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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 23. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, FEBRUARY 11, 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.

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

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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 44th Victoria Chapter 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.

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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.

MIXED (read down)	EXPRESS (read down)		EXPRESS (read up)	MIXED
6 50 a m lv	2 50 p m	..Fredericton....	12 15 ar.	4 00 p m
7 00	3 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 20
11 15 ar	5 50 ar	...Doaktown...	8 50	11 15 / 11 10
11 20 lv	6 05 lv			
12 35 p m	7 10	..Blackville....	7 40	9 40
1 30 ar	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

FOR INDIANTOWN BRANCH.

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

FOR BLACKVILLE

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,	3.20 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.

The above Table is made up on Eastern standard time.

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

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

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

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

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QUININE WINE AND IRON,
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BLOOD MAKER
50 OZ. BOTTLES
WE GUARANTEE IT AT
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CHATHAM, N.B.

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Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes,
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PHŒNIX OF LONDON,
MANCHESTER.

FRANCES A. GILLESPIE

Chatham, 29th Nov. 1893.

NOTICE TO HOLDERS OF TIMBER LICENSES

CROWN LAND OFFICE, 24 JULY, 1896.

The attention of all holders of Timber Licenses is called to Section 19 of the Timber Regulations, which reads as follows:—

"19 No Spruce or Pine trees shall be cut by any Licensee under any License, not even for piling, which will not make a log at least 18 feet in length and ten inches at the small end; and if any such shall be cut, the Lumber shall be liable to double stumpage and the License be forfeited"

and all Licensees are hereby notified, that for the future, the provisions of this section will be rigidly enforced

ALBERT J. DUNN,
Surveyor General

HOMAN & PUDDINGTON
SHIP BROKERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Spruce Lumber, Laths and Anthracite Coal,
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COR. SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK,
Correspondence and Consignments Solicited

DOCTOR JACK.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE,

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

As chance will have it, he finds himself with the young girl while the train rolls on up the valley of the Ebro. Avis has something on her mind, but she does not know how to go about introducing it. If Jack only knew what it was he would gladly help her, but by accident he stumbles into the breach.

They are talking of some queer things seen on the way, and Jack happens to express his opinion of people with black eyes, first looking into the translucent depths of her own blue orbs.

"Strange as it may seem, my fancy has always been in that direction—I have declared to my friends that if I ever married it would be a man with black eyes. I adore them," she says, just like a woman intent on causing him pain.

"The pasha has the finest I ever saw in a man," he returns, nonchalantly, but the thrust only causes her to gasp a little, and resume:—

"And I never saw such wonderful eyes in my life as were possessed by the peasant boy of Castile you were talking with at Zaragoza."

Doctor Jack smiles—he has discovered what is on the mind of Avis now, even before she sails her craft any closer to windward.

Ah, you noticed him. I was wishing you would. I wanted you to see him.

"Indeed! I should have thought that under such circumstances you would have brought him up to the car window," she says, coldly.

Jack is entirely unmoved—firm in his position, knowing he has only done all that a true man might, he does not shrink from the investigation about to begin at the hands of the fair girl he loves.

"I endeavoured to influence him, but he would not come. Too modest, I presume, Miss Avis."

She laughs at this—how disagreeably even the sweetest girl in the world can laugh when she wants to be particularly perverse—and Avis Morton just now is struggling with a little demon her heart has never known before—jealousy.

Jack casts a side glance at her—wonders as to what she knows, and how much she suspects, and in the next breath learns all.

"It was my opinion, Doctor Evans, that I had never seen more effrontery exhibited by any one than was shown by—that person."

The last words are spoken through her pearly teeth with particular force, and Jack knows now that Mercedes has been unmasked—her secret has not been able to stand before the clear vision of those keen Yankee eyes.

He hardly understands just how to go about it, but an explanation in certainly in order, and nothing but the whole truth will satisfy Avis.

"Miss Morton, there is no need of you and I mincing words. We understand each other. I am led to believe from what you say that you have discovered that boy's secret."

"Boy—well, no doubt other eyes were deceived, but not mine," she replies, and there is a touch of eagerness in her voice, for she has a curiosity to know what has caused the haughty Spanish woman to so demean herself as to appear in this humble disguise.

