HE FELL AMONG THIEVES

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

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The Five-Year-Old-Club, in Albemarle Street, was originally started for a purpose which, in the eyes of its founder at least, was one of the most laudable in the world. The venerable Earl of Bridgebourne and his equally venerable crony General Ingoldsbey were lamenting, as elderly gentlemen will do upon occasion, the decadence of the times. They agreed with conviction that nothing was as good as it used to be. The weather was not as warm, the port was not so well flavored or so wholesome, the young women were not as pretty as they used to be. The Most Noble the Marquis of Becksworth sat by and listened to the diatribes of his friends, and by and by offered them a new theme for sorrow in respect to which all three grew eloquent. The women, the wine, and the weather were past mending, but in the matter suggested by the marquis there was something to be done. He spoke of the rarity of mutton killed for the table at a proper age, and the venerable earl, in a flush of inspiration, created by the mere utterance of a phrase the Five-Year-Old Club. The association had no other purpose than the rearing of five-year-old mutton for its members' eating, but before a month was over, president, vice-president, committee, treasurer and secretary were all elected, a goodly list of members had enrolled themselves, a breed of sheep had been selected to experiment upon, and a fair-sized scrap of land on Dartmoor had been rented by the club. Then for a month or two the reports of the head grazier were read with an appetizing interest, and the attendance of members fell off rapidly as it became clear to the least observant that a five-year-old sheep took at least five years to grow up in. Before six months had gone by since the date of its foundation the club had grown to be one of the dullest and most neglected of resorts. Nobody could talk even of five-year-old mutton forever; the association possessed no other interest, and a very few of its members had any other theme in common. The call for the second annual subscription met with a languid response. Youth is popularly supposed to be the season of impatience, but youth at least has time for waiting. Some of the elderly contingent dropped away by the act of nature, and a good many others were doubtful of their own lives being long enough to bring them to the promised land of gourmandise. Some of the veterans were put upon water-gruel and the like poor diet by relentless medical advisers, and under these conditions found their interest in haunch and saddle fade rapidly away. In short, before a single joint of the club mutton had ever decorated the club-table the association itself had practically gone out of existence.

There was the flock on Dartmoor, its venerable elders ripe within a month or two for the sacrificial knife—there was the head grazier sending up a quarterly report to be read by nobody, there was the scrap of moorland experimentally leased for one and twenty years, and there were the club premises rented for the same period. But there was practically no club.

In these circumstances Captain Peter Heaton appeared upon the scene. He was a man of perspicacity and energy, and he had in one way or another a certain little capital at his command. He saw the potentialities of the club as a proprietary concern, and after due negotiation purchased its belongings and was free to use its name. His chief initial difficulty lay in finding somebody to deal with, but that being surmounted the way lay plain and easy before him.

The taste for good mutton not being exclusively confined to the elderly members of the aristocracy, the worthy captain, with his stock-in-trade in hand, found no difficulty in getting about him a company of the younger sort. Excellent names, not quite so well known, so solid or respectable as the earlier, but excellent still, were found for the committee. But whether the new members were drawn towards Captain Peter Heaton by the process of natural selection or not it is certain that they were a curiously raffish and disorderly set of people. They kept abnormal hours and drank fancifully named drinks from the afternoon beginning of their day until the morning close of it. They gambled heavily, and willingly paid to the club proprietor absurd sums for gambling tools and gambling time. There were plenty of young men of title among them, and here and there in their ranks an elderly peer who might have been supposed to know better than to waste his time in the pursuits and society of the Five-Year-Old Club. There were mashers from the Guards, the genuine, undoubted and undoubtable thing, and imitation mashers from outside, whose social coin rang false to discerning ears. There were florid, vulgar turfites and sporting journalists, permanently stale with eleemosynary champagne. There were actors there who had walked from the drawing-room to the stage leaving their breeding midway. There were fledgling youths, innocently knowing in respect to wines, cigars and horses, and more easily to be made a prey by flattered vanity than any village greenhorn in his ignorance.

It would be a libel to say that there were not good fellows in this curious crowd. There were certain sturdy men of the world who dreamt of robbing nobody, and who would certainly have puzzled the astutest member of the gang to rob them. There were honest harumscarum good-hearted lads, who were learning the A B C of the world in that singular seminary, and paying more than they thought of for the tuition they received.

