The address slip pasted on the top of this page is ... on it, if the date of the paper is later than that on it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper out paying for it. See Publisher's announcement on 4th ...

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 23. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, FEBRUARY 25, 1897. 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 that day.

It is sent to any address in Canada, or the United States (Postage prepaid by the publisher) at ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, payable invariably in advance.

Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season, are inserted at eight cents per line nonpareil, for an insertion, and three cents per line for each continuation.

Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $6 00 an inch per year. The matter, if a change is desired by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefor with the publisher.

The MIRAMICHI ADVANCE being the 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 Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N. B.

Robert Murray,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
Notary Public, Insurance Agent,
etc etc., etc
CHATHAM N B

G. B. FRASER,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER NOTARY PUBLIC
AGENT FOR THE
NORTH BRITISH
—AND—
MERCANTILE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

"THE FACTORY"
JOHN McDONALD,
(Successor to George Cassady)
Manufacturer of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings &c,
—AND—
Builders' furnishings generally
Lumber planed and matched to order.
BAND AND SCROLL-SAWING.
Stock of DIMENSION and other lumber CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
THE EAST END FACTORY, CHATHAM, N. B

WANTED.

A MAN: to sell Canada grown Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Bulbs and Bulbous Plants, Grape Vines, Small Fruits, Seed Potatoes, etc. We can offer only the hardiest and most popular varieties that succeed in the coldest climates. New season now commencing; complete outfit free, salary and expenses paid from start to full time, or liberal commission for part time.

Apply now, address stating nearest office, and gives choice of territory.

LUKE BROTHERS COMPANY,
International Nurseries,
CHICAGO, ILL., or MONTREAL, QUE.
12,31,96

BUILDING STONE.

The subscriber is prepared to furnish stone for building and other purposes.
Apply to
J. L. TWEEDIE
or at the office of L. J. Tweedie.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING
Made to order in the latest style
Ladies' Spring Jackets,
Capes and Mantles,
perfect fit guaranteed; men's and boys' work receive careful attention.
Southside, Chatham Town, Newcastle N. B.
S. H. UNDERHILL
TAILORESS

E. O. PETTERSON,
Merchant Tailor
Next door to the Store of J. R. Snowball, esq.
CHATHAM - - N. B
All Kinds of Cloths
Suits or single Garments
Gentlemen are invited to call and see samples and be measured
E. O. PETTERSON

NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE
We have just received a large supply of
PATENT MEDICINES,
consisting of
SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE KIDNEY CURE AND NERVINE TONIC, DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS, ROSE'S SPECIFIC AND OINTMENT ALL DRAGGISTS EAST CURE, STAR POWDER, OINTMENT AND PILLS
MUNYON'S REMEDIES
Kola Wine, and Excelsior Egg Preserver Always in Stock.
The Newcastle Drug Store
E. Lee Street Proprietor
Newcastle, Sept. 14th, 1896.

Manchester House.
Blankets! Blankets! Blankets!
The evenings are beginning cool and our housekeepers are beginning to think they will need new blankets. We have just received 3 cases of Canadian home-made all wool blankets which are selling at very low figures
Prices range from $2.50 to $5.00 per pair.
Special:—Our 7 lb. all wool blankets at $4.50 per pair are splendid value
W. S. LOGGIE CO. LIMITED.

Lime For Sale
Apply to
THE MARITIME SULPHITE FIBRE CO. LTD.

NOTICE OF BILL TO THE LEGISLATURE.

Notice is hereby given that a bill will be introduced at the next session of the Local Legislature, to continue the Act 61 Victoria Chap ter 62, intituled "an act to consolidate and amend the several acts relating to the South West Boom company" and all amendments thereto, in force for the further term of twenty years after the expiration of the said act.

Newcastle, 1st Dec., 1896.

ALLAN RITCHIE,
President S. W. Boom Co.

FOR SALE.

To sell two commodious dwelling houses pleasantly situated on the west side of Cunard Street in the town of Chatham, now occupied by J. C. T. Arseneau and J. McMillan.

For terms and particulars apply to
TWEEDIE & BENNETT.
Chatham, 27th July, 1894.

DRS. G. J. & H. SPROUL
SURGEON DENTISTS.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anæsthetics.
Artificial Teeth on Gold Rubber & Celluloid special attention given to the preservation and plugging of the natural teeth.
Also Crowns and Bridge work All work guaranteed in every respect
Office in Chatham, Benson Block. Telephone No. 43.
In Newcastle opposite Square, over J. G. Kerr's Barber shop, Telephone No. 6.

