MIRAMICHI ADVANCE, CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, JULY 23, 1885

THE MAN WEO SPOILED THE at the squalid court where he lived and deceived her. MU.SIC. turned with a sigh into his wretched

home. Poor Jack, his heart was very well as he could. and yet it was the last thing he was likely to believe. He loved music; his voice was often heard ringing out a rol-and yet it was the last thing he was likely to believe. He loved music; his voice was often heard ringing out a rol-the loved music is and yet it was very awake, again and again the words came so is through that night, and asleep or awake, again and again the words came so is through that night, and asleep or awake, again and again the words came so is through that night, and asleep or awake, again and again the words came so is through that night, and asleep or awake, again and again the words came so is through that night, and asleep or and then she looked at the money, and then she looked at him. She bit each of the coins, and then looked as if There is no doubt about it, he did, licking song in the tap-room. And now The next day he was up and off at she would like to apply her lips at least Fresh Goods of Superior it kept coming to him, in at least a score of different ways - he himself was the man who spoiled all the music. He was not in the brightest possible fierceness, without a word for anybody. His mates were used to his moods, and 'I'll stay and take care of the little condition for an argument, and cer- did not care to interfere with him at one if you want to go out, wife,' said tainly not in a humor to be convinced times like these. 'Jack is out again Jack. True, it was spoken with some The of a truth that he did not want to be- about some' at,' said they with a jerk interruption, and more than one word lieve; and yet convinced he was and of the thumb in his direction. They was bobbed into the mouth by that

every sight about him, and the silence, if not the sounds forced it home upon him, so that there could not possibly they might peck up at strike of the hey might stop for dinner, but Jack snatch-they might peck up at strike of the she had not heard for many a long day. be any mistake. It was Sunday afternoon about four Jack would stick at it. 'This is not said the wife, and then she blushed be any mistake.

o'clock. He was leaning against the spoiling anybody's music anyhow,' said like a maiden, that she should have wall by the dirty fireplace, unwashed he fiercely to one man who ventured said so much. and in his shirt sleeves. The room to hint that he had done enough for "Tis all thine, wife, so don't be looked as wretched as the man himself that day. He came home and sat at afraid,' said Jack, as she went out at Italian, Sutherland Falls and

and as blackened and broken, and win- his supper with wife and children the door. dow-panes either plastered over with creeping noiselessly and frgihtened She turned back with a great st are paper or stuffed out with rags. Seat- about the house. Poor Jack ! a tear She had taken one half-sovereign and ed on the other side of the fire-place came gathering in the corner of his eye put the other in the mysterious depths

was a white faced and slatternly wife, and fell down his cheek. 'I do wish of her dress. holding a tiny bit of mortality at her they'd sing a bit, but I expect I've 'All this ?' said she. 'Why, Jack. breast, and breathing a heavy sigh that spoiled all the music forever,' he mut- what must I do with it ?'

told of a burden there a great deal heavier than the baby. One word summed up the whole rea-nand to take the sleeping babe from its son of her wretchedness-drink. Not poor little rags, and tell them all what The wife came nearer ; she couldn't

a bad sort of man but for this one was in his heart; but somehow he help it; she stood for a moment pluckthing; able to earn good wages and to couldn't manage it, and so he just crept ing up courage, then she put her hand have s comfortable home; yet no idle off to bed. miscreant ever dwelt amid greater Jack's fit was on the next day, much kissed the baby, and took a long time

squalor or kept all about him in greater to the surprise of his mates—the brow over it too. misery; the home with its dainty bits knit, the lips tight, and the work flying 'I should like to give thee one too, of furniture, and all about it so bright on at a tremendous pace. 'Why Jack, she said as shy as possible; and she did and clean, gone for this; the children often wanting clothes and bread, yet deadline as and bread, yet dreading no want so much as they on a spree the rest of it?

dreaded their father's presence—it was anly the curse of drunkeness.

So it was that on this Sunday after-noon Jack stood as cross as cross could Friday. All that was strange enough, could be for a strange of the strange of t be, ready to let out his misery upon the first victim he co 'd find, as if one strangest of all was when Saturday (Good kind of musical boxes,' said Jack to himself as he took them in at were to be blamed for coner than afternoon came Jack took up his wages the door and set each in its place. And there, about the fire, they sat opened suddenly with a bang, and in away from them. 'Jack's mad,' said side by side, silent for awhile, the burst two little maidens singing merrily; they. 'Never knew his fit last so long baby asleep and the little maidens at eyes and faces, hands and feet, all were as this.' Mission Sunday School, and the last was not expected, indeed was scarcely mother and me,' said he at last. 'I am

hymn was in their ears and came cher-rily ringing from their lips:— "I am so glad that our Father in heaven " I am so glad that our Father in heaven Tells of His love in the Book he has given."