Amongst those was one Harry Wynne, who was great-grandson to no less a person than the noble founder of the club. The Earl of Bridgebourne had got into the nineties by this time, and the Five-Year-Old Club was about a dozen years of age. The earl had completely withdrawn himself from it years ago, and to his uninstructed fancy it was as respectable, as stately, and as dull as it had been in his own day. The old nobleman naturally went but little into the world, but he kept all his faculties sharp and clear, was extremely proud of the youthfulness of his aspect—he looked not a day over five hundred—and the uncertain activity of his venerable legs. He was a very stately old gentleman indeed, but the pride of youth carried him so far that on coming down to breakfast of a morning he would not disdain to execute a little dancing step before his familiars, display his youthful vigor and agility with a mirth which grinned the saddest memento mori.

The earl was aware of his great-grandson's membership of the club, and at least on one occasion splendidly congratulated him on the precocious good sense which led him to choose the society of his elders and his betters. The young man perfectly understood the position of affairs, but for his own sake refrained from laughter until he was out of the magnificent old gentleman's presence.

Mr. Harry Wynne, whose fortunes this history proposes to follow, had barely achieved his majority. He stood six feet in his socks, and though at present a shade too thin for his height, gave promise of developing into a rather unusually handsome fellow. He wore his fair hair closely cropped, and had a little golden down upon his upper lip. He had a good, frank pair of grey eyes of his own, well set apart, was gifted by nature with high spirits, and a not inconsiderable share of mother wit, and was altogether a very favorable specimen of the British adolescent, so far as aspect and manners are concerned. He had no profession, and not a great deal of money, and he had been bred in a baddish school. Eton and Cambridge had between them succeeded in inoculating the boy with the notion that debt was the normal condition of a gentleman. Without being in the faintest degree intentionally dishonest, he had learned that so long as a man nursed the intent to pay mere tradespeople their debts, their time of payment stood next to nothing. Indeed, the villainous system of credit, as practised with young men of good families at our public schools and universities, had got into the lad's bones. He had been in debt when he was eight years of age, and had lived on credit ever since, paying away his hypothecated little income cheerfully enough when it came to him, and walking daily deeper and deeper into the mire, in the serene certainty that there was sound land ahead of him.

He got a thousand or two when he came of age, but it was mortgaged two years ago, and he saw next to nothing of it. If he had only known it he had come long since to the end of his tether, but happily or unhappily the tether of youth is elastic, and young Wynne was disposed to stretch his to the utmost. If he had been in a hurry to go to the Mischief he could hardly have chosen a better starting point than the Five-Year-Old Club. Play began there every night pretty soon after dinner, was in full swing at midnight, and went on until all hours in the morning. At two o'clock the club was poetically supposed to close, and from players who desired to continue their game the proprietor exacted a fine of five pounds for the first hour, ten for the second, fifteen for the third, and so on. Captain Peter Heaton found this system work admirably.

[illegible] nual income of some nine or ten thousand pounds.

Whenever young Wynne got money he played, and, as a pretty regular thing, he lost, as anybody might have expected and predicted. In spite of his long apprenticeship to debt and the gay carelessness natural to youth, he began to tremble a little at his own prospects. There was nothing for it but to play higher, and he played higher and plunged deeper accordingly, until one melancholy wet autumn morning he walked home to his lodging in Duke Street, St. James's, with an utterly bankrupt exchequer, and a gambling debt of three hundred and fifty pounds on his shoulders. He had to own to himself that things looked as bad as they well could look. His only hope of raising money was by play, and yet until he had paid play was forbidden. He got wretchedly to sleep and won vast sums which profited him nothing on awaking.

His great-uncle, Lord Hounes, the Earl of Bridgebourne's eldest son, was in town, and the boy made a despairing, useless call on him. Lord Hounes had borne his courtesy title for seven-and-sixty years, and had long since felt weary and ill-used under it. He had never entertained any great affection for the earl, and what little he had had been quenched this score of years by his father's unheard of and selfish persistence in living. For his station he had been hard up all his life, and the old earl had always steadfastly refused to help him. His lordship lived in Eccleston Square, and having reached his door and rung the bell, the boy stood staring at the iron pine-apple at the corner of the area railings knowing in his heart that he might as well present his petition to it as to his poor and parsimonious great-uncle.

