The address slip pasted on the top of this page has a date on it, if the date of the paper is later than that on the slip it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper without paying for it. See Publisher's announcement on 4th Page

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 22. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, APRIL 30, 1896. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

TERMS—$1.00 a Year, in Advance

BUSINESS NOTICE.

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N. B, every THURSDAY morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of the day

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Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $5 00 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefor with the publisher.

The MIRAMICHI ADVANCE' having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address

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WINTER 1895-6.

ON and AFTER MONDAY, NOV. 11, until further notice, trains will run on the above Railway, daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Between Fredericton Chatham and Loggieville.

FOR CHATHAM (read down) MIXED	EXPRESS		FOR FREDERICTON (read up) EXPRESS	MIXED
6 50 a m lv	2 50 p m	..Fredericton,...	12 15 ar.	4 00 p m
7 00	2 53	.....Gibson, ...	12 12	3 57
7 20	3 00	..Marrysville,...	12 00	3 40
8 50	4 07	..Cross Creek,..	10 47	1 50
10 15	5 05	...Boiestown,...	9 35	12 30
11 15 ar	5 50 ar	...Doaktown,...	8 50	11 15
11 20 lv	6 05 lv			11 10
12 40 p m	7 10	...Blackville,...	7 40	9 40
1 50 ar	8 03	..Chatham Jct..	6 45	8 20
2 10 lv	8 07			ar 8 30
	8 20	.....Nelson ...		7 40
2 55	8 40	....Chatham....	6 12	7 20
3 10 ar	8 55	.. Loggieville Lv	6 00 am	7 00 a m

FOR IND'TON INDIANTOWN BRANCH. FOR BLK'VLE

lv 8.00 a m.....	Blackville	ar 5 00 p m	
ar 8 50 "	.....Indiantown.....	lv 4.15 "	

Connecting wi

GOING NORTH.

	EXPRESS.	MIXED
lv Chatham,	8 50 p. m.	1 20 p. m.
Nelson	9 20 "	1.40 "
ar. Chatham Junc.	9.30 "	2.00 "
Lv. " "	9.50 "	2.40 "
Nelson	10.10 "	3.00 "
Ar. Chatham,	10.30 "	3.20 "

GOING SOUTH.

	EXPRESS.	MIXED
Lv. Chatham,	3.20 a. m.	10.00 a. m
Nelson	3.38	10.20 "
Ar. Chatham Junction,	3.55 "	10.40 "
Lv. " "	4.20 "	11.15 "
Nelson	—	11.25 "
Ar. Chatham	5.00 "	11.55 "

The above Table is made up on Eastern standard time.

The trains between Chatham and Fredericton will also stop when signalled at the following flag Stations— Derby Siding, Upper Nelson Boom, Chelmsford, Grey Rapids, Upper Blackville, Blissfield Carrol's, McNamee's, Ludlow, Astle Crossing, Clearwater, Portage Road, Forbes' Siding, Upper Cross Creek, Covered Bridge, Zionville, Durham, Nashwaak, Manzer's Siding, Penniac.

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

CONNECTIONS are made at Chatham Junction with the I. C. RAILWAY for all points East and West, and at Fredericton with the C. P. RAILWAY for Montreal and all points in the upper provinces and with the C. P. RAILWAY for St John and all points West, and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls Edmundston and Presque Isle, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

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

THE MYSTERY OF MR. AND MRS. PEACOCKE.

CHAPTER XX.—LORD BRACY'S LETTER.

The school and the parish went on through August and September, and up to the middle of October, very quietly. The quarrel between the Bishop and the Doctor had altogether subsided. People in the diocese had ceased to talk continually of Mr. and Mrs. Peacocke There was still alive a certain interest as to what might be the ultimate fate of the poor lady; but other matters had come up, and she no longer formed the one topic of conversation at all the meetings. The twenty boys at the school felt that, as their numbers had been diminished, so also had their reputation. They were less loud, and, as other boys would have said of them, less "cocky" than of yore. But they ate and drank and played, and, let us hope, learnt their lessons as usual. Mrs. Peacocke had from time to time received letters from her husband, the last up to the time of which we speak having been written at the Ogden Junction, at which Mr. Peacocke had stopped for four-and-twenty hours with the object of making inquiry as to the statement made to him at St. Louis. Here he learned enough to convince him that Robert Lefroy had told him the truth in regard to what had there occurred. The people about the station still remembered the condition of the man who had been taken from the car when suffering from delirium tremens; and remembered also that the man had not died there, but had been carried on by the next train to San Francisco. One of the porters also declared that he had heard a few days afterwards that the sufferer had died almost immediately on his arrival at San Francisco. Information as far as this Mr. Peacocke had sent home to his wife, and had added his firm belief that he should find the man's grave in the cemetery, and be able to bring home with him testimony to which no authority in England, whether social, episcopal, or judicial, would refuse to give credit.

