

Continued from 1st Page.

A Cardinal Sin.

The man on the truck started slightly. He leaned forward and scanned the features of the M. P. as well as he could in the dim light—scanned them with so much interest that the porter felt even greater pleasure in holding the luggage of such a distinguished person.

The down-train man continued to gaze at Mr. Bourchier, who walked up and down the platform until the porter informed that gentleman the train was about to start, conducted him to his carriage, saw to his comfort, and, doubtless, retired gratified. The little knot of third-class passengers emerged from the waiting-room, and took their places. Then a sudden thought seemed to strike the down-train man. He jumped up quickly and ran to the ticket-office. Business was suspended, and the pigeon-hole barred by the little wooden slide. He knocked, but met with no response. In retracing his steps he met the porter.

'I want to change my ticket,' he said. 'You've no time for changing tickets. Train's just moving. Look alive, or you'll be here all night.'

The porter was right—the train was in motion. The traveller caught up his little hand-bag, ran for the train, opened the door of the first compartment he could, and sprang in, regardless of railway laws. It was done in a second, but in that second he noticed that he had chosen the compartment adjoining the one occupied by Mr. Bourchier. He threw himself on the seat and began gazing at his beard, as if to assist thought.

'Just my luck,' he said. 'Why didn't I think of changing my ticket at first? Why didn't I get in the same carriage without a ticket? Then I suppose he'd have turned me out. I must see him to-night, somehow. I heard him tell the fellow at the station to take care of his bag, he was going off by train again early to-morrow. So I shall miss him, and have my journey for nothing. If I try and speak to him when he gets out of the train, he won't be bothered with me.'

The man gazed about, and looked angrily at the partition which separated him from Mr. Bourchier. He threw the window down and saw by the light of the moon the various road-side objects fitting by.

'I don't see why I shouldn't do it,' he said. 'This old train runs precious slow, and it's but a step. Guess he's not likely to shoot—Englishmen don't without warning. It's foolish, but I'll do it. Let's see everything is safe first.'

He opened his warm pea-coat and satisfied himself that a thick black pocket-book was safe in the breast of it. Then he buttoned it carefully, tucked the ends of his comforter in tightly, and opened the door of the carriage. He could see the foot-board plainly enough in the moonlight, and the large brass handles gleamed brightly. He was a hard-headed man, strong and confident—the danger in passing on one carriage door to another seemed trifling. He stepped out, and, clinging by the brasses, shut the door, even managing to turn the handle.

I imagine there can be nothing more startling to a traveller—a traveller sitting alone in one corner of a railway carriage—his rug round his knees, his eyes in his month, and his own thoughts miles away—than to hear a sudden tapping at the window where, glancing around, he sees not the double of himself, who always rides side by side with him, but the face of another man. Mr. Bourchier was not a timid man, but his start of horror may easily be understood. For a second or two he gazed helplessly at the would-be intruder, but as the tapping continued, he concluded there was some object at it, so throwing off his rug he rose and approached the window. Had anyone been with him he might have noticed that before doing so Mr. Bourchier transferred something from the breast of his coat to the loose side pocket where it could be readily got at. Then he opened the window.

'What are you doing there?' he asked the man outside. 'If you mean robbery, you have mistaken your man.'

The outsider laughed so pleasantly, that Mr. Bourchier's fears on that score were quite dispelled.

'Better let me get in,' he said, 'then I'll tell you how I got there.'

Although no man has a right to put himself in such a predicament, clinging outside a carriage window is supposed to be a position too perilous to admit of parody; so, without saying more, Mr. Bourchier drew aside, while his visitor entered through the window in a most ungratified way, and then seated himself, smiling triumphantly at the success which had attended his efforts.

Mr. Bourchier was a man with whom few dared to take liberties. His life was very unpleasant, his mouth was a hard one, and at times his light-blue eyes could wear a merciless look. Tramps and poachers whose fate it was to stand before the magistrates, always, if they knew the district, congratulated themselves when he was absent from the bench. Therefore, you may imagine the look he cast on the intruder was not a sweet one, nor was his voice the kindest.