WE DO JOB PRINTING
Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.
PRINTING FOR SAW MILLS A SPECIALTY.
We print on wood, linen, cotton, or paper with equal facility.
Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others!

JUST OPENING.
Christmas & New Year 1896-7
JUST OPENING
BOOT AND SHOES IN GREAT VARIETY,
SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS,
NEWEST MAKES IN DRESS GOODS,
OILCLOTHS, HEARTH RUGS & DOORMATS,
WOOL, BRUSSELS & TAPESTRY CARPETS,
BLACK & COLORED CASHMERES & MERINOS,
ART MUSLINS, CRETONNES & REPPS,
LACE CURTAINS & COUNTERPANES,
LACES, RIBBONS & HAMBURGS,
SILKS IN BLACK, COLORED, SURAH, &
Worsted Coatings,
Black and Blue Serge Suitings,
White and Regatta Shirts,
Ties, Collars, Hosiery
Silk and Linen Handk'fs,
Hats, & Caps, Etc
ALSO A FULL & COMPLETE LINE OF
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.
J. B. SNOWBALL.

Miramichi Foundry,
STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS,
CHATHAM, N. B.
JOSEPH M. RUDDOCK, - - - PROPRIETOR
Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds; Steamers of any size constructed & furnished, complete
GANG EDGERS, SHINGLE AND LATH MACHINES, CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
CAN DIES.
IRON PIPE VALVES AND FITTINGS OF ALL KINDS
DESIGNS PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY
AUTUMN 1896.

ON and after MONDAY, SEPT. 7, 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 55	Gibson	12 12	3 57
7 20	3 00	Marysville	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 / 11 20 lv	5 50 ar / 6 05 lv	Doaktown	8 50	11 15 / 11 10
12 35 p m	7 10	Blackville	7 40	9 40
1 20 ar / 1 30	8 03	Chatham Jct.	6 45	8 20 / ar 8 30
2 00 lv	8 07			
	8 20	Nelson		7 40
2 40	8 40	Chatham	6 12	7 20
3 00 ar	8 55	Loggieville Lv	6 00 am	7 00 a m

Connecting with I. C. R.

GOING NORTH.

	EXPRESS.	MIXED
Lv. Chatham,	9.30 p.m.	1.15 p. m
Nelson	9 50 "	1.35 "
Ar. Chatham Junc.	10.10 "	1.55 "
Lv. " "	10.35 "	2.45 "
Nelson	10.55 "	3.05 "
Ar. Chatham	11.15 "	3.25 "

GOING SOUTH.

	EXPRESS.	MIXED
Lv. Chatham,	3.30 a. m.	10.00 a. m.
Nelson	3 40	10 20 "
Ar. Chatham Junction	4.00 "	10 40 "
Lv. " "	4.25 "	11 15 "
Nelson	4.45 "	11 35 "
Ar. Chatham	5 05 "	11.55 p. m.

FOR INDIANTOWN INDIANTOWN BRANCH. FOR BLACKVILLE

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

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, Trey Rapids, Upper Blackville, Bilsefield Carroll's, McNamee's, Ludlow, Astle Crossing Clearwater, Portage Road, Forbes' Siding, Upper Cross Creek, Covered Bridge, Zionville, Durham, Nashwaak, Mauser'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 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. ROBIN, Supt. ALEX. GIBSON, Gen'l Manager

SHERIFF'S SALE!

To be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Registry Office, in Newcastle, on Friday, the 19th day of February next, between the hours of 12 noon and five o'clock p.m.:—

