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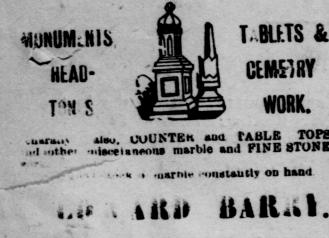
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OPENING.

RAMOH

CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, APRIL 23, 1896.

THE MYSTERY OF

CHAPTER XVII.-CORRESPOND-ENCE WITH THE PALACE.

The possible glory of Mary's future mreer did not deter the Doctor from thinking of his troubles, —and especially that trouble with the Bishop which was at present heavy on his hand. He had determined not to go on with his action, and had so resolved because he had felt, in his more sober moments, that in bringing the Bishop to disgrace, he would be as a bird soiling its own nest It was that conviction, and not any idea as to the sufficiency or insufficiency, as to the truth or false. hood, of the editor's apology, which had acutated him. As he had said to his lawyer, he did not in the least care for the newspaper people. He could not condescend to be angry with them. The abominable joke as to the two verbs was altogether in their line. As coming from them, they were no more to him than the ribald words of boys which he might hear in the street. The offence to him had come from the Bishop, and he resolved to spare the Bishop because of the Church. But yet something must be done. He could not leave the man to triumph over him. If nothing further were done in the matter, the Bishop would have triumphed

CHAPTER XVIIL -THE JOURNEY We will now follow Mr. Peacocke for a while upon his journ y. He began his all, or some curt note from his chaplain close connection with Robert Lefroy by in which it would be explained that the paying the man's bill at the inn before he time of the letter precluded the Bishop from answering it. What should he do left Broughton, and after that found himself called upon to defray every trifle of then? It was not he thought, improbable, expense incurred as they went along. Lethat the curt note from the chaplain would froy was very anxious to stay for a week be all that he might roceive. He let the letter lie by him for foor-and-twenty hours in town. It would, no doubt have been

Mr. and Mrs. Peacocke.

chaplain.

two weeks or a month had his companion after he had composed it, and then detergiven way ;-but on this matter a line of mined that not to send it would be cowardconduct had been fixed by Mr. Peacocke ly .- He sent it, and then occupied himself for an hour or two in meditating the sort in conjunction with the Doctor from of letter he would write to the Bishop | which he never departed. "If you will when that curt reply had come from the | not be guided by me. I will go without you," Mr. Peacocke had said, "and leave That further letter must be one which you to follow your own devices on your

must make all amicable intercourse beown resources, tween bim and the Bishop impossible. "And what can you do by yourself?" "Most probably I shall be able to learn Anl it must be so written as to be fit to all that I want to learn. It may be that I meet the public eye if he shou's be ever driven by the Bishop's conduct to put it shall fail to learn anything either with in print A great wrong had been done you or without you. I am willing to him;-a great wrong! The Bishop had make the attempt with you if you will been induced by the influences which come along at once;-but I will not be deshould have had no power over him to use | layed for a single day. I shall go whether his episcopal rod and to smite him, —him, Dr. Wortle! He would certainly show the and had agreed to be put on board a Ger Bishop that he should have considered be- man steamer starting from Southampton forehand whom he was about to smite. to New York. "Amo in the cool of the evening!" And

But an hour or two before the steamer



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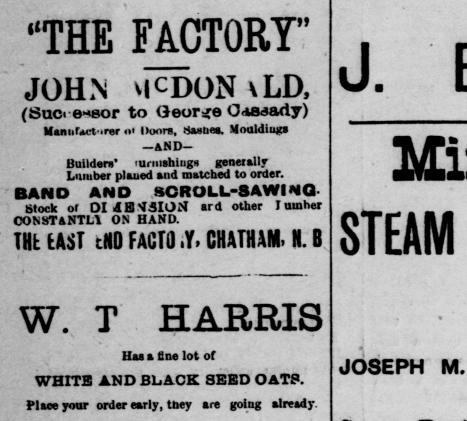
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over him. As he could not bring himself SILKS IN BLACK, COLORED, SURAH, & to expose the Bishop, he must see whether he could not reach the man by means of his own power of words;-so he wrote as follows:-

"My dear Lord, -- I have to own that this letter is written with feelings which have been very much lacerated by what your lordship has done I must tell you, in the first place, that I have abandoned my intention of bringing an action against the proprietors of the scurrilous newspaper which your lordship sent me, because I am anwilling to bring to public notice the fact of a quarrel between a clergyman of the Church of England and his bishop. I think that, whatever may be the difficulty between us it should be arranged without bringing down upon either of us adverse oritieism from the public press. I trust your lordship will appreciate my feeling in this matter. Nothing less strong could have induced me to abandon what seems to b, the most certain means by which I could obtain redress. "I had seen the paper which your lord-

ship sent to me before it came to me from the sourrilous, unsavory, and vulgar words which it contained did not matter to me much. I have lived long enough to know that, let a man's own garments be as clean as they may be he cannot hope to walk through the world without rubbing against those who are dirty. It was only when those words came to me from your lordship, -when I found that the expressions which I had read in that paper were those to which your lordship had before alluded, as being criticisms on my conduct in the metropolitan press-criticisms so grave as to make your lordship think it necessary to admonish me respecting them,-it was only then I say, that I considered them to be worthy of my notice. When your lordship, in admonishing me, found it necessary to refer me to the metropolitan press. and to caution me to look to my conduct because the metropolitan press had ex-pressed its dissatisfaction, it was, I submit it you, natural for me to ask you where I should find that criticism which had so strongly affected your lordship's judg-ment. There are perhaps half a score of newspapers published in London whose animadversions I, as a clergyman, might have reason to respect-even if I did not fear them. Was I not justified in thinkhad dealt with my conduct, when your lordship held the metropolitan press in terrorem over my head? I applied to your lordship for the name of these newspapers, and your lordship, when pressed for a reply sent to me-that copy of 'Everybody's