"Of course, he will be married again," said Mrs. Wortle to her husband.

"They shall be married here, and I will perform the ceremony. I don't think the Bishop himself would object to that; and I shouldn't care a straw if he did."

"Will he go on with the school?" whispered Mrs. Wortle.

"Will the school go on? If the school goes on he will go on, I suppose. About that you had better ask Mrs. Stantiloup."

"I will ask nobody but you," said the wife, putting up her face to kiss him. As this was going on, everything was said to comfort Mrs. Peacocke, and to give her hopes of new life. Mrs. Wortle told her how the Doctor had promised that he himself would marry them as soon as the forms of the Church and the legal requisitions would allow. Mrs. Peacocke accepted all that was said to her quietly and thankfully, but did not again allow herself to be roused to such excitement as she had shown on the occasion recorded.

It was at this time that the Doctor received a letter which greatly affected his mode of thought at the time. He had certainly become hipped and low-spirited, if not despondent, and clearly showed to his wife, even though he was silent, that his mind was still intent on the injury which that wretched woman had done him by her virulence. But the letter of which we speak for a time removed this feeling, and gave him, as it were, a new life. The letter, which was from Lord Bracy, was as follows:—

"My Dear Dr. Wortle,—Carstairs left us for Oxford yesterday, and before he went, startled his mother and me considerably by a piece of information. He tells us that he is over head and ears in love with your daughter. The communication was indeed made three days ago, but I told him that I should take a day or two to think of it before I wrote to you. He was very anxious when he told me, to go off at once to Bowick, and to see you and your wife, and, of course, the young lady;—but this I stopped by the exercise of somewhat peremptory parental authority. Then he informed me that he had been to Bowick, and had found his lady-love at home, you and Mrs. Wortle having by chance been absent at the time. It seems that he declared himself to the young lady, who, in the exercise of a wise discretion, ran away from him and left him planted on the terrace. This is his account of what passed, and I do not in the least doubt its absolute truth. It is, at any rate, quite clear, from his own showing, that the young lady gave him no encouragement.

"Such having been the case, I do not think that I should have found it necessary to write to you at all had not Carstairs persevered with me till I promised to do so. He was willing, he said, not to go to Bowick on condition that I would write to you on the subject. The meaning of this is, that had he not been very much in earnest, I should have considered it best to let the matter pass on as such matters do, and be forgotten. But he is very much in earnest. However foolish it is—or perhaps I had better say unusual—that a lad should be in love before he is twenty, it is, I suppose, possible. At any rate it seems to be the case with him, and he has convinced his mother that it would be cruel to ignore the fact.

"I may at once say that, as far as you and your girl are concerned, I should be quite satisfied that he should choose for himself such a marriage. I value rank, at any rate, as much as it is worth; but that he will have of his own, and does not need to strengthen it by intermarriage with another house of peculiarly old lineage. As for money, I should not wish him to think of it in marrying. If it comes, tant mieux. If not, he will have enough of his own. I write to you, therefore, exactly as I should do if you had happened to be a brother peer instead of a clergyman.

"But I think that long engagements are very dangerous; and you probably will agree with me that they are likely to be more prejudicial to the girl than to the man. It may be that, as difficulties arise in the course of years, he can forget the affair, and that she cannot. He has many things of which to think; whereas, she, perhaps, has only that one. She may have made that one thing so vital to her that it cannot be got under and conquered; whereas, without any fault or heartlessness on his part, occupation has conquered it for him. In this case I fear that the engagement, if made, could not but be long. I should be sorry that he should not take his degree. And I do not think it wise to send a lad up to the university hampered with the serious feeling that he has already betrothed himself.

"I tell you all just as it is, and I leave it to your wisdom to suggest what had better be done. He wished me to promise that I would undertake to induce you to tell Miss Wortle of his conversation with me. He said that he had a right to demand so much as that, and that, though he would not for the present go to Bowick, he should write to you. The young gentleman seems to have a will of his own—which I cannot say that I regret. What you will do as to the young lady—whether you will or will not tell her what I have written—I must leave to yourself. If you do, I am to send word to her from Lady Bracy to say that she will be delighted to see her here. She had better, however, come when that inflammatory young gentleman shall be at Oxford—Yours very faithfully,

"BRACY."

