Dr. Jack's Wife.

(Continued from 1st page.)

He rushes out with the whirling boomerang, to the utter astonishment of Lord Rackett, who fully believes the dude to be drowned ere now, or at least fighting for his life out on the ocean.

"You!" he gasps.

"Yes, me. Who else would you have? I've come to haunt you, miserable wretch. Do you hear, you're doomed—doomed!"

With each repetition of that last word Larry aims a vicious blow at the head of the big Briton. The whirling boomerang, looking for all the world like a writhing snake, passes so close to his head that he can hear the whistling sound it makes, which increases his alarm.

Nor does Larry stop with threats. He means to test his novel weapon upon the aristocratic skull of the Briton, and pursues his tactics with this end in view.

After a couple more ineffectual blows he finally succeeds in bringing the boomerang with a resounding whack against milord's head. The Englishman at once drops like a bullock in the shambles, but immediately scrambles to his feet and dashes out of the cabin.

Larry does not follow; Larry has his hands full as it is, without rushing on deck to assail the whole crew.

He is left master of the cabin, but this will not be for long. That boomerang cannot keep the sailors who man the yacht at bay, wicked though it looked in the eyes of the English nobleman.

Larry realizes this, and is quick to make up his mind how he should act. What he wants, most of all, is a weapon, but his first act before he does anything else is to slam the cabin door shut, and shoot a bolt he finds into its socket.

This will give him a breathing spell and a chance to look around. The walls are hung with some strange weapons the owner of the yacht has picked up in his wanderings, but none of them strike Larry as being adapted to his purpose. He wants something with which he is more familiar than the yataghan of an Arab, or the war-club of a South Sea Islander, though it must be confessed he did a remarkably clever job with the boomerang.

He darts to the door of the second state-room, and flings it open. As he suspected, this is the apartment belonging to milord himself, and here he is apt to find what he seeks.

One of the first things he discovers is a revolver and a box of cartridges lying on a shelf, and the eagerness with which he seizes upon them is proof of his earnestness. Then he again seeks the cabin. It is time, too, for already loud blows can be heard upon the door, telling that the men have obeyed milord's call for help, and are eager to burst the door open in order to accomplish their end.

Larry deliberately fires several bullets through the panels of the door. It is not apparent what damage his lead does, but the pounding stops.

This allows another breathing spell, which will not be for long. The British sailors are not to be put off, and they will soon return to the attack, breaking the door in. Perhaps some may enter by means of the window at the stern, which can be reached from without.

Larry has a chance to leap into the water through this opening, but does not care to avail himself of it.

Having come hither and endured these hardships with a purpose in view, he does not mean to seek his own safety in flight—at least, not yet.

Again he turns to the state-room door and knocks. It is once more opened by Avis, who greets him with a smile.

Perhaps she has been a witness of the encounter in the cabin, and her reception is that accorded a victor. At any rate, Larry feels six inches taller than before.

"What can we do?" she asks, hastily.

Larry has set to work examining the thickness of the state-room door.

"Quite a sturdy affair. We might hold out behind that until Jack comes."

His idea is, of course, for defense. If they can keep the enemy at bay for a certain length of time, Doctor Jack may arrive on the scene; and once he shows up the chances for winning must be increased a dozen fold.

"Look here, what's this?" he cries, bending over a small yacht cannon of brass, with wheels under the blocks, and some shells in a cup attached.

At sight of this weapon Larry is seized with a stupendous idea. He drags it into the state-room, and then bars the door.

Although not a soldier or gunner by profession, Larry has some knack with various utensils of war, and readily comprehends how the yacht cannon should be loaded. He finds the shells blank cartridges for firing salutes, but it will be easy to slip some rusty nails or other missiles into the grim throat of the little brass monster, and thus make it a terrible weapon.

By this time the assault on the door of the cabin was begun again, and it speedily gives way with a crash.

Men rush through, and in a short time a hand violently shakes the door of the state-room, behind which stands Larry, coolly arranging his yacht cannon for business, while at his side is Doctor Jack's wife, her flashing blue eyes speaking defiance to the mob that hammers madly for admittance.