'Now, sir,' he said, 'if you have recovered yourself, kindly explain the meaning of this intrusion—or, perhaps, you would prefer to make the explanation to the guard when next we stop.'

The intruder bent forward.

'Mr. Bourchier,' he said, speaking without the slightest trace of levity, and with an earnestness which surprised his listener—'Mr. Bourchier, I learned you were at the junction. I heard you say you were going away again to-morrow. I have come many miles to see you on an important matter.'

'It must be an important matter indeed, when you risk your life to obtain an interview,' said Mr. Bourchier, with some scorn. 'It is important. Shall I tell you who I am?'

'There is no necessity. People can't set in the foolish way you have acted without justifying their conduct to the proper authorities. I shall learn your name in good time.'

The man's face flushed—a hot retort seemed trembling on his lips, but he stifled it, and his voice was almost as calm as that of the sarcastic gentleman facing him.

'Had you asked me two months ago my name, I should have told you I had no right to any name. To-day my name is John Bourchier, and I am the rightful owner of an estate known as Redhills, Westshire.'

Philip Tremaine Bourchier was a man who was glad to think that his complexion did not change with the temperature—growing alternately red and white like that of common people. There was seldom much color in his face, but now, for the moment, it became almost bloodless. For some time he seemed deprived of speech. Then he made an effort and recovered himself, as was but due from a man of his position and station in the world. It may be a look, something of triumph, in his companion's eyes hastened that recovery. He spoke with dignity.

'Without disputing you are the person who thinks he is entitled to bear that name, I can only trust that for your own sake you are going to make no attempt to revive that preposterous claim.'

'Mr. Bourchier,' said the other, 'no doubt all former proceedings are family history to you. You know what, and what alone was wanting.'

Mr. Bourchier bowed slightly.

'Then I have only to tell you it has been

found. My poor old father's life-long search was at last successful—I believe it was joy that killed him.'

His listener paled again.

'Why come to me?' he asked in a strange, hoarse voice. 'Take your forgeries to some petty-foggish solicitor; let him try and trade on them.'

'I hate lawyers. I am a plain, rough fellow; my head was never turned by what my old father called his rights. I didn't believe in them till a very short time ago. Besides, the thing is so simple—no lawyer's advice is wanted. Look here, Mr. Bourchier, you are a clever man; it needs little law to tell you that this slip of paper makes me the owner of Redhills.'

As he spoke he extracted a long, narrow document from his pocket-book and handed it to Mr. Bourchier. No sense of dignity could prevent that gentleman's hand from trembling as he stood up and, holding the paper under the light, slowly deciphered it. His lips twitched, and only the fact of his remembering that the paper was but a copy prevented him from tearing it into fragments. He read it again, then returned it to its owner, and resumed himself without speaking.

His companion awaited Mr. Bourchier's pleasure. He sat looking at him with an expression of curiosity, but not unkindness. Mr. Bourchier seemed in no hurry to speak. He was thinking of many things, and his thoughts, whatever they were, lent his cold, blue eyes an expression which few men had ever seen there. His right hand was in the pocket of his overcoat.

The self-styled John Bourchier had been in peril on many occasions, but he little suspected never in such dire peril as at the present moment. He little knew what the slackening of the train's speed, before Mr. Bourchier had quite completed his round of thought, meant to him. He never dreamed that his silent companion was mentally weighing pros and cons, and endeavoring to decide whether an attempted forcible entry of a roughly-clad man into a first-class compartment, while the train was at full speed, would justify an extraordinary risk. He thought it would; but time must be considered, and time was slipping away. Mr. Bourchier's finger moved uneasily in his pocket. Then there was another thing he wanted to know—a thing he must know—before he decided that his theory was tenable. The question he would have asked was rising to his lips when the decreasing speed of the train told him it was too late.

He clenched his teeth for a moment, then removing his right hand from his pocket, commenced to fold up his railway rug.

