatham, N. B., for the above named Company and, as such, is now authorized to accept premiums only.

BIND FIRE RISKS

for said Company.

C. E. L. JARVIS,

General Agent St. John, N. B.

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EMULSION

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