

HECLA.

When nature made the twins, Lucy and Sara Knight, she blundered in haste or carelessness, or was guilty of a practical joke upon highly respectable and unimaginative parents. It was patent to mother, nurse and visitors that she had misplaced the infant souls, by the time the children were six months old. When they were grown, it was a standing jest in a community just then addicted to "Pinafore" that the factious mother of us all had "mixed these maidens up."

Their twinning seemed absurd, even to casual acquaintance. Not a feature or trick of tone or manner betrayed it. Lucy was a tall brunette and Junoesque in build. The curl of the short upper lip was pride incarnate; her deep, gray eyes had black shadows in their depths; she bore her head aloft and walked as queens should; her contralto voice had a sub-tone of repressed passion, so consistent with the trite propriety of her speech, that people were surprised and provoked when they could elicit nothing else. She looked like a Medea whose very calms were deadly, and portended tempest. Her family knew her as an amiable pack-horse, her friends as the meekest and shyest of social lay figures, conscientious to a fault, patient to a miracle.

"You have no more character than a bowl of vanilla junket," said Sara, fiercely, to her one morning, as they talked over a party they had attended the previous evening.

Most people spoke of Lucy as "Sara's sister," despite her superiority in size, and the fact that she had preceded her twin into the world by half an hour. The lesser ruled the larger, as Titania ruled Peaseod and Cobweb. Sara was the fairest of blondes, and petite. Her hair would have been flaxen but for the golden glints upon the waves; her lips cherry ripe; her cheeks had the violet flush, at once soft and clear, one reveals over in the heart of a Katherine Mermitt rose. From sunny poll to twinkling toes, she was alive and electric—the sauciest, daintiest, darlingest sprite that ever turned a lover's head and shocked a duenna.

While Lucy sowed now upon a long white seam, her exquisitely molded hand drawing the thread out in slow lengths with rhythmic regularity, her sister and sovereign, perched upon the head of a lounge close by, twittered like a sun-bleached innit.

"Milk and water is sauce tartare by comparison," she continued, nipping and rending with her pink nails a water lily snatched from a bowlful upon Lucy's washstand.

Dan Hyde had sent them, an hour before, and the present tirade sprang up from this circumstance. "Why, I just couldn't keep it to myself another minute. Dan would murder me if he knew I had let out his secret. He charged me not to breathe it to anybody—least of all to you—ungrateful, non-susceptible alabaster slab! He calls you his 'still, pale angel'! He doesn't believe angels' veins run iced glycerine. Lucy Knight! if you don't blush, or prick your finger, or break your needle, or do something abnormally like other people, I shall fall upon you and tear you from limb to limb! I verily believe this flower has more human feeling than you. You take the news that one of the finest fellows in town loves you to distraction as coolly as if I had said: 'Lucy, do you know that water lilies have yellow centres?'"

Lucy did not lift her eyes, or interrupt the setting of minute stitches of uniform length. "I do not see that there is anything for me to say," she answered, in a deep monotone that never more than hinted at leashed feeling. "You are very kind, I am sure, to tell me all the pleasant things Mr. Hyde said to you of me, and he was very kind to say them."

In wrath that would not wait for words to convey it, Sara flung the maltreated lily at her. It hit Lucy's cheek and fell upon her "white work." She picked it up, looked at it as if to see whether or not it could be repaired, and apparently deciding that it was hopelessly injured, dropped it into the waste paper basket, and went on setting minute stitches. Sara swung her toe against a chair and upset it.

"I don't see what he sees in such a construction of starch and plaster to care for," she jerked out. "It did not seem so preposterous while he was telling me in the conservatory—the band was playing soft love music—how he had loved you for three years, and could never get near enough to you to intimate the truth. He looked so miserable, and tragic and nice that I couldn't help saying what a perfectly lovely disposition you have, and how helpful and unselfish you are, and how devoted I am to you, and that nothing would please me more than to have him for a brother. There! I am glad of it!" in savage sincerity.

Lucy had run the point of the needle under her nail. Her brows contracted and her whitening lips were pressed closely together as she dipped the wounded member in the bowl of water and then stanching the blood with her handkerchief.