Business.' "I ask your lordship to ask yourself whether, so far, I have overstated anything. Did not that paper come to me as the only sample you were able to send me PROPRIETOR of criticism made on my conduct in the metropolitan press? No doubt my conduct was handled there in very severe terms No doubt the insinuations, if true.-or if of such kind as to be worthy of credit with your lordship, whether true or false,-

that given as an expression of opinion from the metropolitan press in general! He had spared the Bishop as far as that board. action was concerned, but he would not spare him should he be driven to further measures by further injustice. In this way he lashed himself again into a rage. Whenever those odious words occurred to

him, he was almost mad with anger against the Bishop. When the letter had been two days sent, so that he might have had a reply had a reply come to him by return of post, he put a copy of it into his pocket and rode off to call on Mr. Puddicombe. He had thought of showing it to Mr. Puddicombe before he sent it, but his mind had revolted from such submission to the judgment of another. Mr Puddcombe would no doubt have advised him not to send it, and then he would have been almost compelled to submit to such advice. But the letter was gone now. The Bishop had read it, and no doubt re-read it two or three times. But he was anxious that some other clergy-

man should see it,-that some other clergyman should tell him that, even i inexpedient, it had still been justified Mr. Puddicombe had been made acquainted with the former circumstances of the affair; and now, with his mind full of his own injuries, he went again to Mr. Puddicombe. "It is just the sort of letter that you

would write as a matter of course," said Mr. Puddicomba. "Then I hope that you think it is good letter?" "Good as being expressive, and good also as being true, I do think it."

"But not good as being wise?" "Had I been in your case I should have thought it unnecessary. But you are selfdemonstrative, and cannot control your feelings." "I do not quite understand you."

"What did it all matter? The Bishop did a foolish thing in talkng of the metropolitan press. But he had only meant to put you on your guard." "I do not choose to be put on my guard

in that way," said the Doctor. "No; exactly. And he should have known you better than to suppose you would bear it. Then you pressed him, and he found himself compelled to send you that stupid newspaper. Of course he had made a mistake. But don't you think ing that at least some two or three of these | that the world goes easier when mistakes are forgiven?"

"I did forgive it, as far as foregoing the action "That, I think, was a matter of course. If you had succeeded in putitng the poor Bishop into a witness-box you would have

hal every sensible clergyman in England against you. You felt that yourself." "Not quite that," said the Doctor. "Something very near it; and therefore you withdrew. But you cannot get the sense of the injury out of your mind, and therefore you have persecuted the Bishop with that letter." "Persecuted?"

"He will think so. And so should I, had it been addressed to me. As I said be-

started he made a revelation. "This is all gammon, Peacocke," he said, when on "What is all gammon?" "My taking you across to the States. "Why is it gammon?"

had the Bishop written in that severely

affectionate and episcopal style? He had

intended it an as an admonition, and the

excuse was false. So thought the Doctor,

and comprised all his criticism in the one

epithet given above. After that he put the letter away, and determined to think

"Will you come in and see Mrs Pea-

cocke after lunch?" the Doctor said to his wife the next morning. They paid their visit together; and after that, when the

Doctor called on the lady, he was generally accompanied by Mrs. Wortle. So much

had been effected by 'Everybody's Busi

ness,' and its abominations.

no more about it.

heme

affairs.

"Because Ferdinand died more than a year since;-almost immediately after you took her off." "Why did you not tell me that at

Bowick? "Because you were so uncommon uncivil. Was it likely I should have told you that when you cut up so uncommon rough?"

"An honest man would have told me the very moment that he saw me " "When one's poor brother has died, one does not blurt it like that all at once." "Your poor brother!"

> "Why not my poor brother as well as anybody else's? And her husband too! How was I to let it out in that sort of way? At any rate, he is dead as Julius Caesar. I saw him buried, right away at Frisco." "Did he go to San Francisco?"

"Yes, -we both went there right away from St. Louis. When we got up to St. Louis we were on our way with them other fellows. Nobody meant to disturb you, but Ferdy got drunk, and would go and have a spree, as he called it."

"A spree, indeed !" "But we were off by train to Kansas at five o'clock the next morning. The devil wouldn't keep him sober, and he died of D.T. the day after we got him to 'Frisco. So there's the truth of it, and you needn't go to New York at all. Hand me the dollars. I'll be off to the States; and you can go back and marry the widow .- or leave her alone, just as you please." They were down below when this story was told, sitting on their portmanteaus in the little cabin in which they were to sleep. The prospect of the journey certainly had no attraction for Mr. Peacocke. His companion was most distasteful to him; the ship was abominable; the expense was most severe. How gladly would he avoid

it all if it were possible! "You know it all as well as if you were there," said Robert, "and were standing on his grave." He did believe it. The man in all probability had at the last moment told the true story. Why not go back and be married again? The Doctor could be got to believe it. But then if it were not true? It was only for a moment that he doubted. "I

must go to 'Frisco all the same," he said. "Why so?" "Because I must in truth standupon his

grave. I must have proof that he has been buried there." "Then you may go by yourself," said Robert Lefroy. He had said this more than once or twice already, and had been

made to change his tone. He could go or stay as he pleased, but no money would be paid to him until Peacocke had in his possession positive proof of Ferdinand Le-froy's death. So the two made their unpleasant journey to New York together. There was complaining on the way, even

Water Street, -

