

GENERAL BUSINESS.

A Cardinal Sin.

This extortion of money from her father troubled her very much. Why again and again she thought of the money which had been done for her sake, to save her from something or other. If she returned to Redhill, would it not save her father the annoyance of future applications of this nature—or at least give him the power to refuse them? And what if she could absolutely free herself from this man—free herself by law—be once more her own mistress—perhaps in a few years forget this dreary episode, and be happy again? Her face flushed at the thought. But it was not complete, absolute freedom. No judicial separation, or arrangement of that kind—she must be rid of every trace of the galling bond—every link of her self-forced fetters. Then the way of arriving at this happy consummation became her daily thought.

She had little doubt, indeed she was almost certain, that Digby's conduct since her marriage would not bear investigation. Letters in women's handwriting had come to him over and over again. With cynical indifference, and perhaps with a wish to wound her, he had opened and read them in her presence. That the needful evidence in one direction might readily be obtained was pretty clear; but this was not enough. So many divorce cases are reported now that few women are unaware that the relief that can be granted is only partial, unless acts of cruelty or desertion can also be proved. As yet Digby had not offended in these respects. Once or twice he had threatened personal violence, but he never really laid his hand upon her. Later she thought his temper had been under less control, and she felt that several times his hands were twitching to strike her. Sooner or later she felt sure he would do so. Could she wait for it? Could she stay, expecting to be called upon to submit to such a degradation? Yes, anything, everything she could bear for the sake of the freedom for which she was beginning to long with a passionate longing.

Digby, delighted to find that his new device had been so successful in bringing Mr. Bourchier upon his knees, went off to the city to change his draft and redeem that bit of paper, which might, under certain circumstances, become troublesome. His proper course would have been to have paid the bank order to his credit at his banker's, and drawn a check against it to retire the bill; but a man of his stamp always has a fancy for absolutely handling the money he has gained. So he went to the bankers to get the money drawn upon, and in exchange for the draft, which was at sight, received fourteen one hundred pound notes and a hundred pounds in smaller money. With his pocket full of money and his heart full of good resolutions he went across to his own bankers. The bank was full of customers, and as he waited his turn temptation assailed him—Digby always yielded to temptation. Why should he pay a thousand pounds or more of this hard-earned money? Hard-earned he felt it to be, as he formed a just and proper estimate of his own worth. What did he care about the bill? A few days before it came to maturity he would coolly write Mr. Bourchier, and tell him he must provide for it. It would be then just about the time when he should feel justified in making another demand for black-mail. So he turned on his heel, walked out of the bank, lunched at a noted house of entertainment, and having finished a bottle of champagne, felt very bold and sanguine; in fact, as confident as a man who has an unfailing gold mine to dig.

His luck seemed to him so good at present that it is no wonder, with fifteen hundred pounds in his breast pocket, that he began to feel once more drawn toward his recent pursuit, "baiting and laming." Although, he had vowed never to gamble again in this manner, gamblers, it is well-known have a peculiar facility for absolving themselves from their oaths. He was very shortly dallying with the price-lists in the daily papers, and so soon as he experienced the proper inciting effects of his champagne, found it a very simple matter of course to proceed to go over to his stock-broker's, and having fulfilled that gentleman's requirements, to plunge boldly into the merry old game again. He bore no malice toward the respectable broker who would give him no length of tether; he, Digby, would have acted exactly in the same way had the positions been reversed. So with revived hopes he made his new ventures. Then he took the train and ran down to a certain place about twenty miles from town, where for some months past he had rented a quiet little garden, surrounded by a large but ill-kept garden. He was an object of curiosity in this village; people shook their heads at each other as he walked through the street, and wondered who and what he was. But it was very little he cared for their looks, and they were welcome to wonder their heads off.

A few days after Mr. Bourchier had paid the last cash money, Allan and Frances returned from America. They had been in Liverpool to London, where they stayed a couple of days and miles. Frances saw the people she was bound to see; then they went down to the west.

