

BUSINESS NOTICE

The "Miramichi Advance" is published at Chatham, N.B., every Tuesday morning...

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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ADVANCE

D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. TERMS—\$1.00 a Year, in Advance



No Other Medicine SO THOROUGH AS AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Aberdeen Hotel

ADAMS HOUSE

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Sample Rooms

ALEX. MCKINNON

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CHATHAM

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LEGISLATIVE NOTICE

DERAVIN & CO.

FARM FOR SALE

JUST OPENING. FURNESS LINE

Regular fortnightly sailings between London and Halifax. Winter special contract with the Dominion government.

A POINTER IN TIME. The cold weather is now upon us, so ward it off in time. Protect your lungs and your whole body with one of our...

MACKENZIE'S QUININE WINE AND IRON. THE BEST TONIC AND BLOOD MAKER. 50c BOTTLES. WE GUARANTEE IT AT Mackenzie's Medical Hall, CHATHAM, N.B.

NOTHING TOO GOOD FOR CHRISTMAS. C. WARMUNDE IS OFFERING SPECIAL BARGAINS IN WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, Silverware & Novelties.

WOOD-GOODS! WE MANUFACTURE AND HAVE FOR SALE Laths, Palings, Box-Shooks, Barrel Heading, Matched Flooring, Matched Sheathing, Dimensioned Lumber, Sawn Spruce Shingles.

THOS. W. FLETT, NELSON. FOR SALE SPRINGHILL COAL.

J. F. BENSON, TYPEWRITER, & CO. AGENT FOR "NEW YORK" TYPEWRITING COMPANY.

NOTICE TO COLLECTORS. OFFICE OF SECT. TREASURER, Newcastle, 9th Dec.

Z. TINGLEY, HAIRDRESSER, ETC., SHAVING PARLOR. Water Street, - Chatham.

THOS. HOBEN, Supt. ALEX. GIBSON, Gen'l Manager

ASK FOR BULL DOG Steel Wire Nails, THEY NEVER LET GO, AND TAKE NO OTHERS.

KERR & ROBERTSON, SAINT JOHN, N. B. N. B.—IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE 100 DOZEN K. & R. AXES.

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY WINTER 1895-6. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, NOV. 11, until further notice, trains will run on the above railway, daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Table with columns for GOING NORTH, GOING SOUTH, and MIXED. Lists destinations like Fredericton, Moncton, and various stations.

FOR CHATHAM AND FREDERICTON. The above Table is made up on Eastern standard time. The trains between Chatham and Fredericton will also stop at the following stations...

Express Trains on I. C. R. can through to destinations on Sunday. Express trains run Sunday mornings but not Monday mornings.

CONNECTIONS. The I. C. R. is connected with the P. E. R. at all points East and West, and with the P. E. R. at St. John and all points West, and at Gibson for Woodstock, Bolton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Peregue Isle, and at Cross Creek with the Atlantic.

THOS. BUCKLEY, PROP. 4, Andrew St., Chatham.

Miramichi Advance. CASINGA.

[Continued from last week.] I acquainted the landlord with what I had heard and seen, and he seemed greatly surprised and perplexed. On the following morning I was informed that some one desired to see me in the office. I hurried down, wondering who the person could be. As I entered the office a man of about 50 came hastily forward to meet me.

"Manfield, how are you?" he said, pressing my hand warmly. "What are you doing in this out of the way place?" "Taking a little vacation," I replied. "But what good fortune brings you here?" "Ah, that's just what I wish to speak to you about," he answered. "My errand here is in connection with one of my patients—Mr. Buford. A most singular case, Manfield, as you have doubtless already discovered, judging by what Mr. Peters has told me.

"An odd case, indeed," I replied. "It has puzzled me not a little. But come up to my room and let us talk it over." We ascended the stairs and were soon seated in my room. Dr. Zook was an old friend of mine whom I had not met for two years. He was a physician of rare skill and great mental ability, and had made his name famous among those of his profession by his published work on diseases of the brain.

"When I had finished relating the incidents connected with my acquaintance with Martin Buford and the story told to me by the strange lodger, he said: "It is a most remarkable case, and there is a mystery about the whole affair that I cannot fathom." "Of course his story about the Corsican brain is but the product of a diseased brain," I replied. "There is where you are mistaken, and that is just what puzzles me," said my visitor. "Of course I don't mean to say that this man's wife was transfigured into marble or anything of the kind, but his story as he told it to you is true in every particular as far as I can ascertain, excepting that part of it."

"He was really in Corsica, then, and married a Corsican woman?" I asked. "Yes; I met him in Paris directly after his marriage, and his wife was one of the most beautiful women I ever beheld. She created a sensation wherever she went by her perfection of form and matchless beauty and might have reigned as a queen among women had she desired. But she had no inclination to mingle with the fashionable world, seeking to be happy only when with her husband."