This letter certainly did a great deal to invigorate the Doctor and to console him in his troubles. Even though the debated marriage might prove to be impossible, as it had been declared by the voices of all the Wortles, one after another, still there was something in the tone in which it was discussed by the young man's father which was in itself a relief. There was, at any rate, no contempt in the letter. "I may at once say that, as far as you and your girl are concerned, I should be very well pleased." That, at any rate, was satisfactory. And the more he looked at it the less he thought that it need be altogether impossible. If Lord Bracy liked it and Lady Bracy liked it—and young Carstairs, as to whose liking there seemed to be no reason for any doubt—he did not see why it should be impossible. As to Mary—he could not conceive that she should make objections if all the others were agreed. How should she possibly fail to love the young man if encouraged to do so? Suitors who are good-looking, rich, of high rank, sweet-tempered, and also, at the same time thoroughly devoted, are not wont to be discarded. All the difficulty lay in the lad's youth. After all, how many noblemen have done well in the world without taking a degree? Degrees too, have been taken by married men. And, again, young men have been persistent before now, even to the extent of waiting three years. Long engagements are bad—no doubt. Everybody has always said so. But a long engagement may be better than none at all.

He almost made up his mind that he would speak to Mary; but he determined at last that he would consult his wife first. Consulting Mrs. Wortle, on his part, generally amounted to no more than instructing her. He found it sometimes necessary to talk her over, as he had done in that matter of visiting Mrs. Peacocke; but when he set himself to work he rarely failed. She had nowhere else to go for certain foundation and support. Therefore he hardly doubted much when he began his operation about this suggested engagement.

"I have got that letter this morning from Lord Bracy," he said, handing the her document.

"Oh dear! has he heard about Carstairs?"

"You had better read it."

"He has told it all!" she exclaimed, when she had finished the first sentence.

"He has told it all certainly. But you had better read the letter through."

Then she seated herself and read it, almost trembling, however, as she went on with it. "Oh dear;—that is very nice which he says about you and Mary."

"It is all very nice as far as that goes. There is no reason why it should not be nice."

"It might have made him so angry!"

"Then he would have been very unreasonable."

"He acknowledges that Mary did not encourage him."

"Of course she did not encourage him. He would have been very unlike a gentlem had he thought so. But in truth, my dear it is a very good letter. Of course there are difficulties."

"Oh—it is impossible!"

"I do not see that at all. It must rest very much with him, no doubt—with Carstairs; and I do not like to think that our girl's happiness should depend on any young man's constancy. But such dangers have to be encountered. You and I were engaged for three years before we were married, and we did not find it so very bad."

"It was very good. Oh, I was so happy at the time!"

"Happier than you've been since?"

"Well, I don't know. It was very nice to know that you were my lover."

"Why shouldn't Mary think it very nice to have a lover?"

"But I know that you would be true."

"Why shouldn't Carstairs be true?"

"Remember he is so young. You were in orders."

"I don't know that I was at all more likely to be true on that account. A clergyman can jilt a girl just as well as another. It depends on the nature of the man."

"And you were so good."

"I never came across a better youth than Carstairs. You see what his father says about his having a will of his own. When a young man shows a purpose of that kind he generally sticks to it."

The upshot of it was that Mary was to be told, and that her father was to tell her.

"Yes papa, he did come," she said. "I told mamma all about it."

"And she told me of course. You did what was quite right, and I should not have thought it necessary to speak to you had not Lord Bracy written to me."

"Lord Bracy has written!" said Mary. It seemed to her, as it had done to her mother, that Lord Bracy must have written angrily; but though she thought so, she plucked up her spirit gallantly, telling herself that though Lord Bracy might be angry with his own son, he could have no cause to be displeased with her.

"Yes; I have read a letter which you shall read. The young man seems to be very much in earnest."

"I don't know," said Mary, with some little exultation at her heart.

"It seems but the other day that he was a boy, and now he has suddenly become a man." To this Mary said nothing but she had also come to the conclusion that, in this respect, Lord Carstairs had lately changed,—very much for the better. "Do you like him, Mary?"

"Like him, papa?"

"Well, my darling, how am I to put it? He is so much in earnest that he has got his father to write to me. He was coming over himself again before he went to Oxford; but he told his father what he was going to do, and the Earl stopped him. There's the letter, and you may read it."