Frances had liked Mr. Bourchier very much on the occasions she had seen him. She was greatly distressed to find how ill he was—what a prematurely old man he seemed to have become; but her greatest trouble was that she could not conceal from herself the fact that the welcome he gave her was strained and strangely cold, and that she appeared anxious to shun and avoid her. He was always courteous and kind, wishing to do everything to make her visit a pleasant one, but she noticed that if she came into a room, where he sat alone, he left her in a very short time, excluding himself as best he could. He did not kiss her upon her arrival—his hand lay cold and lifeless in hers. He seemed disinclined to talk to her—in a word, he was evidently uneasy in her society. No doubt much of this might be laid at the door of his wretched health, but much more remained which could only be accounted for in one way—that was, Mr. Bourchier did not like her.

On the occasion of the first visit paid to Redhill, Mr. Bourchier had gone even out of his way to show his appreciation of his son's wife. Now everything was different. Allan as yet, suspected no change; for Frances noticed that in the company of her husband and herself Mr. Bourchier strove to be the same as of old; it was only in Allan's absence that the coldness and shunning from him manifested themselves. What had she done to divert the course of his regard?

It might be just possible that some of those American announcements, the ones which had annoyed both Allan and her, had reached him. She knew he was a proud man—proud of his position, his family, his name. Blameless as she felt herself to be, she did not blame him for being vexed by the annoyances which were inseparable from a public career. It would have been to think that the absurd gossip of a sensational American paper should give him pain, and that he would try to get rid of it by any means, only for Allan's sake, she must know why Mr. Bourchier had changed toward her.

So one afternoon, when her husband was away on some masculine sport, she tapped at the door and entered the library where Mr. Bourchier sat alone. He was near the window, gazing listlessly and wearily at the landscape it commanded. Redhills stood very high, and although Redhill and Chatham, which nestled under the hill, could not be seen, the top of the spire of Redhill church was just visible; it was in this direction Mr. Bourchier was gazing when Frances entered the room.

For two or three seconds he did not look at the new-comer, thinking, most likely, that she was a servant who could wait his pleasure. Then he turned and found himself self face to face with Frances.

No one was less an actress off the stage than Frances; she felt the approaching intrusion was a serious matter, and therefore looked serious; she was seeking Mr. Bourchier with a purpose, so purpose was clearly written on her face. As usual, she was a standing erect, making use of every inch of her tall, commanding figure. Seeing her, it was, it is a wonder that Mr. Bourchier thought that the hour was come, and the sword about to fall—any wonder he should be visibly, and turned his head away.

What ever might be going to say, he felt he could not meet her eyes. His action was so obvious that Frances paused disconcerted—a red flush swept over her cheek. What could be the meaning of this evident aversion? Her first impulse was to leave him, but for Allan's sake she must control herself and endeavor to remove his dislike, or at least ascertain the reason for it.

Mr. Bourchier's innate courtesy came to his rescue. He was bound to greet her, and then he made a remark about the weather, and even thanked her for coming to see him. He was in a second he had been needlessly alarmed. The worst had not come yet.

She took a chair beside him. "I may stay with you a little," she said; "I am not disturbing you?"

"Certainly not. I was doing nothing except looking out of the window."

"Of course, I have come to see you something," said she. "You will answer me truly, please, for it is a grave matter to me. You—as far as he could he would answer her truly in everything except one thing—Heaven forbid it should be in reference to that she came!"

"You will know best whether I am fanciful or not," continued Frances, speaking with much earnestness and sweetness, "but this visit to you has not been so pleasant as the last one was."

"I am really sorry to hear you say so," Mr. Bourchier spoke in a way that showed he meant what he said.

"Yes," said Frances, "and I have come to ask you why. I was proud to think I was winning the regard of my husband's people, but this time I find you, my father, somehow can I describe it—at least changed somewhat toward me."

Mr. Bourchier scarcely knew how to reply. "Have I done anything to offend you?" continued Frances. "Nothing—nothing. You are goodness itself."

"It can't be that I do not love Allan enough. You must know that."

"You must put it all down to your own fancy, my dear—or to my bad health and unfortunate manner."

"I have tried to do so, but I cannot succeed. Please to forgive my questions, but I have been so troubled."

"There is no cause for you to be troubled. Remember I am not a very lovable man."

"Why not love me? I would be a daughter to you if you would let me."

She gazed anxiously into his face. He was silent and chanced her gaze. His eyes were looking through the window, and resting on the spire of Redhill church.

"I have no father—no mother—not a relative in the world," she said. "I hoped, I thought that I might find them with Allan's father, mother, and relatives."