All the right, title and interest of Robert C. Byes in and to all that piece or parcel of land and premises situate lying and being on the Northerly side of the Northwest Branch of the Miramichi River, in the Parish of Blackville, and County of North umberland, bounded and described as follows: Commencing at the Northwesterly corner of lands formerly owned by the late Scott Fairley, being the junction of the Queen's Highway, leading from Newcastle to Fredericton, and the road leading therefrom to Blackville Railway Station known as the "Station" Road, thence southerly along the western side of said Station road thirty one rods and one and one half yards or till it reaches the northwesterly corner of lot of land occupied by one Robert Barry, thence easterly along the northern line of said lot occupied by said Robert Barry twelve rods and ten feet, thence southerly along the rear of said last mentioned lot thirteen rods, thence westerly parallel with the northern side line of said Barry lot twelve rods ten feet to the eastern side of said Station road, thence southerly along the eastern side of said road to the northwest corner of lands occupied by J. Underwood, thence easterly along the southern line of lands formerly owned by the late Scott Fairley to the easterly corner thereof, thence northerly along the easterly side of the said lands formerly owned by the said Scott Fairley, to the southerly side of the aforementioned Queen's Highway, thence westerly along the southern side of said Highway to the said "Station" road, being the piece of contiguous, containing seven acres more or less, and being the said premises at present occupied by the said Robert C. Byes and conveyed to him by Austin W. Fairley, by deed dated September 19th A. D. 1895 as by reference to Vol. 71, pages 525,526 and 527 of the Northumberland County Records will more fully appear;

The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of several executions issued out of the Supreme Court sitting at Chatham in New Brunswick against the said Robert C. Byes.

JOHN SHIRREFF
Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office Newcastle, this
3rd day of November, A. D. 1896.

The above sale is hereby postponed till Friday, 19th day of March, when it will take place at hour and place above named.

JOHN SHIRREFF,
Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, this
19th day of Feb. A. D. 1897.

SHERIFF'S SALE!

To be sold at Public Auction on Friday, the 9th day of April, next, in front of the Post Office in Chatham, between the hours of 12 noon and five o'clock p.m.

All the right, title and interest of James Hannay of, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being on the Southerly side of the Napan River, in the Parish of Glenelg, in the County of Northumberland, and Province of New Brunswick; bounded on the upper or Westerly side by lands formerly owned by James Hannay Senior, deceased; on the lower or Easterly side by lands in the possession of one, Thomas Coulston; in front or Northerly by the said Napan River, and extending in rear to the full extent of the original grant, and containing 100 acres more or less; and was conveyed to the said James Hannay by Alexander Ferguson, by deed bearing date the 29th day of September, A. D. 1871, and being the same land and premises on which the said James Hannay at present resides.

The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Northumberland County Court by William T. Harris against the said James Hannay.

JOHN SHIRREFF,
Sheriff of Northumberland County

Sheriff's Office Newcastle, this 19th
day of December, A. D. 1896.

SHERIFF'S SALE!

To be sold at Public Auction on Saturday, the 10th day of April next, in front of the Post Office in Chatham, between the hours of 12 noon and five o'clock p.m.

All the right, title and interest of James Oates of, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Nelson, in the County of Northumberland and Province of New Brunswick and bounded as follows to wit:—Beginning at a Map e tree standing at the southeasterly angle of lot number seven, granted to John Kent, Junior, at the head of Napan River, thence North 21 degrees, West fifty chains; thence North sixty-nine degrees, East twenty chains; thence south twenty-one degrees, East fifty chains; thence south sixty-nine degrees, West twenty chains to the place of beginning containing 100 acres more or less, and distinguished as lot number fifty nine at the head of Napan River and was granted to Thomas Oates now deceased, by letters patent dated 25 th February A D 1876, and being the lands and premises on which the said James Oates at present resides

Also, all that other tract of land situate in the Parishes of Nelson and Chatham, in the county aforesaid granted to Richard Hamilton, and known and distinguished as lot number 60 at the head of the Napan River aforesaid, and containing 100 acres more or less, as by reference to said grant will more fully and as large appear,

Also, all other the lands, tenements, hereditaments and premises of the said James Oates wheresoever or wheresoever situate in the said County of Northumberland. The same having been seized by me, under and by virtue of executions issued out of the Northumberland County Court by James Cluery and by Leonard W. Johnston, against the said James Oates.

JOHN SHIRREFF,
Sheriff of Northumberland County.

Sheriff's Office Newcastle, this 18th
day of December A.D. 1896.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of New Brunswick, at the next session thereof, for an act to incorporate a company to be called "The Upper South West Miramichi Log Driving Company", and granting to the company the exclusive right and privilege of driving all timber, logs and other lumber floating or coming down the South West Miramichi River between the "Forks", so called, and "Hayes' Bar", and of levying and collecting tolls therefor from the respective owners of such timber logs and other lumber, and conferring upon the company all other powers usually incident to driving corporations

Dated this first day of February, A. D. 1897.