"I don't think I ever saw more devoted love between man and wife, and Buford seemed perfectly miserable when out of his wife's sight. They came to America on the same steamer on which I returned, and since I have met Buford and his wife quite frequently and we have been the warmest of friends. Buford once told me something regarding a statue he was at work upon, and that was a short time before he came here. It is indeed a superb creation. About the time the statue was finished Mrs. Buford disappeared very mysteriously. At first no clew could be found to the mystery, but upon a close investigation it was learned that she had left in company with a stranger—an Italian of about 25 years of age—a handsome fellow, who, it was said, had been hanging about the neighborhood for some time. Then a letter was found addressed to her husband in which she stated in a few brief words that she would never return and implored him to forgive her for the rash step she was about to take.

"Buford, who had been almost crazed by his wife's disappearance, now grew furious, declaring that the whole affair was a plot to rob him of his wife and he refused to believe her guilty of any treachery. He declared that he would find her and began searching about the house from room to room. The next day we found him in his studio, his arms about the statue, declaring that it was his wife and that she had been transformed into stone. It was a pathetic scene, and I realized at once that the poor man's reason had become unsettled by the shock occasioned by his wife's perfidy. Being his friend, and becoming interested in his sad case, I prevailed upon him to accompany me on a tour up the Hudson, hoping that a change of scene might prove beneficial to him. He seemed to grow better, and I had strong hopes of his speedy recovery, but about this time he suddenly disappeared. After searching vainly for him for some time I discovered that he had returned to his home, packed his effects and gone away, whether no one knew. At last I tracked him to this place.

"It is very clear that he is either insane or is affected with a strange hallucination. My object is to cure him, and I have decided to permit him to remain in his present quarters for awhile at least. As you have made something of a study of his case I should like you to co-operate with me."

"I assure you that I shall be only too glad to do so, as I have become deeply interested in Mr. Buford's case," I replied. Martin Buford showed some surprise and even displeasure upon meeting Dr. Zook, whom he seemed to regard as a spy set upon his track rather than a friend. But under the doctor's genial influence his aversion gradually disappeared, and it was plain to see that Zook was fast gaining the confidence of his strange patient.

A few days after the arrival of Dr. Zook at the inn I received a despatch summoning me to Brookville, a small village in New Hampshire, on an important business matter. With much reluctance I had Dr. Zook a hasty goodbye, and promising to return at the earliest convenience I took my departure.

The business that called me to Brookville was relating to some property which had come into my possession through a deceased aunt some years before. The property consisted of a large tract of land lying some three miles from the village among the hills.

Upon my arrival at Brookville I found the whole village agog over a most atrocious murder that had been committed near the place some weeks before. A young man of some 23 or 24—evidently a foreigner—had been found in the road between the village and the railroad station dead, an ugly knife wound in his breast. He was a stranger in the locality, and nothing was known of his person to give the slightest clue to his identity. At the inquest the station agent had given the only testimony that afforded any clew to the mysterious crime. He had seen the deceased leave the train which arrived from Manchester at 11.32 p. m. He was accompanied by a young woman of remarkable beauty. The two were without baggage, and there being no conveyance at the station they had gone on foot in the direction of the village, about a quarter of a mile distant. A half hour later the woman had returned to the station alone. She inquired regarding the time that the next train would leave, and was informed that she would be compelled to wait till six o'clock in the morning. She seemed greatly agitated, and after remaining at the station a few minutes took her departure, walking hurriedly up the railroad track.

About daylight the body of the murdered man was found in the road scarcely 300 yards from the station. The authorities had been promptly notified, and as suspicion promptly pointed to the woman who had been seen in company with the deceased, an officer was at once dispatched in pursuit of her. She was found at a farmhouse some six miles from the station and brought back to the village and lodged in jail to wait preliminary examination.

She declared herself innocent of the crime, but refused to give any information regarding herself or the deceased, remaining impervious to all questioning. The great beauty of the suspect and the mystery surrounding her identity as well as that of her supposed victim lent a threefold interest to the strange affair. Scores of curious visitors visited the jail daily to get a glimpse of the prisoner, but with none would she enter into conversation.

I must confess that I was not wholly devoid of a curiosity to behold the strange beauty who stood accused of that most shocking of all crimes, willful murder, and on the day following my arrival at the village I obtained permission to visit her cell.

I shall never forget the feeling of amazement that came over me as I was ushered into the presence of the prisoner. It was not alone her noble and matchless form nor the wondrous beauty of her face that induced the feeling of astonishment, but something more potent, more amazing, at first only a vague suspicion, then a quick conviction—a sudden realization of the startling truth. Then I knew that I was standing in the presence of Martin Buford's wife! It all came to me like a revelation, bewildering and stupefying me.

There was no question in my mind as to her identity. There could be no mistaking that form and face—the living likeness of those which I had seen so perfectly tinged in the marble statue in Martin Buford's room!

