

A Cardinal Sin.

Continued from 1st Page.

Frances read this extraordinary letter with a bewildered brain. She had no reason to mistrust the writer—she had no clue to his schemes. The papers were with him, and she had never heard of Redhills. Not for a moment did she doubt that Manders had ascertained what had become of her father; but she blamed him bitterly and angrily for daring to decide that it would be better for his daughter to remain in ignorance as to how he met his death, than to learn the particulars, however terrible they might be. Had she known where to look for him she would have started then and there for Liverpool, and insisted upon his giving her full particulars. But the statement that he sailed for America the day the letter was posted made the idea an absurd one. The poor girl grieved with a mighty grief for the loss of her father—she shuddered at the nameless death he had met with—too horrible for Manders to disclose. Could she only have learned the spot where strange hands had laid him, it would have been some consolation—at least she could have thrown herself on the grave and wept until tears failed her. Now she knew not what to do or where to turn. Her utter loneliness in the world appalled her. Save Manders, who had deserted her in her need, she had no friend in England. It was but a few weeks since her father brought her to London, and the time had been too short to make new friends, while the few old ones were across the Atlantic. Relatives she knew of none. The grandfather she had never seen, and who had so recently died, was the only one she had ever heard her father mention. What was she to do?

Till the next day she did nothing but sorrow. She read and re-read that strange letter, and wondered more and more what could have made Manders write so mysteriously—why he should prefer to leave England rather than to meet her. Then her brows contracted and her eyes grew stern, as Frances Boucher vowed that some day she would seek him, across the world if needful, and force the truth from the poor weak wretch.

Perhaps it was this feeling of indignation which aided her to recover from her first grief, and at last resolve to act. The prosaic advice given her as to consulting a solicitor was the best to follow; but she must find a trust-worthy one. Mrs. Stacey, the landlady, was asked to recommend one. The good widow's experience of lawyers and their ways was not encouraging.

"Do I know a respectable solicitor, miss? No, and very few people do, I fancy—I know a solicitor who put the law to work against a young man who owed me seven pounds, four shillings, and he charged me six pounds for getting the money. But, perhaps, you don't mind that. If so his name is—"

"Never mind," said Frances with a faint smile. "I don't think that kind of man will do."

"There's my eldest son—a smart lad in an auctioneer's office. If he could be of use—"

"No, thank you," answered the girl, feeling more and more lonely and helpless.

After a few well-meant attempts at consolation, Mrs. Stacey left; then Frances thought of her only other acquaintance in London, the gifted composer and sometimes singing-master, Herr Kaulitz. She wrote and asked him to call. He obeyed her summons with alacrity.

"Miss good, Miss Boucher, I rejoice myself to again come to you. Then seeing the grief on her face, 'Lieb Herr Gott!' he cried: 'you weep. Ach! let the tears be in the voice—as you elderly says—but in those beautiful eyes not.'"

He was a kind-hearted Teuton, and old enough to treat her in a fatherly way. He sat beside her, took her hand, and in broken but well-meaning English begged for an explanation of her trouble.

She told him of her father's disappearance—told him she had received intelligence of his death—then asked him to recommend a solicitor, if he knew one worthy of confidence.

"Oh, yes, I know a solicitor, a very good solicitor. He laughed at me, that man, when I was a fool and go to the law. But he would not me allow to go to law, and he was right. Oh, yes, he is a good man."

This was more promising. At Frances' request, Herr Kaulitz, glad of an opportunity of paying a debt of gratitude, sent his solicitor to her. He was a middle-aged man, with a kind, clever face. Frances trusted him at first sight, told him how she was situated, and at last showed him Manders' curious letter. Mr. Trenfield saw he had a remarkable case to deal with. He, being a man of the world, did not for a moment believe in Manders' alleged reason for quitting England so hastily. He grew interested in the case—perhaps the personal appearance of his new client made him unusually interested—and set to work at once to solve the mystery. Yet a lawyer is bound to be cautious; and even though a new client be a charming, stately young woman, he is bound to ascertain her solvency before he acts on her behalf.

"You have money to spare for these inquiries?" he asked, kindly, not doubtfully.

Frances reassured him on this point.

"Very well. Now, what kind of a man is your correspondent?"

She told him all she knew about him, and on what close terms of friendship he had been with them since he was a boy. Mr. Trenfield was puzzled, and unable to construct any theory which accounted for the man's conduct.

"Did he say, I wonder?" he said, "That must be ascertained. I shall send to Liverpool to-night and find out what boats left on Wednesday."

Children Cry for

and if a man answering his description went in either. Now, as you feel sure your father is dead, we look for a clue among them."

It seemed like sacrilege to Frances; indeed, it was only Mr. Trenfield's last words which induced her to consent. The hope which would linger—that Manders had been mistaken, or had spoken falsely—seemed finally chased as Mr. Trenfield pried open desk, drawers, and boxes, of which the daughter had no key.

The lawyer found little to guide them, although any doubts as to his client's solvency must have been set at rest by the discovery of a banker's pass-book, showing a credit of several thousands of pounds to John Boucher. This money was partly the proceeds of his business in New York, which he had realized before obeying his father's summons to return to England. Doubtless it was waiting at the banker's for a good opportunity of investing it to arise. There was also an American bond of \$500, payable to bearer, and about a hundred pounds in Bank of England notes. Mr. Trenfield also found a will bequeathing everything to Frances. There were also plenty of business papers, but all related to American affairs. There was one letter from a firm of solicitors in Newham, stating that according to his instructions all James Boucher's effects had been disposed of, and the amount paid to the credit of John Boucher at the before-named bank in London. But there was absolutely nothing to throw any light on the missing man's whereabouts.