Lord Hounes gave him a sour lecture and a heap of antiquated advice, but beyond these declined to give him anything. The young man went away sorrowful, and carried his hopeless petition to his uncle, Colonel Percy Seaforth.

Colonel Seaforth was a very different person from Lord Hounes, and the lad knew well enough that the one difficulty to be dreaded here was poverty rather than parsimony. Young Wynne was an orphan and, his own limited resources once exhausted, had no help to look for anywhere in the world but at Uncle Percy's hands. Uncle Percy had a younger brother's income and his pay, and if out of this he allowed his nephew three hundred and fifty a year, he certainly did a good deal more than his cold duty by him. The boy knew that well enough, and felt an added weight of shame as he thought of his uncle's unfailing generosity.

The colonel was at home, and heard his story through with a sorrowful patience, tugging at his grey moustache as he listened.

"Well, Harry, my lad," he said, by way of answer, "you seem to be in a very considerable scrape, and you have nobody but yourself to thank for it. You are my only sister's only son, and I have done what I could for you for your mother's sake. It does not become me to talk about it, but I have done a little more than my duty, and if I say that I can't do any more, it is simply because I can't, and not because I won't. The allowance will go on, but I can't give you that before quarter-day, because I sha'n't have it at the bank till then."

Colonel Seaforth was a bit of a Don Quixote to look at, a tired and melancholy gentleman who had been overlooked in his profession, and had been saddened, though not soured, by ill-fortune. He was a kindly heart, as he had constantly proved to his nephew, and if the young scapegrace had found courage to tell him everything, he would have made an effort to assist him. But the lad, as lads in trouble will, had disguised half his difficulties, and without meaning to be dishonest had put altogether too favorable a complexion on the general aspect of affairs.

He went away unhelped, and wandered home, and from here, after a wretched hour or two, wandered, out of sheer vacuity, to the club. The class of men who used the Five-Year-Old in the daytime and the class of men who made it their haunt by night had certain widely-marked differences between them. The daylight contingent was eminently respectable. Its talk was of horses to be sure, but they talked horse with as much seriousness as men of business talk of notes of exchange or politicians of the events of the session. They were racing gentlemen—owners of stables and the like, and followed the pleasure of their life with perfect sobriety and discretion. The names of many of them were known and respected on every racecourse in the kingdom, and they enjoyed a fame which within its limits was as complete as that of Prince Bismarck or Mr. Gladstone. Outside the strange world which lives by and for horses they might be unknown, but within it they were potentates and powers.

Captain Peter Heaton, the club proprietor, was as much at home with the one set as the other. An affable smiling man of a trifle over the middle height and a trifle over middle age, iron-gray about the whiskers, perfectly polished in manner, and in full command of face and temper. He was as keen as a razor and shaved as closely, as a score or two of people who had learned him well could tell you.

The gallant captain was seated in his customary armchair in the club smoking-room, reading the day's racing quotations, and solacing himself with an excellent cigar and a glass of fine old Bourbon judiciously tempered with appollinaris water. Young Wynne dropped into a seat beside him, and nodded rather gloomily in answer to the captain's cheerful and cordial salutation. Heaton, from behind his newspaper, cast a glance at the lad and diagnosed his symptoms instantly. There was a buzz of conversation going on in the room, and when the captain dropped his newspaper and edged with a friendly, confidential manner towards the broken young gentleman there was no danger of their speech being overheard.

"You were pretty hard hit last night, weren't you?" the captain asked. His manner was sympathetic, and the boy was ready to be sympathized with. Sympathy was likely to do him little good, and yet he felt he needed it.

"I was, by Jove," he answered. He did his courageous best to look as if it did not matter, but he knew the attempt was a failure.

"Well, you know," said Captain Heaton, with the air of a man of the world, "you really should not play. I don't say you are a bad hand at ecarte for your years, but it goes without saying that you are no match for a man like Hump or Lanky."