J. H. BARRY,
Solicitor for Applicants.

BICYCLES FREE!
Save your Welcome Soap Wrappers.
WE WILL GIVE FOUR BICYCLES
Two for Nova Scotia and two for New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island—(Lady or Gentleman's wheels, at option of the winners) for
LARGEST NUMBER OF WELCOME SOAP WRAPPERS
SENT IN UP TO AND INCLUDING MAY 31st, 1897.
The Bicycles are the Celebrated "Red-Bird" (new 1897 model) costing $100 each, regarded as the standard high-grade wheel of Canada.
Cut out the yellow square in centre of the wrapper and send it in with your name and address as collected—or keep together and send in all at once at May 31st, next. Results will be published and wheels awarded without delay. Wrappers taken from dealers' unsold stock will not be counted. Our employees and their family connections are barred.
THE WELCOME SOAP COMPANY, ST. JOHN, N. B.
MANUFACTURERS OF THE
FAMOUS WELCOME SOAP.

DOCTOR JACK.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE,

Author of "Doctor Jack's Wife," "Captain Tom," "Baron Sam," "Miss Pauline of New York," "Miss Caprice," Etc.

Jack takes the rope, and moving along the wall to a certain spot, casts it from him. Having once upon a time been a cowboy in Texas, he knows how to handle a rope—every trick in that line is familiar to him, so that it only requires a few throws in order to fasten the noose above.

Jack tries it, his weight does not dislodge the rope, and he mounts upward hand over hand, with the agility of a Jack Tar. Reaching the top of the wall, he waits for Achmed, who is longer coming, and whom he is compelled to assist by an energetic pull. The descent is easy enough, and presently they stand in the garden. Jack makes a note of the spot, by means of a cypress tree that leans toward the wall, and thus feels sure of finding it again in case of a hurry, for there is no telling what adventure may befall them ere they again see the outside of those walls.

He has made inquiries of the Turk with regard to the truth of the rumour that a pack of fierce hounds from the steppes of Siberia, accustomed to pulling gaunt wolves down, are let loose in the Pasha's gardens at nightfall. Achmed can attest to the presence of the dogs, for that day he saw them in their kennels, but he believes it is intended that the fierce brutes shall only be allowed their liberty on certain occasions, and that the report has been circulated by means of the newspapers and hodjas or school teachers who read them aloud in the cafes, in order to frighten people who might be tempted to climb the walls and enter the Pasha's grounds. The one experience Abdallah had with inquisitive foreigners, when one of them so nearly ran off with the prize flower of his harem, has been a lesson to him.

Passing among the trees, representing many countries, and along wonderful flower beds, that in the daytime present a gorgeous spectacle, Jack and his companion draw near the white walls of the palace, which is built something after the manner of a mosque, having a dome, and several minarets alongside.

A great snarling from one quarter tells where the Siberian hounds are held in leash, and Jack puts one hand to where he has his faithful revolver, for should these brutes get loose, they would overtake them long before they could reach the friendly wall at the point where the rope dangles, and a terrible encounter must task the prowess of the American adventurer to the utmost. Still, not a twinge of fear goes through his heart—the man does not know its meaning, and has faced many a danger even more dreadful without flinching.

Now they reach the wall of the marble palace, and Achmed turns to get his bearings, so he may lead his benefactor to the spot where he saw the grating over the dungeon in which the "dog of a Christian" is immured.

"This way," he whispers, and Jack follows without a word—they get down on hands and knees, and inch by inch crawl along, making not the faintest sound by means of which their presence can be discovered.

It is exciting work, even if silence does mark their progress, for they are on the grounds of the man who hates Doctor Jack with all the venom of his eastern nature, and, once discovered, their position will be one of extreme peril.

Jack chuckles as he thinks of Adballah Pasha, fretting and fuming over some small delay en route—if he only knew what the "Christian dogs" were up to how he would tear his hair and gnash his teeth in impotent rage. Somehow the thought encourages the American, and gives him new vim to go at the business in hand.

He sees Achmed come to a dead halt, and crouch low. Has the faithful fellow found the granting? Are they over the dungeon where poor Aleck languishes? Jack is about to speak when a sound falls on his ear. He is rooted to the spot, for it is the soft voice of a woman he hears. Looking beyond the Turk, he now sees a white robed object close to the ground, and as it moves, he realizes that here is the source from whence emanates the sounds he has heard.

Both men are crouching low, their heads are near the earth, which is a splendid conductor of sound, hence they can hear plainly. It is a female beyond, and her voice is like the rippling of the brook in the forest, soft, mellow and musical. Jack has only once before heard such a voice, and it was here on the Bosphorus.