'This is Brackley,' he said, coldly. 'I get out here.'

'Mr. Bourchier,' said his companion, earnestly, 'you will see me in the morning and talk this matter over?'

'I would rather not. I can see no use in it.'

'I don't want to be unfriendly, if I can help it, sir.'

A grim smile flickered on Mr. Bourchier's lips. A man who comes to turn you out of your home and possessions can scarcely be friendly. The train was almost at a standstill—Mr. Bourchier rose from his seat with a curious unfeeling expression in his eyes. He spoke, and his voice was rather husky—his accents not so clearly but as usual.

'Then I will see you. Come early. Where do you stay to-night?'

'I thought of going on to Longmere.'

'You had better go to Redhill. It is close to my place. There is a very good inn there.'

'How far is it from here?'

'Some six miles—I will drive you there if you like.'

'Now that's hearty! I call that very kind. I know we shall square this all right, Mr. Bourchier—the speaker held out his large hand in token of goodwill.

Philip Bourchier just placed the tips of his fingers in it, withdrawing them hastily as a railway official opened the carriage door, and bowed as the great man stepped out.

His fellow traveller followed. 'Got in the wrong carriage,' he said, in answer to an inquiring look—'here's a shilling—keep the change.' Then he went in search of his hand-bag, left behind him in his transit.

A smart groom with horse and dog-cart was waiting outside the station for Mr. Bourchier. When driving at night the groom generally sat by his master—the cart ran easier.

'Open the back seat and ride behind,' William, said Mr. Bourchier. 'I have promised to give a man a lift to Redton,' he added, although as a rule he did not volunteer any reason for his commands.

The man came out.

'You can get up by me,' said Mr. Bourchier, with that peculiar intonation in his voice which some people enjoy when speaking to those greatly their inferiors.

The man did as he was told; William the groom let go the horse's head, and the dog-cart rolled quickly along the road—the red-tiled roof. The carriage lamps were lit, for although it was a moonlight night, the path in places was shaded and gloomy.

[To be continued.]

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by a simple vegetable remedy the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Pneumonia, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested this wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt, in German, French or English with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 320 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Teacher Wanted.

A 2nd or 3rd class female teacher is wanted for the school in District No. 2, Chatham (Rock Heads) apply, stating salary, to ALEX. FENTON, Sec'y to Trustees.

Chatham, June 25th, 1891.

BRICKS!

MIRAMICHI
STEAM BRICK WORKS.

The Subscribers wish to call attention to the
BRICKS MANUFACTURED

by them, which are of large size, 15 to the solid foot, and perfect in shape and hardness. All orders attended to promptly.

Bricks delivered L. O. B. cars or at wharf, or sent by rail to the stores of Mr. W. S. Loggie, Chatham, and Mr. Wm. Masson, Newcastle.

G. A. & H. S. FLETT
An adjourned meeting of the Northumberland County Liberal Association will be held in the MASONIC HALL, CHATHAM, on THURSDAY, the SIXTEENTH DAY OF JULY, instant, at 8 o'clock P. M.

Full attendance is desired, as matters of importance will be submitted to the meeting.

WILLIAM MURPHY, President.
ALEXANDER C. WINGOLD, Sec'y.

Dated July 3rd, 1891.

Teacher Wanted.

A first-class female or second class male to take charge of Redhills School, District No. 2, Ludlow, at beginning of term. Apply stating salary to WILLIAM MURPHY, President.

Redhills, North'd No. 2, N. B.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

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

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General Iron and Brass Founders, Mill and Steamboat Builders.

Manufacturers of Steam Engines and Boilers, Gang and Rotary Saw Mills, Gang Edgers, Shingle and Lath Machines, and Well-Boring Machines for Horse and steam power.

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ESTIMATES FURNISHED. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

WM. 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

AND THE

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

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

Orders promptly attended to at reasonable prices and fair Terms.

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

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Comfortable accommodation for permanent and transient guests. Comfortable and well equipped. Also provided with

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GOOD STABLING on the premises. Daniel Desmond, Proprietor.