It was one of the delightful peculiarities of the Five-Year-Old that almost everybody in it was decorated with some absurd nickname or other. An ill-tempered critic might be disposed to say that no man who priced his self-respect very high would accept a ridiculous title for himself or assist in conferring it upon another. But perhaps self-respect was not the strong point of the members of the Five-Year-Old, and certainly they were no great sticklers for dignity. They were mostly jaded men, and had a certain palled sense of humour, and if they vented it in that way, they possibly amused themselves and each other, and outsiders got no harm by it.

The gentleman known as Hump was Mr. Herbert Whale, once a city "financier," and now a bookmaker. He was Captain Peter Heaton's jackal, and did his dirty work for him. He had the social polish of a pot-boy, played an excellent amateur game at billiards, a more than excellent amateur game at ecarte, was an average good pigeon shot, and a fair bruiser. He was generally regarded as a hard-fisted, honest fellow, and it was known that if he did a friendly service, he wanted a hundred per cent. for it. If the security were shaky he would go as far as two hundred per cent. to oblige you, and he had command of apparently unlimited sums for investment.

Lanky was Captain Charles Bolder, a person related to one of the noblest families in the kingdom, and a gentleman against whose character nothing had been established. He had held a commission in the Blues, and knew every fast man and fast woman in the town. He knew a prodigious number of people outside those dubious circles, and was as much at home in the monde as in the demi-monde. He was a very useful man in getting an aristocratic list of stewards for semi-theatrical balls, or for finding respectable names for the committees of sporting clubs. His luck at cards was known to be peculiar, and nobody turned up the king at ecarte or the nine at baccarat so often as he. If anybody else had imitated him in these achievements it would have been remarked upon.

"Why shouldn't I be a match for either of them?" asked the benighted youth, in answer to the captain's statement. "A man can't play against luck, but if I held such cards as Lanky had last night, don't you think I could have beaten him? Of course I could."

"My dear boy," said the captain, "luck levels itself, and everybody gets his slice of it if he can stay long enough. But it's knowing what to do with it when you've got it."

"Let me have a slice of it," said Mr. Wynne, not boastfully, but with a resigned despair, "and I'll show you what I'll do with it." He lowered his voice and leaned closer to the captain. "Upon my soul," he said, "I'm very horribly cornered, Heaton. I don't a bit know what to do."

"Don't talk about it here," the captain responded; "drop into my room and I'll join you there directly."

A gleam of hope shot into the lad's mind, and he looked at Heaton gratefully.

He rose from his place and lounged guardedly out of the room, and a moment later he and the captain were closeted together.

"How much is it, Wynne?"

"It's three hundred and fifty."

"Did you drop all that last night?"

"Yes, and a couple of ponies ready beside."

"Whom do you owe it to?" He knew all about it already.

"To tell you the truth," said young Wynne shamefacedly, "I borrowed the chips from the cashier. I gave him my word of honor that I would pay him tomorrow."

"Begad," said the captain, "that's worse than I thought. That's very rough indeed, Wynne. You've been to your own people?"

"I went to old Hounes this morning, but he's as stingy as he knows how to be. He won't part with a cent. I've just come away from Colonel Seaforth's. He's as good as the bank, poor old chap, if he'd got it, but I've had a lot from him already, and he told me plain and straight that he couldn't do it. It's no use going to Bridgebourne. I know I'm down for something there, but if I told him how I stood he wouldn't leave me a shilling."

In naming his relatives he was not altogether without a hope that they might have some little influence upon the captain's mind, but the captain only whistled dolefully at the conclusion of his recital, and lifted his eyebrows with an air which seemed to say that the thing was practically done with.

"Do you think you could help me, Heaton?" the lad asked desperately. "Do you? There's a good fellow!"

"My dear boy," said Heaton, "if I could I wouldn't. I'm a poor man, as you know"—the intending borrower knew nothing of the sort, and shrewdly suspected the contrary—"and besides that I've been compelled to make a vow never to lend money in the club. I lose my members and I lose my friends. You see I'm candid with you, but it makes no difference. If I wished ever so much I couldn't do it. But"—his countenance was as suddenly irradiated by this inspiration as if he had not led up to it from the beginning—"why don't you go to Hump? He does a little in that way, I know. He may make you pay for it, for he's a bit hard-fisted, but he's a good sort at bottom, and if you can show him any thing for it I have no doubt he'll do it."

