

A Cardinal Sin.

So much impressed was he, that he nearly named the large sum he considered he was entitled to; then remembering that any negotiation while the papers were out of his hands must fall through, checked himself.

"I'll let you know," he said. "I don't want to be too hard; but you must come down handsomely. I must see Josephine first—where is she?"

"That you must find out."

On this point Mr. Boucher was inflexible, but as he did not want to be at Shortlands, Digby proceeded to that place as quickly as he could. That the certificates were not in Mr. Boucher's hands was clear proof that Josephine was not at Redville.

He went boldly up to Shortlands House and asked for Mrs. Messier. In a few moments Mabel came to him. She had been fully informed as to Josephine's flight; had, indeed, been up to town to see and advise her. The fugitive felt certain that when her husband discovered his loss he would endeavor to find her. She was now in cold blood, and she had not the slightest doubt, wishing she had not acted in a way which had something unbecoming about it. So she resolved to mention the matter to no one until she had seen her father, and asked his opinion on the worth of the papers. She had just glanced at them, but was ignorant as to their value. As soon as she saw her father she would tell him all about the theft. Her great desire was to keep for the present out of Digby's way.

"Will you come down to Shortlands, dear?" asked Mabel.

"No," said Josephine, who had fully considered the matter. "He will look for me at Redville first; then he will try Shortlands."

"And then Allen's, of course."

"Yes, but if he comes down to you, you could not make him give me a word; but you would not think me up to him?"

"I dare say we could do so," said Mabel, wondering at the astuteness circumstances had brought out in Josephine's character.

"It won't bother you, Mabel?"

"Not a bit. Dick will take care of that."

"Then, please, let it be so."

So it was that when Digby demanded his wife, and asserted his belief that she was in her house, Mrs. Messier, although firmly refusing to grant his request, scarcely contradicted his assertion. She was polite in her words, but this politeness was full of veiled anger, and, as a natural sequence, showed his ill-breeding. He plumed himself down on a chair, for as yet Mr. Messier had not asked him to be seated.

"I shall stay here until I see her. She's here, I know—won't she deny it? Every man has a right to his wife. I'll stay here forever, but see her I will."

Mabel bent her head about an inch, and left the room.

"Go and find your master," she said to the first servant she met. Mr. Messier, who was somewhere about the grounds, soon obeyed her summons.

"That man—Josephine's husband, is here," she said. "He declares he won't go until he has seen her. Will you tell the men to turn him out; but let him still think she is here?"

"I'll turn him out myself," said Mr. Messier.

Mabel begged him not to risk his precious limbs or life; but he insisted on having his own way, and walked carelessly into the drawing-room, with his hands in the pockets of his shooting-coat. He had never met Josephine's husband, and the scowl with which Digby greeted him did not make his first impressions of the man favorable ones.

Mr. Messier did not mind matters; he went straight to the point.

"Now," he said, "you be off out of this. I'll go when I've seen my wife, not before."

"You won't see her; she doesn't want to see you. So go at once."

"Let me see her alone for ten minutes, then I'll go."

"Not for half a second. The only place where you'll see her again will be in the divorce court—if you mean to put in appearance there."

"Then I don't go," said Digby, doggedly.

"Well, I'll give you five minutes to go quietly; after that, I'll send some one to turn you out."

Let any of your infernal funkies touch me if they dare."

Messier laughed.

"Funkies aren't much use in such cases. You've got five minutes, so take my advice and go."

Then Messier left the room, giving a quick glance at one of the windows as he went. His visitor resented himself resolutely, but he was not without a feeling that an uncomfortable kind of ejection was in preparation for him. He began to think he was acting like a fool, but meant to see the matter out to the end. He kept his eyes fixed on the door, from which direction he knew the attack would come; so he did not see Mr. Messier walk quietly across the lawn toward the stable, nor could he hear him whistle and call for 'Jack' nor was he aware that when the five minutes were nearly over, Mr. Messier was sauntering back with the said Jack at his heels.

Jack was one of the finest bulldogs in the county. His front legs bowed out like those of an old-fashioned chair, and his hind legs were so close together that the impression he gave was that of a dog two feet broad in front and six inches broad behind. His skin was as fine as a lady's, and his tail tapered to the size of a pipe-stem. His under jaw projected in a most delightful manner some three-quarters of an inch beyond the upper one, and his beauty and value were enhanced by his habit of running back at an angle of forty-five degrees. In short, Jack was a dog of that kind which to all who know not the good qualities it owns is an object of terror. You might have hung Jack for six weeks by a nail through his ear or his tail without getting a moan from him. Just as the five minutes gave expired, Mr. Messier opened the little window behind the intruder and chuckled Jack into the room. A word from his master made him stand where he fell, and Digby turning round saw this disturbing element in the proceedings.

"Sorry you're not gone," said Mr. Messier, cheerfully, "Jack sticks when he bites, so you'll go out in his company."