"It does bleed, doesn't it?" remarked Sara, cool and malicious. "That does surprise me somewhat."

In the next second she collapsed into an unexpected bunch of blue foulard and flaxen fluff upon the "white work," and, burying her tearful face in Lucy's fluff, begged her to "forgive her for all the despicably boninable things she had said."

Lucy fondled her silently, as she might a hurt kitten or frightened rabbit. "I know you don't mean all you say, dear," she said, with unmoved gentleness. "And it is awkward, not ingratitude, that makes seem ungracious. I am not at all of speech as you are. Or of either, for that matter. You

must bear with what can't be cured."

"And you will be kind to Dan when he asks you to marry him, won't you?" pleaded the other, with wet eyes and trembling mouth. "He will at the first opportunity. He said so. And he is so doubtful of your feelings that a slight rebuff will drive him away from the subject. You see, Lu, you never had an offer and don't understand how much encouragement a modest man needs in such circumstances. You must do your part, or you will lose him to a dead certainty."

A wave of color, so faint that Sara could not guess how it scorched the dark, still face, flickered over Lucy's forehead.

"Since he did not mean for you to speak of it to anyone, wouldn't it be honorable for us to let the matter drop here and try not to think of it again?" she said, in her level tones, as she picked up the white work and gave it a little shake to get out the creases Sara's weight had left in it.

Sara stared at her in intensest scorn. "If I say another word I'll be sorry for it," she uttered in desperate composure, and flung herself out of the room.

At 9 o'clock that evening the girls were in the drawing-room. Amity was completely restored, and Lucy was playing a diligently correct accompaniment to Sara's singing when Dan Hyde entered. Both sisters saw him and his courteous gesture of entreaty that they should finish the song. Sara smiled with her eyes and nodded, warbling spiritedly all the while. Grave Lucy's fingers were as obedient as in stich setting. Time and tune were accurate. Her playing was like her voice in speaking—mechanical, yet holding vague intimations of an imprisoned soul.

The brilliant little blonde had an inspiration, and a bit of swift telegraphy went on behind Lucy's back. Neither of the respondents thought of the mirror, in which the dumb show was repeated.

Within fifteen minutes after the three sat down together Dan had asked Sara for a book he had lent her, and she had flown upstairs to get it before Lucy could offer to do the errand.

The elder sister sat down again on the opposite side of the fire from the visitor, with an inarticulate murmur of embarrassment. Her face was as fine and cool as a marble Minerva's. She leaned back in her chair, her beautiful hands overlapping one another at the wrists, and relieved artistically by the maroon of her velvet gown. She looked altogether composed and a trifle weary. Heavy rain had come on with the night, and in the dead, brief silence succeeding Sara's flight they heard the wash and thud of the wind-driven flood against wall and window.

Dan Hyde might not be a confident lover but his was not the faint heart that never wins. He left off tolerably well.

"How cozy delightful home and fireside are on a night like this!" he began, in a natural, colloquial strain.

"Very," responded Lucy, dryly. "It makes one long for a home of his own," was the woosert's next advance.

Lucy's face paled and stiffened. She gazed steadily into the ruddy palpitations of the grate, and could not have spoken to save her soul. At that exact instant an ignited lump of coal rattled from the top of the hearth into the tender, and both stooped for the tongs. Dan secured them, and picked up the fragments, laid them in place, restored the tongs to the rack, crossed the rug, and took a chair beside Lucy's. Another clatter clattered his eyes to the unlucky fire. The tongs had slipped their moorings and lay kicking widely on the hearth. As quickly as her sister could have moved, Lucy sprang forward, set them up, and, crossing the rug in her turn, took a straight-backed reception chair, the whole width of of the hearth distant from her sister.

Dan's face glowed like the hottest coals, to which Lucy's eyes went back a show of tranquil interest, then it paled to the hue of cold ashes.

"I would be a conceited fool if I did not understand why you did that, Miss Knight," he said, huskily. "I came here to-night to say something to you which I see you are not willing to hear. I have too much respect for you to torment you with an unwelcome suit. Good night, Lucy! God bless you!"

He took the impassive fingers that lay like ice in his. With such effect as the dying make to speak she forced three words through her throat:

"I am sorry."