Any port in a storm. The boy hailed in his heart this promise of deliverance and crowded on all sail to reach it. The friendly Hump was at that moment in the club, and being sent for appeared without delay. Captain Heaton left the pigeon and the room together, and in half an hour the business was arranged. At the end of the negotiations Mr. Herbert Whale had parted with his cheque for four hundred pounds, and had undertaken to send to the borrower's house fifty pounds worth of champagne of a brand as yet unknown, which was guaranteed to beat anything in the market when once it got there, and a half case of cigars, also priced at fifty pounds, and of a quality in both senses unheard of. In return for this young Wynne had accepted a bill at three months for eight hundred and fifty pounds. Hump had been merciful, and had charged him less than four hundred per cent per annum.

CHAPTER II.

When Master Harry found time to think about things he began to see that the helpful Hump had been less generous than he had at the first blush appeared. That the champagne turned out to be utterly abominable, and that the cigars were worth something like a quarter of their professed value, may have helped the process of enlightenment. Even without their aid he could see that to pay eight hundred and fifty pounds for a loan of five hundred for three months was to buy a temporary relief rather dearly. He found that to fill one hole he had dug a larger, and being in the main a reasonable young fellow, he took the matter seriously to heart and cast about in his own mind and in the world at large for means whereby he might amend at once his ways and his financial position.

He had a little surface classical learning and a pretty knack of turning verses. He had actually been already in print, and readers of one of the society journals knew to whom to attribute certain elegant lines addressed to Inthia, and signed H. W. He had a sort of vague notion that literature was one of the ways to wealth, an idea which says something for the sanguine turn of his mind and for his inexperience.

He was on fairly intimate terms with the editor of the journal in question, and before his financial arrangement with Mr. Whale was a week old he called at the editorial office with a little bundle of manuscript which he had selected from the trifles of the last half a dozen years. The editor glanced at them and tossed them lightly about with an apparent sense of their value which was strongly out of proportion with the author's. This one would do perhaps, and perhaps this other; as for the rest—well, he would look them over. He might find a corner for them. The budding litterateur suggested payment, said something in a vague and general way about the necessity of buckling to at one thing or another, and expressed his resolution to abide by the belles-lettres, for which he was modestly convinced that he had a native aptitude.

In effect he and the editor did come to actual terms, and the young gentleman found himself engaged on approbation to produce prose and verse on society topics, and to supply paragraphs from his own personal knowledge of society people at a rate of remuneration which might rise to five pounds per week or sink to three. Obviously there was no Eldorado here, but for all that it was better than nothing, and Harry felt a glow of conscious rectitude as he emerged upon the street.

He cut the club almost entirely, and he slaved away at his verses, his piquant little society paragraphs, and his occasional small type articles, under the natural and excusable impression that he was bringing about something like a new era in letters, and had at least set his foot on the first rung of the golden ladder.

When this had been going on for about a month he encountered Captain Peter Heaton, who hailed him cordially and dropped the friendliest possible little reminder about Hump's bill. Heaton was sorry to tell the young fellow that Hump had been very hard hit, and would be certain to want his money up to time. This was a new awakener, for Harry had allowed himself to hope almost with certainty that the bill could be renewed, and had indeed staved off in fancy its final payment to some indefinite distant period when money would be comparatively a matter of indifference to him.

Being thus enforced to look still more widely afield for ways and means, he called to mind a certain C. W. Fergusson, a contractor in a great way of business, and a member of Parliament whom he had met at the house of Lord Hounes. This Fergusson was a Scotchman—a man of energy and probity, who had one foible. He wanted to associate with people of fashion, and would have given anything for a baronetcy. Young Wynne mixed with the beat people in England, and when he came seeking employment in Fergusson's office he got it without demur, and with it a salary of two hundred pounds per year, which was at least a hundred more than he was worth to begin with. All the ways opened themselves to the young man, but none of them led to immediate fortune. He could command now an income of seven hundred pounds a year, and if he lived like an anchorite and worked like a nigger he could hope to pay off Hump's bill in about a year and a half. He went on trusting to the chapter of accidents, and was warmly applauded by elderly friends and relatives, who knew nothing of the motive which pushed him to such promising efforts.