Digby's elms were trembling in anticipation of what they might feel.

"Take the brute away!" he cried.

"Not a bit of it; he'll keep quiet till I tell him to act. Then it's your look-out, not mine."

Digby looked round for the poker. The room was large, and before he could get it he knew the dog would be on him.

"Are you going?" said Messier, dryly, keeping a close watch on his man. Discretion was the better part of valor. He had a pistol in his pocket, but he knew that any movement in that direction would excite the word of attack being given. What could he do against such a devil of a dog as that? Deep positions, moreover, had greatly interfered with the nerve he possessed.

This dog, with his projecting jaw, slanting nostrils, and general capability for hanging on, was irresistible.

"Yes, I am going," he said, "keep him quiet—I'll go."

"I'll meet you at the door," said Messier. "I don't think Jack will touch you if you go at once." Hereupon he withdrew from the window.

Digby lost all sense of dignity—he absolutely bolted, Jack following him at a proper interval. His host walked down the drive with him, Jack at his heels.

"Mind you," he said, as his visitor passed through the gate, "Jack's always about. He never forgets a face. Now be off, and never show your face here again."

Digby did not attempt to invade the house any more, but for a couple of days he hung about the neighborhood, hoping to see Josephine by some chance or other. He wrote to her begging for an interview. That she was at Shortlands was certain. He would have stayed there until he did encounter her had it not been absolutely necessary for the sake of some of his ventures that he should return to town. The fortnightly settlement was at hand; he must go back and arrange the account—the more needful to do so for the account was a very bad one for him.

His second streak of luck had quickly come to an end. He was striving at present to regain, not gain money. Then that forged bill! By the time he had settled his broker's demands he would not have nearly enough money left to meet it. The sooner he came to first terms with Mr. Boucher the better. So it was imperative that he should find Josephine, and, somehow, get back the papers she had appropriated.

He went back to London fully intending to return to Shortlands and wait until he met his wife. She must leave the house sometimes, or if he watched continually he must at least see her.

Messier's hint about the divorce court did not trouble him much. He was tired of his wife, and would be glad to be a free man again. He might pick up a woman with some money. But if it suited him to keep Josephine bound to him, he thought he might force Mr. Boucher to stay in any proceedings she might be contemplating.

He was thinking about all these things, when one day, while in a hansom, he passed Josephine—passed her so close that he could have been deceived by no chance resemblance. She was dressed in different garments from any he could recall in connection with her; but as she left the house with nothing but the clothes on her back, this was not to be wondered at. Had she been alone he would have accosted her, but she had a companion, a middle-aged lady. He had no idea who she was, but then he knew of her wife's friends, even by sight. Undoubtedly it was Josephine, and in London. He stopped the hansom at once, and looking out cautiously from the side window, he beheld the ladies pass. Then he told the cab-driver to follow them at a convenient distance. They turned off from Piccadilly—turned again and again until they reached Cavendish Place, where he saw them enter a house. He noted which house it was, paid and dismissed his cab, and stood on the pavement considering what course to adopt. Most likely the people who lived in that house were friends of his wife's, with whom she had taken refuge. See her he must, and would. He had a perfect right to knock at the door, and insist upon seeing Mrs. Boucher. He had no fear of meeting another "Jack" in a London house. Yes, he would call boldly and ask for Mrs. Boucher.

He knocked and rang the bell; the door opened.

"Is Mrs. Boucher in?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the servant. "Please to walk in."

It was not an unusual hour for calling, so he conducted him straight to the drawing room. He chuckled as he thought what a sensation his appearance would make.

"What name sir?" asked the servant.

"Say Mr. Smith."

The door was opened and in he walked. The room he entered was large and luxuriously furnished. With one hasty glance he saw all this, and saw at the further end of the room his wife, in her walking dress and bonnet, talking to another lady. As the servant announced the name this lady turned with a look of surprise on her face, and for the time Digby quite forgot that he had come in search of his wife. The only thing that he could realize was that Frances Boucher and himself were at last face to face.

All this flashed across her at once. She ran toward him eagerly, her hands stretched out.

"You're here; you're here!" she cried, after a moment. "Oh, I am glad to see you!"

Of course he could not refuse to take her hand. Although surprised for a moment to speak from him, he could perform the mechanical action. Josephine, who saw his mutual recognition, gathered her skirts together, and, drawing herself up, left the room. Neither her husband nor Frances seemed to notice her departure. She went to her room and locked the door.

"She told me she had never seen him," she said. "Poor Allan—poor Allan!"

[To be Continued.]

General News and Notes

The millers of North Dakota have donated \$50,000 worth of flour to the starving Russians.

The Princess Frederick Leopold has been safely delivered of a son.

New Serum Notes.

DEAR SIRS—I have used six bottles of B. B. Took it for liver complaint. Before I took it I had headache and felt stupid all the time, but now I am healthy and entirely well. In addition I have a good appetite, which I did not have previously.