CHATPER XVII.

"Silence!" roars the lion-like voice of the big Englishman, and his men cease their chattering, for his word is law.

Then comes a single kick at the door.

"Within there, Yankee."

"Well, what d'ye want?" demands Larry, not forgetting his usual aggravating drawl.

"Come out and surrender, Mr. Kennedy."

"Thanks, awfully."

"We'll send you safely to the shore. I give you my word for it."

"Alone!"

"Of course."

"I have a lady in my charge."

"She remains on the Bull-Dog."

"So do I," laconically adds Larry.

He can imagine the look of disgust upon the face of the Briton, when he finds his demands thus met by a flat refusal.

"You understand that we can break this door in as we did the other, and I have six men back of me to enforce my orders."

"Six—is that all your crew—only six?"

Larry seeks information, and this is the way he expects to get it. The plan succeeds, for milord imagines he is giving in.

"The rest are away on shore. It would be folly to think of resisting us. Open, then, and cause no delay."

"Couldn't think of it, weally now."

"Then the door shall be broken in, and you need expect no mercy."

"The first man who strikes that door may sink the yacht. Listen, Lord Rackett, I'm a desperate man. I have the means to carry out my threats."

"Humbug! you Yankees can boast," sneers the man on the other side.

"Look around. Do you miss anything in the cabin, my dear fellow?"

"Great Scott! the brass gun!"

"Exactly. I have it in here trained on the door, and loaded to the muzzle with nails, revolver cartridges, and trash. When I fire it will tear the whole side of your boat out. Now, order your men to break in the door."

There is a tone of triumph visible in the dude's address. Though still in a bad position, he at least holds the power in his hand, and is far from whipped.

His information causes some consternation among the sailors, and no doubt there is a scattering on their part to get out of range. Perhaps they know the qualities that distinguish this gun. At any rate, the threatened attack falls to materialize.

Some other means will be adopted to bring the mutineer to terms; but Larry does not sleep, and he is accomplishing at last one good thing in the passage of time.

Every minute counts, since it gives Doctor Jack a better chance to reach the scene, and that is the event Larry depends upon. He goes to the little bull's-eye window at the side of the state-room a number of times and looks out. Blackness meets his gaze, though he can see the lights of Valparaiso over the watery space that separates them.

Is Jack Evans coming?

Perhaps this man Juan, who offered to serve him in such a strange way, is really deep in the service of the Briton. He may even have assumed a mask in order to insnare Doctor Jack.

As time passes, Larry becomes more and more uneasy. He wonders what the enemy is at. They have certainly not given up the game, for as yet it lies pretty much in their hands. All they have to do is to find a way of grasping the case.

Their very silence convinces him that something is on the tapis. There has been a light in the state-room, but he extinguishes it, for fear lest some one may fire a shot through the bull's-eye window, that may be fatal.

In the darkness they wait. Larry has explained all he knows to Avis, and she is as much in hope of seeing Jack arrive on the scene as the dude can be, for her confidence in him is amazing.

"When Jack comes it will be all right," she says more than once, and such sublime faith in a man is little short of wonderful.

Larry keeps himself prepared, and should an attack be made upon the door, he will give the aggressors much more than they bargain for. Nor does he neglect the opening through which gleam Valparaiso lights, dancing along the waves between.

When he looks out for, perhaps, the tenth time, eagerly listening for some sound that would indicate the coming of Jack, he receives a thrill. Surely a moving object obscured the light just on the shore for a moment, and this could only be a boat.

His pulses quicken and hope is revived. Straining his eyes, he awaits the development of events. While thus glancing over the dark water, he becomes conscious of a movement near by. It is not Avis, though she stands at his side watching for the coming of the man she loves. Larry is quick to comprehend the significance of the sound, and realizes that it means new danger to himself and Avis.

His enemies have been secretly at work and mean mischief. First he sees a pair of legs dangling between the sky and himself, and evidently feeling for the support of the bull's-eye.