Sometimes, when the weight of the Hump slipped for a moment from his shoulders, he felt wonderfully happy and virtuous. He had plenty of capacities, and had such stores of health and spirits that no amount of work seemed to overtire him. The more he did the better he grew to like it, and he quite wondered that he had ever thought himself at ease in the old, idle, vacuous days.

Whilst this new tide of energy and resolve was running he began to think with greater seriousness than ever about the virtues and personal perfections of Miss Inthia Grey. He had known Miss Grey from her childhood, and even in the days of the Eaton jacket and collar had regarded her with thoughts of worship. There had been of course an interregnum in his passion, but when the brutal period of adolescence, at which all girls are despicable in a boy's eyes, was over, he had come back to the original shrine and had performed secret rites of adoration there. It was she who had prompted his muse and had given life to the verses signed H. W. in the society journal to which he was now a recognized contributor. In the boyish effloresence of his heart he made a great matter of this and told himself that love had found the way to fame and fortune.

The harder he worked the more he thought of Inthia and the more he thought of Inthia the more he was inspired to labor.

Of course nobody is expected to share a lover's raptures about his mistress, but making all allowances for loverlike exaggeration, Inthia Grey remains a very charming and beautiful girl. She had at this period of her life a complexion of remarkable purity and brilliance, a color so fresh and fine that it would alone have made her noticeable amongst a crowd of young girls of her age. In this she had the softest, shyest, most speaking and amiable eyes, a figure full of delicate grace and vivacity, and a very jewel of a heart. She was not quite eighteen, but Lady McCorquodale, who was supposed to know her as well as anybody, was wont to say that she had under all her airs of quiet submission, a character of unusual firmness and tenacity.

Lady McCorquodale was the eldest and only surviving daughter of the Earl of Bridgebourne. Her ladyship had united herself early in life to a young Scottish clergyman whom the family influence had brought to the dignity of lawn-sleeves and a seat in the House of Peers. Miss Grey was a niece of the late bishop, and her ladyship, who had no children, had adopted the girl in her earliest childhood as her own.

The whole family had been aware of Master Harry's infatuation for Lady McCorquodale's beautiful little ward, and when they were no more than children together had thought his devotion and her acceptance of it a very pretty sight to witness, as no doubt it was. As the young people grew up towards manhood and womanhood the case had begun to assume a graver air. There had been one or two informal family councils, at which the position of affairs had been discussed. It was admitted that if anything should come of the evident preference the young people showed for each other, the advantages were all on Inthia's side. Lady McCorquodale made no secret of the fact that she meant to leave her money to the girl. The late bishop had been a saving man, and outside the publicly-announced benefactions enforced by his position had spent next to nothing of his income. Inthia would be well-to-do, and Harry, except for the limited fortune of his Uncle Percy would leave him, would have nothing. It would be a brilliant match for the boy therefore, and by no means a brilliant match for the girl. Still the whole thing was in the family, and there was no objection made by the responsible people on either side.

(To be Continued.)

Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with Wild Cherry and Hypophosphites cures all throat and lung troubles.

General News and Notes.

The bill to amalgamate the Moncton and Halifax Sugar Refinery Companies has passed the Nova Scotia Legislature.

A Washington despatch says the whole question of the transportation of goods in bond through Canada will be re-opened at the next Congress.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Warranted by J. Pallen & Son

The time for receiving exhibits at the World's Fair has been extended to April 30. Only about one-third of the exhibits are now on the grounds.

Highly spoken Of.

DEAR SIRS,—I have used your Hagyard's Yellow Oil for sprains, bruises, scalds, burns, rheumatism and croup, and find it an unequalled remedy. My neighbors speak highly of it.

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Statistics show that the foreign trade of China for 1892 amounted to $237,684,000, an increase over 1891 of $2,730,000.

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This is the title given to *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

Ypsilanti and other points in Michigan were devastated by a cyclone on Wednesday of last week. Many of the principal buildings were badly damaged. The loss of property is estimated at $200,000.

Relief and Cure.

SIRS,—I have used Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam for coughs and colds, and it gives relief in a few hours and always results in a cure. I would not be without it.

MRS. ALFRED VICE, Berlin Ont.

A bill was introduced into the Nova Scotia Legislature on Friday last to suppress guessing and missing word competitions. It came from the City Council and is likely to become law.

Have you Headache.