Can this be Sady, the lovely houri with whom bold Aleck fell in love and to rescue whom he placed himself in his present terrible condition? Jack's mind goes back to the scene on the border of the Bosphorus, when last he saw this enchantress, and he decides in the affirmative.

What is she doing here? It is folly to ask—love, blind god though he may be accounted generally, is keen of eye, and Sady has not only discovered where the one she loves is incarcerated, but has also found a means of communicating with him.

Even as they look she rises and glides away in the direction of the harem, and the last words they hear her drop through the grating are in English:

"I will come if I live, Aleck."

Jack is tempted to stop her, but fears lest she may be surprised into crying aloud, and bringing upon the scene some of the Pasha's janizaries, remnants or descendants of the famous band which was broken into fragments many years before. Their business is with Aleck, and the beauty whose face has drawn him into this dire scrape could be barred out of the question altogether.

Achmed no longer holds back, now that the girl has glided away, and in another minute Doctor Jack has his hands resting upon the grating that lies between Aleck Morton and liberty—between the fair Avis and his own waiting heart. Instinctively he feels the bars to test their resisting qualities, and smiles as he remembers the mighty strength that lies in his own sturdy arms and Herculean shoulders. If it comes to a tug of war, he does not doubt but that he will be able to tear the whole grating out, and thus insure an opening for Aleck to pass through.

Achmed says nothing, but goes a little farther on—the faithful armourer would mount guard while Jack holds his conversation with the man in the dungeon, so that he may warn them in time should any one approach.

It would be hard to define the feelings of the American, as he crouches low and puts his head near the grating to listen. Surrounded by the many things that remind him of the fact of his being in a Turkish garden, and a garden of a bitter enemy at that, he yet remembers that he is Jack Evans, and his friend the brother of the girl he loves, lies in a dungeon below.

Listening intently, he can hear no sound—all is as silent as the grave. Were it a tomb he hangs over, it could not be more desolate and still—truth to tell, it is a living tomb for the wretched prisoner of the Pasha.

Jack can stand it no longer—he must speak, and know the worst. So he presses his face close down to the cruel bars, and whispers:

"Aleck!"

The sound seems to steal down into the awful darkness of the dungeon, but no reply comes back to greet him. Jack listens for a minute, and then tries again, this time in a louder key.

He believes he hears a rustling sound—on the instant he imagines it is the clanking of chains, Achmed has not said anything about Aleck being weighted down this way, and a feeling of actual horror seizes Jack at the very thought.

He conceives an idea—in the old days when Aleck and he were chums they had a secret little whistle used as a signal—it is easily given, and by a stranger might be mistaken for the notes of some sleepy bird awakened at the wrong hour. Jack smiles to remember how history repeats itself—how, when hundreds of years ago, in the times of the Crusades, the English king, Richard Coeur de Leon, was held captive by Duke Leopold of Austria in the old castle of Durenstein, his faithful minstrel, Blondel, roaming all Europe in search of his missing master, played and sang the familiar romaunt under the walls of the castle, and in this way discovered his king, who recognized the air he loved and the voice of Blondel.

He gives the signal whistle clearly—there is a distinct movement below, and then a groan. A voice breaks on his ear, full of lamentation and misery—he can hardly realize it is Aleck who thus exclaims:

"Surely my dream is come true—my mind wanders. I imagine I hear sounds that in the nature of things cannot be. Let me look the truth calmly in the face—what does that indicate? Am I to go mad? Oh! ye gods, it is a fate I have always shuddered at. Anything but that. If he would only kill me outright I would thank him, but to die and yet live for years—what can I do to bring the end quickly? If he would put me up and have a file of his soldiers shoot me, I would show him how an American boy could meet death with a laugh, but such a fate as this—I wonder if Avis will ever know—dear Avis—never to see her Aleck again—I hope she may be happy in her ignorance of his cruel doom."

Jack can stand it no longer—a great lump seems to have arisen in his throat as he listens to the ravings of his friend in the prison below.

"Aleck!" he calls, perhaps louder than prudence may have dictated, but for the moment caution is a secondary matter with him—the querulous voice below ceases its murmuring.

"Who calls me?" asks the unseen Aleck, in a quivering tone of mingled hope and fear.

"It is I—Doctor Jack."

"No, no, you deceive me—he is dead—they told me so—they swore it to me," cries the prisoner.