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.

FEARS will be in attendance on the arrival of all trains.

GOOD STABLING, &c. THOMAS FLANAGAN, Proprietor.

Canada House,

Corner Water and St. John Streets, CHATHAM.

LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM.

Every attention paid to THE COMFORT OF GUESTS. Located in the business centre of the town. Stabling and Stable Attendance first rate.

WM. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

General Business.

NOTICE.

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

B. A. SWESZY, R. A. RUSSELL.

Napun, May 8, 1891.

COFFINS & CASKETS

Rosewood, Walnut, etc. Coffin findings and Roll supplied at the very lowest rates. Pall Bearers' outfit furnished.

James Hackett, Undertaker

CHATHAM, N. B.

Bank of Montreal.

Capital, - - - \$12,000,000

Rest, - - - \$6,000,000

A Savings Department has been opened in connection with this Branch.

Interest allowed at current rates.

F. E. WINSLOW, Manager Chatham Branch

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AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS. IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

DON'T MISS IT.

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'MIRFIELD DRAUGHTSMAN'

On Monday next, he will go to Napun and Blue Brook and up the front road to Chatham.

He will cross to the north side of the river, and arrangements will be made by the grower.

Mirfield cannot be beaten for a cross with our mare. He is perfectly well, has a good disposition, has good feet, and a good disposition. Mr. Lonsbury of Newcastle, had him for a season, and afterwards worked him till the fall. He says he cannot speak too highly of him.

Terms for the season \$8.00 to be paid to GEORGE RUSSELL, in charge.

May 6th, 1891.

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For Sale or To-Let.

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. R. Morrison, Esq.

-TO LET-

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

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

Dated at Chatham, 24th March, 1891.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned have a few Smelt and Lobster shucks along the shore, which they offer at low rates.

THE N. B. TRADING CO., Black Brook.

FOR SALE.

The two dwelling houses situate on Canal Street, Chatham, at present occupied by Capt. McLean and a child named Gaudin, respectively.

For particulars and terms of sale, apply to L. J. TWEDDIE, Barrister.

For Sale or To Let.

The two story dwelling, with outbuilding and garden attached, and good well of water on the premises, situated on St. John Street, Chatham, near opposite St. John's Church, is offered for sale or to rent. Possession given May 1st. Apply to D. G. SMITH, Chatham.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

The farm opposite Chatham formerly owned by J. L. Logan, deceased.

It is in good heart and extends 15 miles from the river. It is well watered and good by land, has good dwelling house and barns, etc., is directly opposite Chatham, near Church and School streets.

Also, the property on Henderson Street, Chatham, known as W. S. Loggie's Tin Shop and Warehouse and Blacksmith Shop, about sixty feet fronting on Henderson Street and seven-two back.

For particulars as to terms of sale, apply to W. S. LOGGIE.

Chatham, N. B., 10th February, 1891.

MILL PROPERTY FOR SALE.

Known as the Baker Mill property situated on the N. W. Mill Stream, a never failing water power, 7 miles above the Town of Newcastle, on the N. W. Mill Stream, and consists of a gang saw mill, Shingle Machine, etc., driven by a turbine wheel, all ready for operation. Together with wharves, houses, and boat privileges, 70 acres of choice farming land partially cleared, cutting 15 tons of hay, 4 dwelling houses with barns, out buildings, work shop, etc. A superior gravel stone quarry at will.

The above desirable property is offered on easy terms and if not sold by private sale will be offered at Auction in front of the Waverly Hotel, Newcastle, on the 15th of July, next, at 12 o'clock, noon.

For terms and particulars apply to A. A. DAVIDSON, Barrister, Newcastle, N. B.

For Sale.

The large and valuable property in Chatham known as

The Canada House Corner.

150 feet on St. John Street and 60 feet front on Water and Duke Streets. The most convenient and best-situated location in the town. Will be sold at a bargain. Possession given immediately.

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Closing Out Sale!

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