Headache, which is usually a symptom of stomach trouble, constipation or liver complaint can be entirely cured by B. B. B. (Burdock Blood Bitters) because this medicine acts upon and regulates the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

The German warships Kaiserine Agusta and Seeadler, from Kiel, bound for the naval review at New York, put into Halifax on Friday for coal. The former carries 400 and the latter 250 men. They have had hard weather. On Saturday they exchanged salutes with the citadel and on Sunday morning sailed for Hampton Roads.

High Healing Powers are possessed by Vicroria Carbolic Salve. The best remedy for cuts, Burns, Sores and Wounds.

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NERVE BEANS are a new discovery that cure the worst cases of Nervous Debility, Lost Vigor and Failing Manhood; restores the weakness of body or mind caused by over-work, or the errors or excesses of youth. This Remedy absolutely cures the most obstinate cases when all other TREATMENTS have failed even to relieve. Sold by druggists at $1 per package, or six for $5, or sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing THE JAMES MEDICINE CO., Toronto, Ont. Write for pamphlet. Sold in CHATHAM BY J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE.

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THE ART OF MUSIC

Mrs. Perkins (Scolarship Pupil of the late Madame Sainton Dolby, London, Eng.) will receive a limited number of pupils for instruction in the above. First term commences on 1st September 1892.

TERMS ON APPLICAOION

A singing class will be formed the particulars of which will be duly advertised.

Chatham, N. B. August 18th, 1892.

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"SEAL BRAND" COFFEE

At the World's Fair.

Chase & Sanborn have been awarded the mammoth contract for supplying all the Coffee served inside the World's Fair Grounds, against the competition of the largest importing houses in the country.

This tribute to the **Excellence** of the **"Seal Brand"** proves that it is the **best Coffee Grown.**

Miramichi Advance.

—o—

Beginning with the issue of November 6th, 1892, when the ADVANCE entered upon its

Nineteenth Year of Publication!

The publisher continued the 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 10th, 1892, are to be settled on the old terms, viz., $2 per year, the advertised credit rate.

—o—

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.

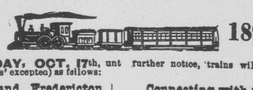
The second reason is that I wish to meet the competition of the city weeklies, which are made up from the type of the dailies and, therefore, cost little for production in comparison with a local paper like the ADVANCE, the type of which must be set up especially for it.

—o—

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.

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY

WINTER  **1892 & 93.**

ON and AFTER MONDAY, OCT. 17th, until further notice, trains will run on the above Railway, daily (Sundays' excepted) as follows:

Between Chatham and Fredericton.

For Fton. (read down) Accom'n.		For Chatham. (read up) Accom'n.
9 10 a. m.	Chatham	5 20
9 45	Chatham Jct	4 55
10 45	Blackville	3 40
12 25 p. m.	Doaktown	2 20
1 20	Boiestown	1 30 p. m.
2 40	Cross Creek	11 55
4 00	Maryaville	10 35
4 10	Gibson	10 25
4 15	Fredericton L'v	10 20 a. m.

Connecting with the I. C. R.

GOING NORTH.

	Express.	Mixed
Leave Chatham,	9 30 p. m.	2 00 p.m.
Arrive Chatham Junc.,	9.55 "	2.30 "
Leave " "	10.00 "	2.40 "
Arrive Chatham.	10.25 "	3.05 "

GOING SOUTH.

	Express.	Mixed.
Leave Chatham,	3.50 a m	10.40 a. m
Arrive Chatham Junc n,	4.15 "	11.10
Leave " "	4.22 "	11.15 "
Arrive Chatham	4.47 "	11.45 "

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

Passengers with through tickets to points on the I. C. R. can go in to Chatham and return to meet next train free of charge.

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

The above Table is made up on Eastern standard time.

All the local Trains stop at Nelson Station, both going and returning, if signaled.

CONNECTIONS 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.

Allfreight for transportation over this road, if above Fourth (4th) Class, will be taken delivery o the Union Wharf, Chatham, and forwarded free of Truckage or other charge.

J. R. SNOWBALL, Manager

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1892---WINTER ARRANGEMENT---1893.