"Then they lied to you," coolly replies Jack. "Have you any means of climbing up here to this grating so we can talk?" for he has a pretty good idea that Aleck was close to Sady at the time she cooed her farewell to him.

"Yes, yes, in a minute. Wait for me—don't go away, Jack, for God's sake. I'm coming, indeed I am," he talks constantly, poor fellow, as he laboriously climbs the wall in a way he has arranged long ago, just as though he feared lest it shall all prove a delusion and a snare. "I have been up here many a night looking at the stars and wondering if Avis were watching them then. Here I am at last—I was sure to get here—where are you, old fellow? You haven't gone—you wouldn't desert your Aleck? Answer me, my brain will burst—answer, for Heaven's sake."

Jack does more—he seizes the hand that has been thrust through the grating and squeezes it in both of his—aye, bends down and kisses it, and without shame to his manhood, drops a scalding tear upon it, as he realizes how thin is Aleck's once plump member.

"Poor boy! poor Aleck! to think that you have suffered here, while I roamed the streets of Paris with every luxury that money could buy. I never dreamed that you were alive until lately when I learned certain things that gave me a clew, and I made all haste to reach your side."

He caresses the thin hand as a mother might that of her sick child.

"I can hardly believe my senses. Can it be you, indeed, Jack? Then my prayers are answered and—bend down, and let me touch your face—I cannot see you, but I may feel."

The hand creeps over Jack's face—how it thrills him—then a feeling of horror strikes to his soul—Aleck has said he could not see. Have they burned out his eyes in torture? It is a favourite method of revenge among the Turks.

"Great Heaven! you are not blind, Aleck—they have not put out your eyes?" he cries.

"No, no, it is the darkness I complained of. I know you are Jack now, and I thank God for the fact of your coming. You can now carry the news of my fate home to Avis."

"Carry fiddlesticks! I came here to take you away with me, and I'm going to do it to-morrow night if I have to blow the whole castle of the Pasha to pieces."

"That would be joy indeed, but I am afraid you cannot do it, Jack. You will be caught and put to death—we could never quit the country. Better leave me to my fate."

"Don't bother your head about that. Rest assured that when Jack Evans decides to do a thing mountains won't halt him. Out of this you come in another night dead certain. I've made all preparations, old fellow, and we'll soon be beyond the jurisdiction of Mr. Turk."

"You give me new life—already I seem to sniff the salty air of liberty. Yes, I will go with you, and if we succeed I shall take you to Avis—you remember how often I have talked of her—she shall reward you for your noble devotion to her Aleck."

Jack's heart beats like a trip hammer—the words seem so prophetic that he laughs merrily.

"Aleck, old man, I've got the start of you there. Avis and I are good friends—it is as much for her sake as your own that I am here now."

"Avis—you know her?" surprised and delighted.

"Know her—yes, and love her with all my heart and soul," earnestly.

"Thank God for that—it is what I have longed and dreamed for in the past. Where did you meet her—where is she now?"

"We met in a picture gallery at Madrid—she was at the bull-fight, and saw me get away with a black devil of a toro that had flung the regular matador out of the ring. Some strange adventures followed, and we have become very good friends, indeed—sworn allies in the design of rescuing one Aleck Morton from the hands of the wily Turk."

"She is here?"

"Yes, in Stamboul, ready to lend any assistance in her power, to show her love for you. But no more need be said—I must go now. You will be ready to-morrow night?"

"Ready—the minutes between will be years," breathes the poor prisoner.

"Well, good-by until then, old fellow. Take care now you descend. Have your trunks all packed ready for a sea voyage," a squeeze of the hand, and Doctor Jack turns away with tears in his eyes, for this meeting has affected him in a most extraordinary manner.

CHAPTER XXI.

Time is valuable to Jack, and really there is nothing more to say to his friend. He has already forgotten all about Sady, nor does she come into his calculations; but it would have saved him some future trouble had he figured on her in the game.

He makes a sign to Achmed, who knows the interview is at an end, and once more leads the way along the palace foundations, with the intention of reaching the wall at the point where the friendly hope hangs.

Jack has a dozen things upon his mind, and is endeavouring to solve a certain puzzle, when something happens to arouse him. The Siberian wolf-dogs burst out into so fierce a clamour that one can almost imagine they have slipped the leash, and are running loose. This sound gives Jack a start, and he glances up to see Achmed trembling just in front, as though he has looked upon a ghost.