"I know you are sorry for my disappointment. You have nothing to reproach yourself with. You never lured me on to a proposal. You are noble, all maidenly. Good-by again."

It took Sara sixty-seven minutes by the hall clock to look for the borrowed volume, and then she presented herself before stairs, empty handed. Lucy sat alone by the dying fire. The wind howled fiendishly, and hissing drops of hail found their way down the chimney.

"Where is Dan?" Sara stopped just within the door to ejaculate.

"He went away soon after you left us," said Lucy indifferently, or dreamily.

"Lucy Knight! if you have sent him off, I will never forgive you! I prepared you for what he had to say!" If Lucy ever sneered, there was a sneer now upon her proud mouth. She dragged herself to her feet, which felt dead and queer. Sitting so long in the straight-backed chair had cramped her limbs. But she walked firmly across the room to shut the piano.

"Perhaps you prepared me a little too well!" she said. "We will not speak of it again. Mr. Hyde has nothing to complain of, nor have I. How it rains! I hope the sashes are locked all over the house."

A year later there was a wedding at which Dan Hyde was the bridegroom. Among the first to follow the congratulatory relatives, when the ceremony was over, came the twin sisters. Sara leaned upon the arm of her lately wedded husband, as arch and piquant as ever. Lucy was in the escort of a perfunctory usher, who was slightly afraid of her.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Hyde," she said, in her low, rich monotone, looking him direct in the eyes. She could not say less. She never wasted words.

A New England man whom his best friend described as a "volcano shut up in an iceberg," once spoke to me of his "agony of incommunicableness."

Let these whose channel of speech are deep and free, connecting, without obstruction, with the heart, thank God for a blessing received and a sorrow withheld.

"That girl should have been christened Hecla!" said Dan Hyde's quick-sighted, warm-hearted wife to him after the bridal call paid to them by the sisters.

Dan laughed lightly. He was a sensible, practical fellow and very much in love with his second choice.

"The volcano is the work of your imagination, my pet. Or, if you are in the right, I am too short to be spent in thawing a thousand feet of ice upon the chance of finding fire at the bottom."

Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with Wild Cherry and Kyphosphites builds up and strengthens the entire system.

General News and Notes.

Ex-Secretary Baine will go to California in January for the benefit of his health.

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Francis Von Suppe, the Austrian musical composer, is seriously ill.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Warrented by J. F. Allen & Son.

Prof. John Strong Newberry, the eminent geologist of New Haven, Conn., is dead.

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GENTLEMEN.—My little girl, aged 3, had a large swelling on her neck. I used Hagar's Yellow Oil on it and it disappeared in a short time. It also cured a felon I was troubled with.

MRS. C. E. WENDOVER, Manda, Man.

The salaries of all dispatchers on the Big Four railroad have been advanced \$10 per month.

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No one now doubts that Bardeek Blood Bitters will cure dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation or headache or bad blood. The proof is so thorough and overwhelming that the doubters have been silenced and B. B. B. is secured in its place as the best purifying tonic and regulator extant.

Byron Holt, Princeton, Ont.

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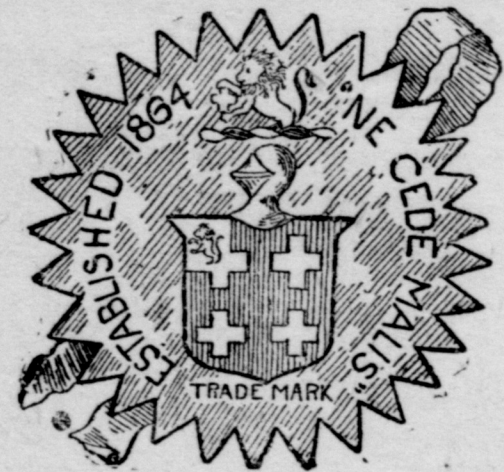
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Miramichi Advance.

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 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 now published the ADVANCE for nearly 19 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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FALL 1892.

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Between Chatham and Fredericton.

For CHATHAM. (read up).

Freight, Express. Express, Freight.

a. m. p. m. p. m. p. m.