On and after Monday, October 17, 1892, the trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE CHATHAM JUNCTION

Through Express for St. John, Halifax, Pictou, (Monday excepted)	4.21
Accommodation for Moncton and St. John,	11.15
Accommodation. for Campbellton,	14.35
Through Express for Quebec, Montreal, Chicago,	22.00

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., Oct 26, 1892.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

K. & R. AXES,

MADE WITH "FIRTH'S" BEST AXLE STEEL,

ESPECIALLY FOR US.

EXTRACT FROM A NOVA SCOTIA CUSTOMER'S LETTER.

"The K. & R. Axes are giving good satisfaction and as I will be buying quite a quantity, I would like you to limit their sale to me in this locality, as they suit my trade."

NONE BETTER.

KERR & ROBERTSON,

WHOLESALE HARDWARE.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Chatham Foundry,

CHATHAM - - - - N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1852.

Iron and Brass Castings a specialty—for Mills, Steamboats, Railways, etc. Stoves, Iron Railings, Plough and general Agricultural Castings, Babbit Metal, etc. Machinery Made and Repaired with quick despatch.

☞ Orders promptly attended to at reasonable prices and fair Terms.

T. F. GILLESPIE, - - Proprietor.

HALIFAX

JAMES A. MORRISON,

COMMISSION AND GENERAL MERCHANT.

SPECIALTIES:

TEA, SUGAR AND MOLASSES.

—AGENT FOR—

DACOSTA & CO., BARBADOES, W. I., &C. &C.

Reference:—Thos. Fyshe, Esq., Manager Bank of Nova Scotia.

MIRAMICHI

ADVANCE OFFICE!

The best Equipped

and only Job Printing Office in New Brunswick outside of St John that has ever won both

Medal and Diploma

—AT A—

DOMINION EXHIBITION,

—IN A—

Competition open to the whole of Canada.

—o—

JOB PRINTING

OF ALL KINDS DONE AT SHORT NOTICE.

Amongst the work that our presses are running on are the following:—

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, POSTERS, HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, REPORTS, BYE-LAWS, RULES OF ORDER, CUSTOMS FORMS, SCHOOL FORMS, STOCK CERTIFICATES. BILL-HEADS, BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS, PROFESSIONAL CARDS, TICKETS, NOTE-HEADS, LETTER-HEADS, BILLS OF EXCHANGE, ORDERS, DRAFTS, NOTES. FISH INVOICES, RAILWAY FORMS, FISH RECEIPTS, LOG AND RAFT RECEIPTS, SCALERS' CARDS, MAGISTRATES BLANKS, SUNDAY SCHOOL CATALOGUES, SAW BLANKS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

—oo—

WE KEEP IN STOCK A LARGE LINE OF

READY-PRINTED BLANKS,

Which we mail prepaid or deliver promptly on receipt of orders Amongst these are the following:—

CUSTOMS BLANKS.

	Per Dozen.	Per 50.	Per 125
For Duty,	20 cts.	75 cts.	$1 25
Free Entry,	15	60	1 00
Free for Fisheries, (Nets, etc.,)	15	60	1 00
For Warehouse,	20	75	1 00
For Duty ex-Warehouse,	15	60	1 00
Free ex-Warehouse,	15	60	1 00
Report Outwards,	15	60	1 00
Report Inwards,	15	60	1 00
Entry Outwards	15	60	1 00
Warrant for Delivery,	10	35	60
Locker's Receiving Order,	10	35	60
Locker's Delivering Order,	10	35	60

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS.

	Per Dozen.	Per 50.	Per 100
Justice's Letter to Debtor	10 cts.	35 cts.	$ 60
Summons to Defendant,	10	35	60
Summons to Witness,	10	35	60
Summons to Debtor,	10	35	60
Warrant for Defendant,	10	35	60
Warrant for Witness,	10	35	60
Execution for Debt,	10	35	60
Execution for Poor and Co. Rates,	10	35	60
Execution for Road Taxes,	10	35	60
Execution for School Rates,	10	35	60
Venire,	10	35	60
Subpœna,	10	35	60
Affidavit for Capais.	10	35	60
Capais,	10	35	60
Return (to Council) of Sum. Convictions,			5 cts. each

LAW FORMS.

	Per Dozen.	Per 50.	Per 100
Supreme Court Bail Bond,	15 cts.	50 cts.	$1 00