Frances was the petitioner, not Mr. Bourchier, as she feared was to be the case when she first entered. He was bound to answer her, bound to do what he could to make her happy.

"Heaven," he said, forcing his eyes to meet hers, "believe me when I tell you that we all love you, and would look upon you as a daughter of the house. I can but have changed in your fancy. I am not demonstrative, I am ill and perhaps tired of life; but I love Allan, and when I say he has chosen wisely and well I feel that I can say no more, and you will be satisfied."

He spoke earnestly, and his words carried conviction. She had been tormenting herself needlessly. She was much relieved; indeed, she felt quite gay and happy.

"I am so glad," she said, "but I know you will understand the feeling which made me tell you to be reassured. Now kiss me and wish me to forgive me, and I shall go away very happy."

She put her face toward him; he could not refuse to kiss her after his last words. His lips brushed her forehead for a second, and with difficulty he suppressed a shiver as he thought those words that were his. Her glad, true eyes looked into his own, and she seemed to expect he would say something.

"We will never recur to this subject," he said, then with a change of voice, almost to passion, "Frances, you will always love me by—through good and evil report—poverty or riches—glory or shame—through crime, even if I change should stand between you and I, you will always love me—even if he turned from you—you would still love him."

"As I love him now—so I shall always love him."

She spoke solemnly, wondering at his emotion.

"You swear it," he said. "There is no need—but I swear it," and, as if to seal the vow, she leaned her brow once more to him. He kissed her this time without hesitation—then she left him.

He sat for an hour or more looking wearily out of his window—ever in the same direction. But for one thing, he could have loved Frances even as he loved his own daughter; but he knew as he moved and looked the while at the spire of the neighboring church, that its shadow at that very moment fell upon a humble grave that bore no name to show who or what its tenant was—that grave stood and would always stand between him and his son's wife.

[To be Continued.]

General News and Notes

Cure a tickling in the throat with a pinch of dry pulverized borax, placed on the tongue and slowly dissolved.

Cold-Weather Trials.

DEAR SIR,—"This fall and winter I suffered from neuralgia in my face and had the best medical advice without avail. I at last thought of trying B. B. and after using one bottle have not had any symptoms of neuralgia since. I regard it as a fine family medicine."

J. D. DROST, Heals, Man.

Countess Russell left her suit against her husband, Earl Russell.

Now Free from Pain.

DEAR SIR,—"I have been troubled with a lame back about 6 months, and thought I would try Hagar's Yellow Oil, which cured me. Am now free from all pain, and recommend Yellow Oil."

FRANK PALMER, Windsor, Ont.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

An Irish gentleman (one of the rare old stock) paid at the rate of \$100 a dozen for several cases of old port a few weeks ago, in Lisbon. Still, these are not considered high wines.

A cablegram to Paris Figaro says that China and England are exchanging notes regarding an alliance against Russia.

A Good Verdict.

SIR,—"I have great reason to speak well of your B. B. Bitters. I have taken 6 bottles for myself and family and find that for loss of appetite and weakness it has no equal. It cures sick headache, purifies the blood and will not fail when used. I heartily recommend it to all wanting a pure medicine."

MRS. HUGH MCINTYRE, Truro, N. S.

Governor Campbell, of Ohio, whom "Bill" McKinley defeated, is critically ill with the grip.

A rock split pool has been formed at Chicago with a capital of \$5,000,000. The output is 7,000 tons daily.

DEAR SIR,—"My mother was attacked with inflammation of the lungs which left her very weak and never free from cold, till at last she got a very severe cold and cough. She resolved to try Hagar's Pectoral Balm, and on so doing, found it did her more good than any other medicine she ever tried."

MRS. KENNEDY, 30 Smith Ave., Hamilton, Ont.

There is trouble in Melbourne, Australia, financial circles over the failure of five small banks and building societies.

A Tien Tsin despatch says that the outrages in China are committed by an organization known as "the temperance league," whose object is to "slay all foreigners and Christians."

A Wonderful Flesh Producer.

This is the title given to "Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil" by many thousand 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 reliable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00.

An auditorium to cost \$1,200,000 is to be built at Minneapolis, Minn., mainly for the accommodation of next year's Republican national convention. A citizens' guarantee fund of \$100,000 for the entertainment of the convention is being raised.