"You recognized her by her eyes?" he asks.

"Well, I remembered seeing such dazzling orbs before—something sent a suspicion into my brain, and when she looked at me I knew I was right, for she seemed ashamed. Now Doctor Evans, I don't know whether you owe me an explanation or not, but I have believed and trusted in you as a gentleman, and unless you have objections I should like to know why Mercedes Gonzales is on the same train with you, in deep disguise, and why she talked with you so earnestly at the station."

Straight to the point these come, but Jack is ever ready to defend the absent, which trait is one of the noblest in his make-up.

"First of all, Avis—Miss Morton—before I tell you the whole story from the beginning, I must beg that you will not condemn the Senorita Mercedes from our cold American standpoint. They do things differently here in old Spain, and that she is possessed of a noble nature after all, I can prove by telling you that she is even now risking her own life to save us from a threatened danger—warning of which she gave me at Zaragoza."

At this Avis looks sorry—her cold manner vanishes like the hoar-frost in the morning sun, and upon her face steals a look of eager anticipation. Already her heart is warming toward the Spanish girl, and it will soon beat with even greater sympathy when she learns how Mercedes, in her strange way, played for the stake and failed to grasp it.

Jack glances toward the others—Aunt Sophie is fast asleep, and Larry head over ears in a French novel that chains his attention. The coast is clear, the rattle of the train prevents other ears catching his words than those are intended for.

The doctor is a capital story-teller—he has proven this upon the same audience when he related his adventures in Turkey at the time her brother got into trouble. Avis unconsciously snuggles down closer in order to hear better, and—well, Jack makes no objection.

He begins with his visit to the mountains, tells of Don Carlos, then of Barcelona, the pretty flower girl of the Rambla, the adventure in the streets, and the nun of Gerona. Then he goes on to tell of the bull-fight and all has happened in Madrid.

When he comes to Mercedes' visit to his hotel he tries to soften the Spanish girl's actions as well as he can, and although Avis despises the one who could thus sue for a man's love, she cannot but regard Jack with more respect because he tries to shield Mercedes and make light of her folly.

One thing burns to the heart of the New York girl—Jack has hinted that when he first saw Mercedes he was somewhat struck by her intense beauty, and that only for a certain thing he might have returned her love—what does he mean—can it be possible—why does the blood burn so wildly through her veins at the bare thought of such a possibility?

There is a magnetic power about this man, and to herself she admits that he has come through the fiery furnace unscathed—yes, and with an added lustre in her sight. He is one to be proud of—a faithful friend, and as a lover—well, she dares not think upon such a forbidden subject, but declares secretly that Jack Evans is by far the noblest character she has ever met.

When Jack finishes his story Avis knows all, even the danger in prospect, and yet this does not alarm her, since Jack will be there. She has already learned to rely upon his mighty right arm, and should the occasion ever come when the American athlete must bow to superior numbers in her presence, Avis will be doubly shocked, believing him invincible.

Evening is coming on apace, and the train still winds in and out, up the valley of the Ebro. It is very picturesque as seen in the light of declining day. At the next station the guard enters and lights the lamps.

Jack has ordered a bountiful supper, which is put aboard here in the same manner that the dinner was, and as they annihilate space—that sounds very big for use upon a Spanish railroad, but it happens that just then they are making pretty good time—they set about enjoying the meal.

Then they chat about various things, and the time passes away. All is gotten in readiness for leaving the carriage at Logrono, where they will find a decent hotel, and can await the train that leaves for Bayonne about three the next afternoon.

Jack finds it is ten o'clock.

"In half an hour or so we will be there," he says. Larry declares they are behind time, and the speed with which they travel seems to prove that some thing is wrong.

Half-past ten arrives—there is no town in sight at all. About twelve minutes later they rush into a place—lights are seen—a whistle shrieks, bells jingle—they pass a station on which people can be detected, and once more plunge into the darkness beyond.

Doctor Jack turns to Larry—the latter is aghast.

"'Pon 'onah! that's dused queer," gasps the dude.

"That was Logrono, sure enough—we are late, and the conductor must have had orders not to stop. All very good, but I guess we're in for it, Larry, my boy," adds Jack, with a grim smile.