Larry takes this as an insult, an infringement on his rights, and accordingly he resents it.

In some way or other he has become possessed of a knife. It has been used as a carver at the Englishman's table, and has a buck-horn handle with a silver butt, the blade being a foot long and coming to a cimeter point—quite a formidable weapon in the hands of a desperate and determined man.

Reaching this out when the dangling limbs come within easy reach, Larry begins to prod them with the point of the knife. It is sharp enough to pierce through the garments of the dangling adventurer and produce a painful stab.

Each movement on the part of the dude is accompanied by a yell from the object of his tender solicitude, and the gyrations executed by the pair of legs were certainly never equaled on any dancing floor.

Finally, when the fellow is about to drop into the water of the harbor to save his life, his comrades above comprehend the situation and draw him up sadly demoralised.

That game has proved a bad failure, and something else must be devised, if they hope to accomplish their end.

Having disposed of this matter, Larry can now pay attention to other things, and he uses both eyes and ears in the endeavor to see what may be going on over the water. Was it a boat he had a glimpse of, or did his eyes deceive him? Even if a boat, could the occupants be Kirke Smith and Doctor Jack.

So he waits, eagerly, anxiously.

Avis, to whom he has communicated his hopes, makes a suggestion that seems wise, and Larry thereupon lights the lamp in the bracket on the wall. Its rays, shining through the bull's-eye window, will attract the eye of the man whose coming they so anxiously await; the man who seeks his own, and whose coming will cause consternation on board the tight little British yacht when he boards her.

Those above are not yet done. They cudgel their brains to devise means whereby the determined occupants of the state-room shall be forced to surrender.

Suddenly an object swings in through the small open window and drops on the floor.

Immediately they perceive a horrible odor, which arises from a smouldering bundle of rags. It is something intensely disagreeable and calculated to make one's head swim inside of sixty seconds or less.

Of course, the idea of those who have conceived this brilliant scheme is that, driven by the gas and odor to seek fresh air, the occupants of the stateroom will immediately unfasten the door and stagger into the cabin.

Larry somehow is overcome at once. He gives a positive howl of anguish as the fearful odor strikes him, and curls up on the floor like a wounded bear.

Only for the bravery of Doctor Jack's wife they might be smothered then and there. Her quick woman's conception realizes what is to be done. Without wasting a second, she snatches a towel, holds her breath, throws the cloth over the smoking bundle of rags, snatches the whole thing off the floor, and tosses it through the bull's-eye window.

"Saved!" gasps Larry, rising to a sitting position, for he has witnessed the whole performance, though too weak to take part in it.

Still gasping he reaches the opening, and sucks in some fresh air. It is hard to tell what manner of scheme their enemies will next concoct. Larry is beginning to realize that he is fighting men who do not give up in a hurry.

"We can prevent that sort of business easily," he says, closing the bull's-eye, but the air is so full of gas that he is compelled to partially open it again or suffocate.

"Never could stand the least gas, Cousin Avis. Makes my head spin like a top," he says, as if endeavoring to apologize for the undignified and sudden manner in which he went to the floor when the terrible odor came in at the window; but Avis, brave Avis, who possesses much of the spirit that animates her husband, and never despairs, flashes a bright smile toward her cousin and answers cheerily,

Then they fall to watching again. It is not long before Larry's attitude gives rise to the idea that he has heard some thing besides the lapping of the waves against the side of the little yacht.

"Is that a mouse, Avis?" he demands.

Listening, she hears nothing.

"Jove! it must have heard me and stopped. Wonderful cweatures these rats on shipboard."

"Rats. Do you think it can be that?" and the woman who can face the gravest danger in the world without flinching shudders and turns pale as the sounds Larry heard come distinctly to her ears.

Then she suddenly smiles.

"Cousin Larry, rats do not work so methodically. Listen, and you can count the number of taps. It is as if some one hammered gently on the partitions. Perhaps our friends, the enemy, have another plan on the tapis."