For several moments I did not speak, but stood looking at the woman before me, oblivious to all else. She hardly deigned to bestow a glance upon me, but sat by the window, looking calmly out through the grating to the lofty hills that rose rugged and wood-crested beyond the town. The jailer had withdrawn from the door, and no one else was near. I advanced to her side. She arose hastily as I approached without even glancing at me.

"I do not wish to be disturbed by visitors," she said impatiently, speaking with a strange foreign accent. "Please permit no one to enter here."

"I must speak to you—it is of great importance that I should," I said hurriedly. "I am Martin Buford's friend!"

She turned now, and for the first time fixed her eyes upon me, a startled look in their lustrous depths. Then she became deadly pale, while a look of terror came over her face.

"Who are you?" she said, her voice betraying the emotion surging in her breast.

"My name is Manfield," I replied. "and I have just come from your husband."

A low, agonized moan escaped her lips. "Does he know that—that I am here?" she asked, her voice sinking almost to a whisper.

"No; he does not have the faintest idea as to your whereabouts."

"Thank heaven!" she cried fervently. "He shall never know—he must not know! You will not betray me?"

She spoke hurriedly, appealingly, an eager light shining in her eyes. (Continued next week.)

General News and Notes. All grand thoughts come from the heart.—Yauvargues.

Nature is but a name for an effect whose cause is God.—Coeper.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American 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. Warranted by J. Fallon & Son.

There can be no high civility without a deep morality.—Emerson.

Poetry is itself a thing of God. He made his prophets poets.—Bailey.

ENGLISH SPAIN LINIMENT removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blisters from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stiles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, wounds, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blisters Cure ever known. Warranted by J. Fallon & Son.

All power, even the most despotic, rests ultimately on opinion.—Hume.

Spiritual force is stronger than material; thoughts rule the world.—Emerson.

Iron, on human or animal, cured in 3 minutes by Wood's Sanitary Lotion, Warranted J. Fallon & Son.

The genius, wit and spirit of a nation are discovered in its proverb.—Bacon.

In these times we fight for ideas, and newspapers are our fortresses.—Heine.

Some of the fascination of a name surrender judgment hounded.—Cower.

A Wonderful Flesh Producer. This is the 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. and \$1.00.

False praise can please and calumny affect none but the vicious and the hypocrite. Horace.

No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether and irremediably depressed.—Carlyle.

There are not infrequently substantial reasons underneath for customs that appear to us absurd.—C. Bronte.

W. T. Harris Still to the Front. He again offers the piano or \$150 in cash, on the 10th of next March; terms same as before. Buy your goods at his stores—one ticket with each dollar purchase. Come one, come all, come every time. You always get the worth of your money, and someone will get the piano or \$150 free. Who will it be?

It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life.—Bocher.

It is easy to learn something about everything, but difficult to learn everything about everything.—Emerson.

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself; nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principle.—Emerson.

Honest instinct comes a volunteer, sure never to overshoot, but to hit wit, while still too wide or short of human wit.—Poppe!

It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible.—Johnson.

IT STRIKES HOME! Chase's Ointment Cures All Skin Irritations. Of the many skin diseases, eczema is one of the worst and most common. The one effective remedy so far discovered for it is Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has never been known to fail. Mr. Andrew Aiton, of Harland, N.B., says: "My little daughter, Grace Ella, aged three and a half years, was a dreadful sufferer from eczema for three years. We tried a number of alleged cures and several doctors, but all without effect. Her was indeed a bad case. Her little body was entirely covered with rash. One day our local druggist, Mr. Wm. E. Thistle, recommended me to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. I did so, and four boxes effected a complete cure and saved our child."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is just as effective for piles, salt rheum and sores of all descriptions. For sale by all dealers and Edmondson, Bates & Co., manufacturers, Toronto; price 60 cents.

There is nothing to equal Chase's Liniment and Tincture for sore throats and lung troubles—large bottle 25 cents.

WANTED, two competent engineers holding not less than 3rd class certificates, also a Captain for the Province of New Brunswick for ascent to incorporate the Town of Chatham, said Act being intended to confer upon the representatives of the said Town the powers of self-government, usually incidental to town corporations.

W. T. CONNORS, Manager. Chatham, January 21, 1896.

LEGISLATIVE NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that application will be made at the approaching session of the Legislature of the Province of New Brunswick for an Act to incorporate the Town of Chatham, said Act being intended to confer upon the representatives of the said Town the powers of self-government, usually incidental to town corporations.

DERAVIN & CO. COMMISSION MERCHANTS. ST. KITTS, W. I. Cable Address: Deravin LEON, DERAVIN, Consul Agent for France.

FARM FOR SALE. That desirable property situated near Saint Paul's church, Upper Chatham, known as the Deasley property, running from the river to the rear lot and containing about 100 acres. There is a good house and barn and a good deal of wood land with some ten acres of good feed. There is also a good field of hay in front. The purchaser wishes also to sell the marsh lot at the mouth of the Tabernacle river known as the John Murray Marsh. Terms moderate. Chatham, 20th March 1896. MARY CHALMERS.