CHAPTER XVI.

The situation is appalling—Madame Sophie shrieks and hides her face with her hands, for she has been told the danger—even Larry delivers himself of a singular mixture of choice expressions such as are heard upon Broadway in the vicinity of the Brunswick, and nowhere else, by means of which he intends to let the surplus steam escape.

As for Avis, she stands there as white as chalk, and with her starry eyes fastened upon Doctor Jack. In an emergency like this, thank God for the presence of a man.

The latter, after throwing his last words at Larry, coolly bends down and seizes his portmanteau, which has been lying snugly ensconsed under a seat. With a turn and a toss he has it out upon the floor. The others watch him in dumb anxiety while he fits a key, and then throws open the little leather trunk.

Inserting his hand he draws out two leather holsters of unusual size, such as might be worn by the dashing cowboys of the wild West. Each of these holds a weapon of some sort.

Laying them on the seat, Jack again locks the portmanteau. Then he places it against the side of the car in such a way that it will afford protection in the threatening engagement.

"Come, Larry, look alive, man. We must do our level best to beat these fellows. Take all the cushions, and form a rampart—they will make almost as good a fort as sand bags."

The dude sees the idea, and catches some of his enthusiasm. He springs to the task, and in a short space of time the interior of that first-class compartment presents a most singular and ridiculous appearance, to say the least. With the cushions and everything that can be made available, the men have formed a bullet-proof barricade, behind which one might lie in security while leaden rain rattled about, for the hair in the cushions would arrest the progress of any ball.

True, there is only room for two behind it—Avis notices this fact, and looks at Jack.

"Where will you be?" she asks anxiously—for already her interest in his welfare is great, and it makes a great difference to her whether he is wounded or unhurt.

Jack smiles in reply—it gives him a peculiar satisfaction to realize that she is worried about his condition.

"Oh! Larry and I will get on well enough out here, I reckon."

"I presume you are bullet-proof," sarcastically.

"Not exactly, but you see we can crouch down, and if we are struck"—with a shrug of the shoulders—"why, it's the fortune of war."

"Very good—of course you can please yourselves so far as that is concerned, but you forget that if both of you are shot we shall be without any protectors."

It is ingeniously put, and Jack laughs.

"Very good, as you say. Do you and Madame Sophie crowd close to the wall as possible, then when the time comes, and should the bullets fly too thickly, we may creep behind the barrier, too. I confess your last argument has floored me." He speaks a little coldly, as though wounded by her words, and seizing the opportunity while Larry is stowing Madame Sophie away, Avis bends her head close to the curly locks of Jack, whispering:

"Forgive me—I only used that as an argument. It was you I thought of, not myself," and before he can turn she is beside Madame Sophie.

All seems now arranged. The whistle gives a series of diabolical shrieks, no doubt as a signal for the watering-place ahead, and they can feel the train begin to slacken its speed.

Evidently the critical time is near at hand—Jack gives one last look around. It is a strange spectacle, and he will never forget it. He has already taken the two long, deadly-looking Western revolvers from their holsters—it is like slipping the hounds of war from the leash. These weapons may have been through many singular scenes in the past, but they never saw one that equalled the present.

"Are you all right?" asks Jack. He receives a look from Avis that nearly sets him wild, for it tells him how anxious the New York girl is about his welfare. Every one having answered in the affirmative, Doctor Jack proceeds to quickly extinguish the lamps.

Darkness comes—inky darkness. The train is gradually slowing up, so that whatever may be in store for them they must soon know the worst. It is a wild country just along here, and the whistle of the locomotive has sounded as though they were passing through a deep valley, the echoes are so loud.

Doctor Jack presses his face against the window, and endeavours to see what is coming. There is a great light of some sort ahead—it flashes and flickers as might a huge fire, which is probably the cause of the illumination. Jack is glad of this, as it will give them a chance to see what goes on. If they can remain in darkness while their enemies are in the light the advantage must surely rest with them.

Slowly the train creeps along, and at length, after several jerks, comes to a full stop. The shouts of excited men can be heard, and also a roaring, crackling sound, as the huge fire burns up the combustible material given to it, while the pulsations of the engine may be detected at regular intervals.