LIBRIE POTIN, New Serum, Out.

The French Senate on Friday last passed the Tariff bill by a vote of 219 to 11.

The Prussian Protestant Synod has prohibited persons from attending cremations.

It Soldom Falls.

DEAR SIRS—I took two bottles of Hagar's Pectoral Balsam, and it cured me of hoarseness and tightness of the chest after other things had failed. I have also tried B. B. Took it with splendid results for weakness and headache.

SAMUEL MALDOCK, Beaverville, Ont.

United States Minister Robert T. Lincoln returned to his post in London, Friday last, after a brief vacation on the continent.

Good Advice.

DEAR SIRS—I have been troubled with headache for over 40 years, and had it so bad about once a week that I was sometimes not expected to live. I was advised to use B. B. Took it, and have used three bottles. I now have an attack once in four or five months, and feel that I continue using it I will be entirely cured. Therefore I recommend it highly.

Mrs. E. A. STORY, Shetland, Ont.

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

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Dunbar Plunkett Barton, C. C. Unionist, has been elected without opposition to represent the Middle Division of Armagh, Ireland, in Parliament.

Baird's Balsam of Horhound for Croup and Whooping Cough.

John Lewis, said to be the oldest Mason and Orangeman in Canada, died in Kingston last Friday, aged 96.

Editorial Evidence

GENTLEMEN,—Your Hagar's Yellow Oil is worth its weight in gold for both internal and external use. During the late La Grippe epidemic we found it a most excellent preventive, and for sprained limbs etc., there is nothing to equal it.

The King and Queen of Denmark are suffering from influenza.

A dispute involving a \$275 piece of land in Hamilton, Ont. was settled by arbitration, the costs of which amount to \$913.75.

A Wonderful Seed Producer.

This is the title given to Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil by many thousands who have taken it. 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.

The millers of the United States have so far contributed 1,500,000 pounds of flour for the relief of the famine-stricken peasants of Russia.

General Business.

CARD OF THANKS.

To the many customers and friends who patronized me while at Chatham, I wish to return my thanks. I have closed my store in Chatham for this year, and expect to re-open early in the spring of 1892 with a full line of Furniture, etc. In the meantime, should any one want any article in the furniture line, carpets, plain or fancy blinds, I shall be pleased to hear from them. Price list and photos mailed on application.

RECEIVED AT MY

NEWCASTLE STORE.

A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT

FANCY CHAIRS,

SECRETARIES,

MUSIC-RACKS,

& CABINETS,

SUITABLE FOR

CHRISTMAS

NEW YEAR'S

OR

WEDDING GIFTS.

NO BETTER OR PRETTIER

GOODS SHOWN IN THE

DOMINION.

A SPECIAL LOT OF

Fancy Roller Blinds,

(any size, or color) reduced to 75c. each. Great Bargains.

B. FAIREY, PUBLIC WHARF,

NEWCASTLE.

LONDON HOUSE.

Wholesale and Retail.

In store, the following reliable Brands of Flour—

"Neva,"

"Daily Bread"

and "Empress."

Pork, Plate Beef, Dry Codfish.

I am selling off balance of Dry Goods and Fancy articles away below cost.

SOMETHING NEW

LESSIVE PHENIX

(the greatest Washing Powder yet discovered)

Putz Liquid Pomade Polish.

(for metals)

R. HOCKEN.

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY

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."

III. 30, Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Without injurious medication.

THE CENTRALE COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, N. Y.

CASTORIA cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Truss, Indigestion, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion.

THE CENTRALE COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, N. Y.

Miramichi Foundry

AND

MACHINE WORKS,

CHATHAM, MIRAMICHI, N. B.

Malleable Iron,

Steam and Water-Pipe,

Tees, Elbows, Reducers,

Union and other Couplings,

Globe and Check Valves,

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.

PONDS' WISCONSIN PATENT ROTARY SAW CARRIAGE A SPECIALITY.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

W. M. MURHEAD

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 sub-

scriptions.

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

Legal Notices.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

To be sold at Public Auction, on Thursday,

the 17th day of December, next, in front of the

Post Office, in Chatham, between the

hours of 12 o'clock noon and 5 o'clock p.m.

All the right, title and interest of Henry

A. Muirhead, in and to the following lands

and premises, to-wit:—

"All and singular that piece or parcel of

land situate, lying and being in the Parish

of Chatham, aforesaid, and known as part of

the "Blink Bonnie" property, formerly owned

and occupied by the late George H. Russell,

well deceased, which piece thereof is abutted

and bounded as follows, to-wit:—

Commencing on the west side of Brunswick

Street or the Great Road leading from John

Edwards to Richibucto, the south-easterly

angle of the piece of land sold by Thomas G.

Russell to John Pallen, thence southerly