Mary read the letter, taking herself apart to a corner of the room, and seemed to her father to take a long time in reading it. But there was very much on which she was called upon to make up her mind during those few minutes. Up to the present time—up to the moment in which her father had now summoned her into his study, she had resolved that it was "impossible." She had become so clear on the subject that she would not ask herself the question whether she could love the young man. Would it not be wrong to love the young man? Would it not be a longing for the top brick of the chimney, which she ought to know was out of her reach? So she had decided it, and had therefore already taught herself to regard the declaration made to her as the ebullition of a young man's folly. But not the less had she known how great had been the thing suggested to her,—how glorious was this top brick of the chimney; and as to the young man himself, she could not but feel that, had matters been different, she might have loved him. Now there had come a sudden change; but she did not at all know how far she might go to meet the change nor what the change altogether meant. She had been made sure by her father's question that he had taught himself to hope. He would not have asked her whether she liked him—would not, at any rate, have asked that question in that voice—had he not been prepared to be good to her had she answered in the affirmative. But then this matter did not depend upon her father's wishes—or even her father's judgment. It was necessary that, before she said another word, she should find out what Lord Bracy said about it. Then she had Lord Bracy's letter in her hand, but her mind was so disturbed that she hardly knew how to read it aright at the spur of the moment.

"You understand what he says, Mary?"

"I think so, papa."

"It is a very kind letter."

"Very kind indeed. I should have thought that he would not have liked it at all."

"He makes no objection of that kind. To tell the truth, Mary, I should have thought it unreasonable had he done so. A gentleman can do no better than marry a lady. And though it is much to be a nobleman, it is more to be a gentleman."

"Some people think so much of it. And then his having been here as a pupil! I was very sorry when he spoke to me."

"All that is past and gone. The danger is that such an engagement would be long."

"Very long."

"You would be afraid of that, Mary?"

Mary felt that this was hard upon her, and unfair. Were she to say that the danger of a long engagement did not seem to her to be very terrible, she would at once be giving up everything. She would have declared then that she did love the young man; or, at any rate, that she intended to do so. She would have succumbed at the first hint that such succumbing was possible to her. And yet she had not known that she was very much afraid of a long engagement. She would, she thought, have been much more afraid had a speedy marriage been proposed to her. Upon the whole she did not know whether it would not be nice to go on knowing that the young man loved her, and to rest secure in her faith in him. She was sure of this—that the reading of Lord Bracy's letter had in some way made her happy, though she was unwilling at once to express her happiness to her father. She was quite sure that she could make no immediate reply to that question, whether she was afraid of a long engagement "I must answer Lord Bracy's letter, you know," said the Doctor.

"Yes, papa."

"And what shall I say to him?"

"I don't know, papa."

"And yet you must tell me what to say, my darling."

"Must I, papa?"

"Certainly! Who else can tell me? But I will not answer it to-day. I will put it off till Monday. It was Saturday morning on which the letter was being discussed—a day of which a considerable portion was generally appropriated to the preparation of a sermon. "In the meantime you had better talk to mamma; and on Monday we will settle what is to be said to Lord Bracy."

CHAPTER XXI.—AT CHICAGO.

Mr. Peacocke went on alone to San Francisco from the Odgen Junction, and there obtained full information on the matter which had brought him upon this long and disagreeable journey. He had no difficulty in obtaining the evidence required. He had not been twenty-four hours in the place before he was, in truth, standing on the stone which had been placed over the body of Ferdinand Lefroy, as he had declared to Robert Lefroy that he would stand before he would be satisfied. On the stone was cut simply the names Ferdinand Lefroy of Kilbrack, Louisiana; and to these were added the dates of the days on which the man had been born and on which he died. Of this stone he had a photograph made of which he took copies with him; and he obtained also from the minister who had buried the body, and from the custodian who had charge of the cemetery, certificates of the interment. Armed with these he could no longer doubt himself, or suppose that others would doubt, that Ferdinand Lefroy was dead.