"Senor Jack!" comes in a soft voice, as if from the very palace wall. The American does not restrain the cry that bubbles to his lips—he recognizes that voice, and yet can hardly believe his senses. Those soft tones he listened to in the flower mart of Barcelona, again while the nun from Gerona bent over his wounded form, then at the bull-fight in Madrid, and later when the train stopped at the station, and the seeming peasant boy warned him of the danger beyond Logrono. Yes, it is, indeed, Mercedes, but what in the name of Heaven does the Spanish beauty here—he has fondly believed she still searches Paris for him.

A terrible suspicion flashes into his mind—can the pasha have arrived ahead of time? Almost on the instant he dismisses it—such a thing is impossible—Mercedes was not detained in Paris like the pasha, and there has really been nothing to prevent her following them in some clever disguise.

Continued on 4th page.

General News and Notes.

The art of putting well into play mediocre qualities often begets more reputation than true merit achieves.—Rochefoucald.

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.

Providence conceals itself in the details of human affairs; but becomes unveiled in the generalities of history.—Lamartine.

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.

Affectation naturally counterfeits those excellences which are placed at the greatest distance from possibility of attainment.—Johnson.

A Wonderful flesh Producer.

This is the title given to *Scotts Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil* by many thousand 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

Good nature is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and generous soul, and the peculiar soil in which virtue prospers.—Goodman.

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

To take for granted as truth all that is alleged against the fame of others is a species of credulity that men would blush at on any other subject. —Jane Porter.

There is some help for all the defects of fortune; for, if a man can not attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting them shorter.—Cowley.

CANADA HOUSE.
Corner Water & St. John Streets,
CHATHAM'S
LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM.
Every attention paid to
THE COMFORT OF GUESTS.
Located in the business centre of the town. Livery 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 and transient guests. Commercial Travellers will also be provided with
Sample Rooms.
GOOD STABLING on the premises.
Mrs. Desmond,
Proprietor

HEAD QUARTERS.
THE HEADQUARTERS FOR DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES AND TOILET ARTICLES IS AT THE
NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.
We have on hand now, as usual, a
LARGE & FRESH SUPPLY
of the different Muisions, Liniments, Cough Syrups, Tonics, Dyspepsia, Rheumatic, Kidney, Asthma and Catarrh Cures.
ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF
TOOTH BRUSHES, HAIR BRUSHES, COMBS, TOOTH POWDERS AND PASTES PERFUMES & SOAPS.
Our perfumes and soaps are the finest in town, and as we have a very large assortment of Soaps, we will offer them at special prices.
We also call your attention to our Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, Tobacco Pouches, Cigar and Cigarette Holders, etc.
NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.
E. LEE STREET, - - PROPRIETOR.

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 all trains.
GOOD STABLING. &C.
THOMAS FLANAGAN,
Proprietor

B. R. BOUTHILLIER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
CHATHAM.
Keeps constantly on hand full lines of Cloths of the best
British, and Canadian Makes,
Trimmings, etc.
GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS
of kinds cut and made to order on the premises, with quickest despatch and at reasonable rates.
LADIES' COATS & SACQUES
cut to order.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

FURNACES FURNACES,
WOOD OR COAL,
WHICH I CAN FURNISH AT
REASONABLE PRICES.
STOVES
COOKING, HALL AND PARLOR STOVES
AT LOW PRICES
PUMPS, PUMPS,
Sinks, Iron Pipe, Baths, Creamers the very best, also Japanned stamped and plain tinware in endless variety, all of the best stock which I will sell low for cash
A. C. McLean Chatham.

The Chatham Incorporation Act.
For Sale at
THE ADVANCE OFFICE
25 CENTS.

TINSMITH WORK.
The subscriber begs to inform his friends and the general public that he has reestablished himself in the business of a general
Tinsmith and Iron Worker
in the shop opposite the W. T. Harris store, Cunard Street, Chatham.
He makes a specialty of
RE-LINING STOVE-OVENS
and introduces a
DOUBLE PLATE BOTTOM
at the same price as the usual single plate is put in for elsewhere.
General repairs, as well as new work promptly executed.
JOHN DUFF.

THE MEDICAL HALL.
BATH GLOVES AND MITS.
SPONGES
a beautiful line of
TOILET SOAPS
from five cents to one dollar per cake
JUST ARRIVED
—AT—
Mackenzie's Medical Hall
CHATHAM, N. B.
May 18, 1896.