General Business.

RECEIVED AT MY

NEWCASTLE STORE.

A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT

OF

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.

BURDOCK

PILLS

A SURE CURE

FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION,

INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK

HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE

STOMACH AND LIVER. THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT

IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID

TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE

TREATMENT OF ALL CHRONIC AND

OBSTINATE DISEASES.

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY

Trains connecting with the International trains

leave Chatham Station as follows, Eastern Standard

time:

Express for Montreal, St. John and Halifax, 8.30

Accommodation for Montreal, 10.55

Accommodation for Chatham, 11.20

Express for Quebec and Montreal, 11.30

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Pitcher's Castoria.

Chatham, N. B., Nov. 22nd 1891.

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. AKER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colds, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Bruciation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious stimulation.

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, 71 Murray Street, N. Y.

Miramichi Foundry

AND

MACHINE WORKS,

CHATHAM, MIRAMICHI, N. B.

Steam and Water-Pipe
Tees, Elbows, Reducers,
Union and other Couplings,
Globe and Check Valves,
Malleable Iron,
Steam and Water-Pipe
Tugs, Yachts, &
LAUNCHES,
BARGES, ETC.,
Built and Repaired.

General Iron and Brass Founders, Mill and Steamboat Builders.

Manufacturers of Steam Engines and Boilers, Gang and Rotary Saw Mills, Gang Riggers, 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.

WM. 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 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 their

"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 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 1862.

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.

T. F. GILLESPIE, - - Proprietor.

UNPRECEDENTED BARGAINS

IN

WINTER DRY GOODS

AT

Sutherland & Creaghan's, Chatham,

We have pleasure in intimating to our numerous patrons unheard of low prices at our warehouse during this month.

Our Dress Department is replete in all the leading

LONDON & PARISIAN NOVELTIES

FOR WINTER WEAR.

Cash purchasers will find we are the only house in the city where Dry Goods are sacrificed regardless of Cost.

BLANKETS, FLANNELS, COMFORTABLES, ULSTER CLOTHS, CARDIGANS, SHIRTS,

LINDERS AND DRAWERS, CLOTHING, JUMPEES, MUFFLERS, HOMESPUNS,

TWEEDS, HATS, CAPS, BRACES, TIES, COLLARS, YARNS, BERLIN WOOL

GOODS, CORSETS, KID AND WOOL GLOVES, HOSIERY, FUR CAPES,

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, SHEETING, TICKINGS, COTTONS, &c.

Sutherland & Creaghan,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DRAPERS, CHATHAM.

Legal Notices.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

To be sold at Public Auction, on Thursday, the 17th day of December, next, in front of the Court House 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:

"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 Bonie' property, formerly owned and occupied by the late George H. Russell, 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 Chatham to Richibucto, at the south-easterly corner of the piece of land sold by Thomas G. Russell to John Pallen, thence southerly along the westerly side of the said Great Road or Brunswick Street five hundred and seventy-two feet to the north-easterly corner of the piece of land sold by Thomas G. Russell to James Kerr, thence westerly along the north-easterly side of the land sold to the said Kerr to the easterly side line of lands formerly owned by John Ellis, at the easterly corner of the said land, thence southerly on a line parallel with the westerly side of the said Great Road and along the easterly side of the said Henderson Street five hundred and seventy-two feet or to the south-westerly corner of the said piece of land sold by the said Thomas G. Russell to the said John Pallen, thence on a line at right angles with the said Great Road or Brunswick Street, being the place of beginning, containing four acres more or less and was conveyed to John Ellis by the late Thomas G. Russell by Indenture bearing date the twentieth day of January, A. D. 1876, and by the said John Ellis to the said Henry A. Muirhead by deed bearing date the 28th day of April, A. D. 1876, as by reference thereto will more fully appear."

Also, all that other piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Chatham, aforesaid, and abutted and bounded as follows, to wit:—Commencing on the westerly side line of lands conveyed to the said Henry A. Muirhead by John Ellis, at the easterly corner of a piece of pasture lot number nine, formerly owned by Isaac Matheson, thence southerly on a line parallel with the easterly side line of the said land, thence southerly on a line parallel with the easterly side line of the said land,