"Jove! d'ye know what it makes me think of?" bursts out Larry—"a telegraph sounder at—"

He says no more, for Avis has given a sudden startled cry—a new expression flashes over her face—she bends her head to listen. Now the gentle taps, short and long, come from a point close to her ear, as though they are being delicately hammered on the vessel's side. Suddenly Doctor Jack's wife looks up, smiling:—

"This is what it says, Cousin Larry: 'Avis, I am here. Jack.'"

CHAPTER XVIII.

At receiving this information, Larry is quite delighted. He suddenly remembers that Doctor Jack chanced to be an operator in his youthful days, and that having taught Avis how to send and receive fairly well when they were first married, they used to have considerable fun out of the affair.

Now this knowledge gives promise of bearing practical fruits.

Avis is all excitement. The fact that this series of gentle tapings, not unlike the wash of the waves against the side of the vessel, constitute a message from her husband—that Jack is really within a yard of where she stands—causes her untold satisfaction.

Looking around she sees the carver just where Larry dropped it when the gas overpowered him. She seizes hold of it, and upon the side of the state-room beats an swering signals. The wind has arisen and whistles through the cordage of the rigging, so that one on deck would no be apt to notice these sounds unless his ear chanced to be educated to the Morse alphabet.

Larry listens with a positive grin upon his face. It is all Greek or Choctaw to him, but he knows Avis is talking with her husband, and the fact of Doctor Jack's presence inspires the little man with lively emotions.

So he waits with patience the termination of this strange conversation, wait until Avis turns upon him eagerly, t say:—

"They are here in a boat, their presence unsuspected. If we could only pas through the opening in safety we might elude the vigilance of our foes, but"—with a shudder—"that is simply impossible—you might succeed, but I should die in the attempt. The question is, what shall be done?"

Larry smites his head with his fingers, as though he would thus arouse his thoughts. The endeavor seems successful, too.

"Jove! I've an idea, Cousin Avis," he exclaims.

"Let us have it quickly, then," she says, for Larry is just as apt to lose it gain before it can be communicated.

The little man shoots her a reproachful glance, as though he hardly thinks she treats him fairly.

"It's evident that we can't leave this yacht until we've conquered those on board, and I purpose doing that same thing," he says, soberly.

She looks at him, amazed.

"Alone, Larry?"

There are six or seven men opposed to them, perhaps even more. The fellow whose legs Larry so neatly punctured would surely count for two in an engagement, his rage being at white heat. Larry, opposed to such a force, must go down like a tree before the gale.

The dude, however, has looked farther ahead.

"You can communicate with Jack. Tell him to be ready to board the yacht at the first shot. By Jove! he'll know what to do after that."

"You mean to go on deck?" she asks, uneasily.

"If I can get there."

"And leave me alone? What shall I do if they try to break in the door?"

"Pull the string. The cannon will do the rest, my dear Avis," grins Larry.

"Then go, in heaven's name."

She is uneasy. It is not of herself Avis thinks, but of her husband. Jack will soon be engaged in a desperate struggle with men who seek his life, and deep down in her heart she prays that he may be preserved to her—that no wretched bullet will seek him out for a victim.

"You will fasten the door after me, Avis?"

"Yes—yes."

"And remember, if they try to break in—"

"They will regret it," and the determination in her voice speaks louder than words.

Larry gives her a look calculated to express his admiration, and then flits over to the door, casting a grim glance at the brass cannon that bears upon him, for no one knows better than Larry what its gaping mouth contains, and the terrible execution it will do when discharged.

He listens first of all, but can hear no sound from the cabin that would indicate the presence of foes. Avis is tapping gently once more on the wall, sending a message to the one whose ear is pressed against the side of the yacht, drinking it in, while his companion, no doubt, holds the boat to her place.

The darkness which Larry more than once has growled against now proves their best friend in time of need.

Avis turns around and nods.

"It is all arranged!" he whispers, eagerly.

"Yes—he will be there—don't fear."