5.50 7.40 Chatham 8.00 2.55

6.30 8.00 Chatham 2.35 3.20

8.10 8.50 Blackville 3.45 4.15pm

9.55 10.45 Blackville 4.30 5.00

10.56 10.50 Blackville 5.03 5.55

12.50 11.22 Cross Creek 4.13 8.45

12.50 12.30 Marysville 5.10 7.20

2.00 12.35 Gibson 5.05 7.05

2.02 12.40 Fredericton, Lv 5.00 pm 7.00 am

The trains between Chatham and Fredericton will also stop at the following flag

stations: Nelson, Derby, Upper Nelson, Upper Chatham, Chatham, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 163rd, 164th, 165th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 170th, 171st, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, 175th, 176th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 180th, 181st, 182nd, 183rd, 184th, 185th, 186th, 187th, 188th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 192nd, 193rd, 194th, 195th, 196th, 197th, 198th, 199th, 200th, 201st, 202nd, 203rd, 204th, 205th, 206th, 207th, 208th, 209th, 210th, 211st, 212th, 213th, 214th, 215th, 216th, 217th, 218th, 219th, 220th, 221st, 222nd, 223rd, 224th, 225th, 226th, 227th, 228th, 229th, 230th, 231st, 232nd, 233rd, 234th, 235th, 236th, 237th, 238th, 239th, 240th, 241st, 242nd, 243rd, 244th, 245th, 246th, 247th, 248th, 249th, 250th, 251st, 252nd, 253rd, 254th, 255th, 256th, 257th, 258th, 259th, 260th, 261st, 262nd, 263rd, 264th, 265th, 266th, 267th, 268th, 269th, 270th, 271st, 272nd, 273rd, 274th, 275th, 276th, 277th, 278th, 279th, 280th, 281st, 282nd, 283rd, 284th, 285th, 286th, 287th, 288th, 289th, 290th, 291st, 292nd, 293rd, 294th, 295th, 296th, 297th, 298th, 299th, 300th, 301st, 302nd, 303rd, 304th, 305th, 306th, 307th, 308th, 309th, 310th, 311st, 312th, 313th, 314th, 315th, 316th, 317th, 318th, 319th, 320th, 321st, 322nd, 323rd, 324th, 325th, 326th, 327th, 328th, 329th, 330th, 331st, 332nd, 333rd, 334th, 335th, 336th, 337th, 338th, 339th, 340th, 341st, 342nd, 343rd, 344th, 345th, 346th, 347th, 348th, 349th, 350th, 351st, 352nd, 353rd, 354th, 355th, 356th, 357th, 358th, 359th, 360th, 361st, 362nd, 363rd, 364th, 365th, 366th, 367th, 368th, 369th, 370th, 371st, 372nd, 373rd, 374th, 375th, 376th, 377th, 378th, 379th, 380th, 381st, 382nd, 383rd, 384th, 385th, 386th, 387th, 388th, 389th, 390th, 391st, 392nd, 393rd, 394th, 395th, 396th, 397th, 398th, 399th, 400th, 401st, 402nd, 403rd, 404th, 405th, 406th, 407th, 408th, 409th, 410th, 411st, 412th, 413th, 414th, 415th, 416th, 417th, 418th, 419th, 420th, 421st, 422nd, 423rd, 424th, 425th, 426th, 427th, 428th, 429th, 430th, 431st, 432nd, 433rd, 434th, 435th, 436th, 437th, 438th, 439th, 440th, 441st, 442nd, 443rd, 444th, 445th, 446th, 447th, 448th, 449th, 450th, 451st, 452nd, 453rd, 454th, 455th, 456th, 457th, 458th, 459th, 460th, 461st, 462nd, 463rd, 464th, 465th, 466th, 467th, 468th, 469th, 470th, 471st, 472nd, 473rd, 474th, 475th, 476th, 477th, 478th, 479th, 480th, 481st, 482nd, 483rd, 484th, 485th, 486th, 487th, 488th, 489th, 490th, 491st, 492nd, 493rd, 494th, 495th, 496th, 497th, 498th, 499th, 500th, 501st, 502nd, 503rd, 504th, 505th,