"He did not say a word as to where he was going," asked Mr. Trenfield, stroking his clean-shaven chin. "Not a word?"

"No; he went away laughing—said he was going on business," and Frances' eyes were dim as she recalled the last time she saw him. "Nothing else—nothing about the kind of business, or how long he would be away?"

Frances was striving to remember his last words. She remembered his kissing her, then his getting into the cab while she stood at the open door—yes, she remembered his very last words—

"Good-by, my little girl, and be prepared for a great surprise when I return."

A great surprise—it might mean a new dress, a locket, a bracelet, anything—but Mr. Trenfield, a man not without imagination, fancied it might hold a deeper meaning.

"His only business, as far as we can see, must have been at Newham," he said. "I will send there and inquire. At present we can do no more." He jotted down dates and description, and prepared to depart. Now that something was to be done, Frances was more herself.

"This money," she asked, "may I use it?"

"If you ask me as a lawyer," replied her adviser, "I must say no; but if you ask me as a friend, I should say put it aside. Even if your father is dead, it will be a long time before you will be empowered to claim his money, especially if we cannot find the only man who is able to prove his death. So, I should say, use the money first, then sell the bond, and live on the proceeds till things are settled. You must take no notice of this advice, as it is not law."

"Will you take charge of it?"

"No; I am going to forget that I have seen it. Besides, I was a stranger to you a few hours ago—why should you trust me?"

"Whom have I to trust?" said Frances, sadly. "I am utterly alone. Oh, Mr. Trenfield! I must trust you entirely, may I not?"

Mr. Trenfield was growing very much interested in his client. He took her hand.

"My dear girl," he said, "you may trust me, not only as a lawyer, but, if you will allow it, as a friend."

She thanked him. His manner had been very kind, and it was a relief to feel she had some one to turn to.

"You shall hear as soon as I have learned anything," said Mr. Trenfield, as they parted.

General News and Notes.

If there is anything that makes a very poor man feel sarcastic, it is to read advice to rich men how to secure a good appetite.

No child will refuse to take McLean's Worm Syrup, pleasant and effective.

A lady never swears. But step on the heel of her dress, catch the expression of her eye, and you will conclude, "she don't have to."

Don't be deceived with imitations; take only McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup.

There is a skeleton in every house. If only you don't hear the bones rattle, it is only because you have not got your ear up to the right place.

Huntsville Happenings.

"I HAVE used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in my family and can recommend it for summer complaint, diarrhoea, etc."—Mrs. Geo. West, Huntsville, Ont.

In the beginning a man thinks he is unworthy of the love of one; later, he flatters himself she made a good choice; finally, he wonders why he did not choose somebody more worthy of him.

Can not Compete.

Miss Maud Grant, of Mountain, Ont., writes: "I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaints and diarrhoea. There is nothing to compete with it as it succeeds even in the severest cases."

The Labor Assembly of Chicago has decided to issue a warning to the workmen of the world not to come to Chicago in expectation of getting work in connection with the World's Fair.

Baby was Sick.

My baby was very sick with diarrhoea and after everything else had failed I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry; the first dose gave relief, and a perfect cure soon resulted."—Mrs. John Clark, Bloomfield, Ont.

Pitcher's Castoria.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

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for Infants and Children.

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

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Four Stomach, Diarrhoea, Flatulence, Rilla Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

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PONDS WISCONSIN PATENT ROTARY SAW CARRIAGE A SPECIALTY. ESTIMATES FURNISHED. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. W. H. 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"

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.

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

Pictures framed as usual.

J. Y. MERSEREAU,

Stoddard Building, Water St. Chatham, June 13, 1891.

Bermuda Bottled.

"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." This is the doctor's advice. I can afford neither the money nor the time to go to Bermuda. Well, if that is impossible, try

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OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL. Sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of

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I have cured with it, and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which comments is the stimulating properties of the Emulsion. You will find it for sale at your Druggists, in Salmon wrapper. Be sure you get the genuine.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

NOTICE.

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

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T. MILDEN & Co., Proprietors, Montreal.

'MIRFIELD DRAUGHTSMAN'

The thoroughbred draughtsman 'Mirfield Draughtsman' will be at St. John's Bay (Wednesday) at 10 o'clock on Thursday morning, and will be at the south side of the Southwest and down to Kiki's. On Friday he will go up through the river on the south side, and down to Kiki's on Saturday morning.

On Monday next, he will go to Napan and the Brook and up the front road to Chatham. He will cross the river at the side of the river, and arrangements will be made by the groom.

Mildred cannot be taken for credit with our mules. He is perfectly built, a good worker, 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 \$5.00 to be paid to May 6th, 1891.

GEORGE RUSSELL, in charge.

DON'T MISS IT.

A new and attractive publication containing many useful, interesting and instructive features has just been issued by T. MILDEN & Co., of Toronto, under the title of the *Burdock Blood Bitters Almanac* for 1891. It is now in the hands of druggists and merchants for free distribution and we would advise our readers to secure a copy before the supply is exhausted.

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General Business.

NOTICE.

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R. A. SWETZEL, R. A. RUSSELL.

Napan, May 8, 1891.

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The conditions of the specification must be complied with.

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