Larry kisses his hand to her gallantly, and then cautiously unfastens the door, holding his revolver, fully charged and ready for business.

As the opening increases in size he can see into the cabin, and notes the fact that it appears to be deserted. Now he pokes his head out to make a more extended survey before venturing wholly beyond the threshold.

At the same moment a head is thrust out from the door on the opposite side, belonging to the second stateroom. A head doubtless connected with the body of a British seaman placed on duty here to guard the bold Yankee.

They glare at each other for a moment, but Larry is not to be so easily balked in his plans, so he slowly raises his hand until it is on a line with the fellow's head.

What it contains seems to give new life to the apparently paralyzed man opposite, for he suddenly utters a gurgling cry of alarm, draws his head in as might a mud-turtle, and slams the door. No doubt behind it he at once prepares to resist boarders, determined to do or die on the spot if the terrible little Yankee endeavors to follow him.

Larry smiles serenely, steps over, locks the door, and puts the key in his pocket. By this brilliant fleet movement he has reduced the number of the enemy from six to five. Fortune favors the brave, and Larry is happy.

(To be continued.)

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	Barley, ...	....	10 "
	Peas, ...	....	10 "
	Rice, ...	....	7 "
	Pearl Tapioca, ...	....	4 "
	White and Blue Starch, ...	....	4 "
	Canned Mackerel, ...	....	10c can, 3 for 25c
	" Salmon, ...	....	15c " 2 "
	Surprise Soap, ...	....	5 for 25c
	Ex. P. Y. "	....	5 "
	Century "	....	5 "

McDonald's Tobaccos, Raisins, Currants, Biscuits, Spices, Baking Powders, and a full line of Groceries, also Flour, Corn-Meal, Oatmeal, Hay, Oats, Bran, Shorts, Codfish, Pork, Beef Etc., at prices to meet competition We are also selling off our Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Clothiug Gents' Furnishings Etc. at Cost to make room for our Spring Stock.

GIVE US A CALL.

J. B. SNOWBALL.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at the next session by the Tenis coata Railway Company for the passing of an Act to amend the Act 58 59 Victoria, Chapter 65, so as to enlarge the time for commencing the work of extending the line of the said Company from Edmundston to a point on the Intercolonial Railway, as provided by said Act, and also for the purpose of authorizing the said Company to build a Railway connecting such proposed extension with the Central Railway at Chipman in Queens County, or any extension thereof, and also with power to the said Company to acquire by lease or otherwise other lines of Railway.

Dated the Twentieth day of January, A. D. 1897.

WILLIAM P. STREET,
Solicitor for Applicants

Executors' Notice.

All persons having just claims against the Estate of the late John Shirreff, High Sheriff of Gloucester, are hereby requested to file the same duly attested with M. S. Benson, Attorney at-Law, within three months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said Estate are required to make immediate payment to Mary Henrie ta Shirreff.

Dated at Chatham 15th day of March, 1897.

MARY HENRIETTA SHIRREFF, Executrix.
HARRY SHIRREFF, Executor.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Monday the 7th September, 1896, the trains of this railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE CHATHAM JUNCTION.

Through express for St. John, Halifax and Pictou, (Monday excepted)	4,16
Through express for Quebec and Montreal,	22 29
Accommodation for Moncton	11,08
Accommodation for Campbellton,	14,35

ALL TRAINS ARE RUN BY EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager

Railway Office, Moncton N. B 3rd September, 1896

NOTICE.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between William Wilson of Chatham N. B. and W. A. Hickson of Newcastle, under the style of W Wilson & Co., Groceries, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Wm. Wilson will, in future, continue the business in his own name and will pay all the debts of the late firm and collect all accounts due to the said firm.

WM. WILSON
W. A. HICKSON.

Chatham N. B, 31st March 1897.

CARD.

In retiring from business we earnestly thank our many customers and friends for their generous patronage during the many years that we have had their confidence, and bespeak for our successor, Mr W. H. McLachlan a continuance of the same.

WM. WILSON & CO.