Taken altogether, and considering the fact that they are the cause of all this excitement, the situation is one that can never be forgotten by the American tourists. The women hold their breath with suspense, and pray—the men grit their teeth and watch.

Louder and hoarser grow the shouts—they are approaching nearer. Jack drops a window, and thrusts his head out. He sees a sight well calculated to thrill even the bravest man when he remembers that it is himself all this racket is about.

Ahead burns the great bonfire, so close to the track that the cars will be blistered by the heat if they remain stationary long. A water tank is seen, and the engine-driver is taking in a supply of the aqueous fluid with the nonchalance that distinguishes railroad men the world over. It is none of his quarrel—his duty is only to see that the locomotive is in a condition to go. Perhaps he, too, is a Carlist, and deep in the plot—who knows?

Scattered along the side of the train are a score of men—they advance in the direction of the compartment our friends occupy, and it is evident that this is the object of their rush. Several carry lighted flambeaux, which they whirl about over their heads in a weird manner—they look like fiendish leaping forward to seize their prey.

Jack is intensely interested in the picture, but the time is hardly a profitable one for sight-seeing, since these men are advancing with [illegible] in their minds. He counts the number, and finds about a score—of course it is possible there may be more on the other side of the train, but all that are in sight he has enumerated in this figure.

What manner of men they are remains to be seen. Jack does not have a very exalted opinion of what Carlists he has already met, and doubts not but that these fellows will prove to be cowardly. Still, their number may carry the day.

An idea strikes Doctor Jack—he wishes he had thought of it before—is it too late now? He turns to Larry, and in a quick tone says:—

"Would you dare to try and make your way up to the engine, and force the engineer to pull out at the point of the revolver? I'm afraid he's in league with them. It is our only hope."

His enthusiasm is communicated to the dude—Larry is ready to do and dare anything.

"Yes, I will go, but do you think you can keep the fiends out of here?" he asks.

"I will hold the fort against a hundred for ten minutes," replies Jack, firmly.

"That ought to be ample time—let me take an observation—now pass me through the open window—good-by, Avis."

He is gone.

All has been said and done in less than a minute of time. The foremost of the advancing Carlists is not far away, but his eyes are blinded by the torch he carries. Besides, the men seem to have an idea that the railway carriage at which some of them are now pounding is the one in which they may find those they seek, hence as yet no attention is paid to the one which our friends have barricaded.

As Jack thrusts his head out again he sees this fact—Larry is not in sight, having been wise enough to at once crawl under the car, and get upon the side where the shadows lie.

The situation is indeed thrilling. Jack, from his perch, watches what is going on beyond, and to himself counts the throbs of the locomotive—each pulsation is like a heart-beat, marking the passage of time, and time is what they want now to insure safety. Each second is precious, and fraught with great possibilities.

The carriage the Carlists have attacked contains the pasha and Don Carlos—Jack sees them appear—hears the latter call upon the assailants to cease their foolish demonstrations, and argly them in the proper place. Then Jack sees the senor point in his direction—a shout arises as if the crowd sight him, and a forward rush is made.

The man of steel calmly awaits the assault—a physician might have taken hold of his wrist just then and be amazed to find his pulse beating as regularly as clock-work.

Continued on 4th page.

General News and Notes.

A good laugh is sunshine in a house—Thackeray.

In law nothing is certain but the expense.—S. Butler.

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. Fallen & Son.

The envious mans grows lean at the excess of his neighbor.—Horace.

Angling is somewhat like poetry; men are to be born so.—Izaak Walton.

Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them.—Mme. de Stael.

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. Fallen & Son.

Who plays for more than he can lose with pleasure stakes his heart.—Herbert.

Some who affect to dislike flattery may yet be flattered indirectly by a well-seasoned abuse and ridicule of their rivals.—Colton.

A Wonderful flesh Producer.

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

Those who make us happy are always thankful to us for being so; their gratitude is the reward of their benefits;—Mme. Swetchine.

The spirit of a person's life is ever shedding some power, just as a flower is steadily bestowing fragrance upon the air.—T. Starr King.

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

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ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF
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Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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WHICH I CAN FURNISH AT
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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
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