Having thus perfected his object, and feeling little interest in a town to which he had been brought by such painful circumstances, he turned round, and on the second day after his arrival, again started for Chicago. Had it been possible, he would fain have avoided any further meeting with Robert Lefroy. Short as had been his stay in San Francisco, he had learnt that Robert, after his brothers death, had been concerned in buying mining shares and paying for them with forged notes. It was not supposed that he himself had been engaged in the forgery, but that he had come into the city with men who had been employed for years on this operation, and had bought shares, and endeavored to sell them on the following day. He had, however, managed to leave the place before the police had got hold of him, and had escaped, so that no one had been able to say at what station he had got upon the railway. Nor did any one in San Francisco know where Robert Lefroy was now to be found. His companions had been taken, tried, and convicted, and were now in the state prison—where also would Robert Lefroy soon be if any of the officers of the state could get hold of him. Luckily Mr. Peacocke had said little or nothing of the man in making his own enquiries. Much as he had hated and dreaded the man, much as he had suffered from his companionship—good reason as he had to dislike the whole family—he felt himself bound by their late companionship not to betray him. The man had assisted Mr. Peacocke simply for money, but still he had assisted him. Mr. Peacocke therefore held his peace and said nothing. But he would have been thankful to have been able to send the money now due to him without having again to see him; but that was impossible.

Continued on 4th page.

General News and Notes.

A man is only as rich as he is contented.

People find fault without looking for it.

Some hearts are like flint—it takes a blow to bring the fire out

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. Pallen & Son.

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Judge a man by the clothes he pays for, rather than by those he wears.

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If there is honor among thieves, they stole it.

Don't give the devil his due if you can prevent it.

ITCH, on human or animals, cured in 3 minutes by Woodford's Sanitary Lotions, Warranted J. Pallen & Son.

What is one man's cloud is another man's sunshine.

Only human beauty is spoiled by admiration.

A Wonderful flesh Producer.

This is the title given to *Scotts Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil* by many thousands who have takeit. 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

When life becomes too sweet, the fear of losing it corrects the sweetness.

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The building known as the Muirhead stone] house opposite the Post Office, Chatham,

[OPENED APRIL 1ST, 1894.

is conducted as a first class hotel for the accommodation of permanent and transient guests.

The Hotel is in the centre of the business portion of the town, near the Steamboat Landing.

Good stabling and yard room.

Sample Rooms for Commercial Travellers.

Hacks to and from all trains.

A. J. PINE.

ADAMS HOUSE

ADJOINING BANK OF MONTREAL,

WELLINGTON ST, - - - CHATHAM, N. B.

This Hotel has been entirely Refurnished. throughout and every possible arrangement is made to ensure the Comfort of Guests Sample Rooms on the premises:

TEAMS will be in attendance on the arrivals of al trains.

GOOD STABLING, &C.

THOMAS FLANAGAN.

Proprietor

CANADA HOUSE.

Corner Water & St. John Streets,

CHATHAM.

LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM.

Every attention pa to

THE COMFORT OF GUESTS.

Located in the business centre of the town. Stabling and Stable Attendance first rate.

WM. JOHNSTON,
PROPRIETOR

REVERE HOUSE.

Near Railway Station, Campbellton, N. B.

formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan

Comfortable accommodation for permanent an transient guests. Commercial Travellers wil also be provided with

Sample Rooms.

GOOD STABLING on the premises.

Mrs. Desmond,
Proprietor

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Monday the 9th September 1895 the trains of this railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE CHATHAM JUNCTION.

Through express for St. John, Halifax and Picton, (Monday excepted)	4,18
Accommodation for Moncton	11,08
Accommodation for Campbellton,	14,35
Through express for Quebec and Montreal,	21,45

ALL TRAINS ARE RUN BY EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager

Railway Office, Moncton N. B 6th September 189

B. R. BOUTHILLIER,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

CHATHAM,

Keeps constantly on hand full lines of Cloths of the best

British, and Canadian Makes, Trimmings, etc.

GENTLEMENS' GARMENTS

al kinds cut and made to order on the premes, with quickest despatch and at reasonable tes.

LADIES' COATS & SACQUES

cu to order.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

FIRE BRICK.

FOR SALE, 7000 Fire Brick—arch and square. Will be delivered anywhere on the line of the Intercolonial Railway.

For particulars apply to the ADVANCE office.

FOR SALE.

Five horses, just out of woods, to be seen at the Hill Stables.

J. B. SNOWBALL

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK

ST. JOHN AND BOSTON.

Until further notice the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston, every MONDAY and THURSDAY Morning, at 7.00 a. m., Standard.

Returning will leave Boston same days, at 8 a. m., and Portland at 5 p m., for Eastport and St. John.

Connections made at Eastport with Steamers for Calais and St. Stephen.

All Agents in the east sell through tickets and check baggage through. Call on or address your nearest ticket agent.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent
St. John, N. B.