Chatham 6th April 1897,

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.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the Estate of John Hayland late of Chatham, N B., deceased, are required to file the same duly attested with the undersigned, and all persons indebted to the said Estate are required to make immediate payment to

P. H. C. BENSON,
Administrator

Chatham, N. B., May 11th, 1897.

MILLERS' FOUNDRY AND MACHINE WORKS,

RITCHIE WHARF, CHATHAM. N. B.

Successors to Gillespie Foundry.

Established 1852

Mill, Railway, and Machine Work, Marine Engines, Boiler repairing of all kinds and Compound Engines a specialty. Work worthy a trial, being noted through out the country.

All work personally supervised. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Send for estimates before ordering elsewhere.
Mill Supplies Fittings, Pipe, etc in stock and to order.

JAS. G. MILLER.

Miramichi Advance,

CHATHAM. N. B.

THE LEADING NORTH SHORE NEWSPAPER.

PRINTED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING.

TERMS ONE DOLLAR A YEAR PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

JOB PRINTING

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ALWAYS ON HAND:—

RAILWAY BILLS, CUSTOM HOUSE FORMS,
FISH INVOICES, BILLS OF EXCHANGE,
MAGISTRATES' BLANKS, NOTES OF HAND,
MORTGAGES & DEEDS, JOINT NOTES,
BILLS OF SALE DRAFTS,
SCHOOL DISTRICT SECRETBRYS BILLS FOR RATEPAYERS,
TEACHERS' AGREEMENTS WITH TRUSTEES,—
DISTRICT ASSESSMENT LISTS.

THREE MACHINE PRESSES

and other requisite plant constantly running Equipment equal to that of any Job-Printing office in the Province.

The only Job-Printing office outside of St. John that was awarded both

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—AT THE—
DOMINION AND CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION
AT ST JOHN IN 1883

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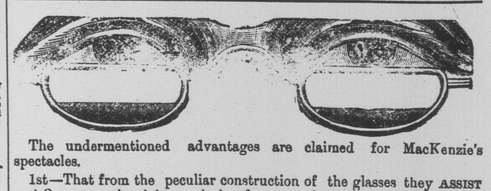

The undermentioned advantages are claimed for MacKenzie's spectacles.

1st—That from the peculiar construction of the glasses they ASSIST and PRESERVE the sight, rendering frequent changes unnecessary.

2nd—That they confer a brilliancy and distinctness of vision, with an amount of EASE and COMFORT not hitherto enjoyed by spectacle wearers.

3rd—That the material from which the Lenses are ground is manufactured especially for optic purposes, by DR. CHARLES BARDOU'S improved patent method, and is PURE, HARD AND BRILLIANT and not liable to become scratched.

4th—That the frames in which they are set, whether in Gold, Silver or Steel, are of the finest quality and finish, and guaranteed perfect in every respect.

The long evenings are here and you will want a pair of good glassi so come to the Medical Hall and be properly fitted or no charge.

J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE.

Chatham N. B., Sept. 24, 1895.

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MONARCH Steel Wire Nails,

THEY NEVER LET GO,
AND TAKE NO OTHERS.

Orders filled at Factory Price, and a Freight Allowance made on lots of 10 kegs and upwards at one shipment.

KERR & ROBERTSON,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

N. B.—IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE 100 DOZEN K. & R. AXES.

Established 1866.

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MERCHANT TAILORS,
—AND—
GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS
AMHERST.
N. S.

This firm carries one of the finest selections of Cloths including all the different makes suitable for fine trade. Their cutters and staff of workmen employed are the best obtainable, and the clothing from his establishment has a superior tone and finish All inspection of the samples will convince you that he prices are right.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of William Copping late of Chatham, deceased, are required to file the same duly attested with the undersigned, and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make immediate payment to

MRS. WM. COPPING.

Chatham Sept. 1 1896.

FOR SALE.

Good Seed Potatoes

50 Barrels Goodridges Seed Potatoes from one of best farmers in the place apply at

W. S. LOGGIE Co. Ltd.