But, much or little, she was now in the shine and joy; and before they knew They had just got to the line of the process, and so the 'bits of sticks,' as it Jack and his wife joined with them. they were called, were put on one side But poor Jack broke down before he at the open door with such a bounding while the good wife kneeled and scrubb- had gone on long; then the others gladness as they lifted the latch and felt ed away at the floor with the handle of broke down too, and all was still for a frightened look filling their faces they brought her any good.

it noiselessly.

The silence that followed was un- hung up his bag of tools on their peg future. broken by a sound. The wife sat and took off the apron that was rolled On the Sunday there they sat t mournfully looking at the blackened about his waist, and then he caught gether at the little Mission-room, and ashes of the fireplace, with the little one sight of that very venerable and hair- from that day to this no voice is clearer asleep in her arms. That abrupt and less scrubbing brush. 'It will help to or louder than Jack's. And now when- D.G. MACLAUCHLAN. sudden silence smote Jack's heart; those bring back the music,' said Jack to ever he talks about clumsy work or changed faces and little frightned maid- himself, purposing to buy his wife there faults in anything, Jack always calls ens hushed like that-he felt that he and then a new one, but the purpose it 'spoiling the music.'

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CHIFLEW WELLI on his shoulder and stooped down and

again,' said Jack to himself.

* * * * Later that night, after his wife cam

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Mr.J.A.E.Morrell (late of 98 King Street, St. John,)

When he came home he evidentiy 'Come, little ones, you must sing to We have now the

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had done it all. He seemed to hear was somewhat delayed. Just then,

that they were in freedom of the home- a brush on which a few straggling hairs while, until Jack wiped away his tears "I am so glad, " then suddenly they remained as if to keep up the name. came far enough to see their father. The wife lifted her face in surprise, and 'Eh, but I musn't spoil the music like Instantly the voices were silenced, the went on with her scrubbing. Whatever this. Sing on, little ones;' and they sunshine died out of their eyes ; with a this coming home meant, nothing ever did sing, and Jack sang and his wife and children and then asked God to shrank outside the door sgain and shut Poor Jack, he seemed to hear it all. help them and hless them, to forgive Johnson & Murray 'Spoiled her music too,' he sighed. He the past, and to strengthen him for the Jack's prayer every m

his side.

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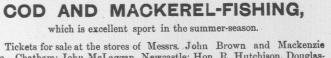
Leave Chatham at 9 o'clock a. m., and after touching at BLACK BROOK, proceed to BAY DU VIN and thence to BURNT CHURCH and NEGUAC.

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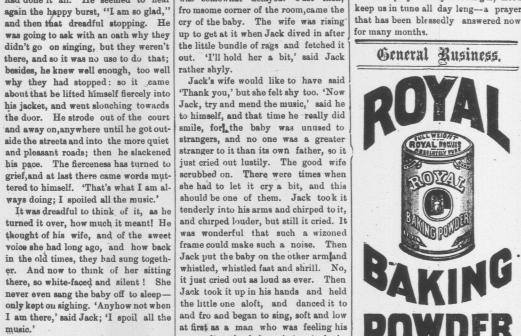
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It was dreadful to think about it, of way. But the baby cried. And the the places he had been in as a carpenter good wife rose from her scrubbing to and the chances he had had, and how take it herself. Jack would try once one after another he had lost them all more; it really was not pleasant to be through drink; and now the first to get | beaten like this, so he set himself resonotice to quit, the last to be offered a lutely, and then rang out an old song job, was he who had prided himself on of long ago with all the force of his his work 'Oh dear, I've been spoiling voice. The effect was magical. The all the music for years,' sighed Jack. | baby stopped as if it were charmed ; it 'I spoil all the music,' said Jack opened its mouth in imitation of the again 'everywhere.' And at every father's, it laid hold firmly of the whiskpause and interval there came again the ers with little tangled fingers as if it sight of those glad voices silenced at the would keep him at it, and then it sight of him. 'I their own father,' laughed and crowed with delight. The sighed Jack again. 'Poor little dears, poor wife looked on and smiled; it was a strange smile, as if she had got out to go spoiling music too! Jack's trouble seemed to grow bigger of the way of it, but it stayed longer

every minute, until at last things began than you might have thought. to get desperate. Awful temptations 'Eh, Jack, its good to hear thy music flew about him. He would soon . end again,' she said very quietly. it all ; the wife and little ones couldn't Poor Jack, it almost put him out. be much worse off than they were, and He did stop for a moment, but instant he, at any rate, would not be spoiling |y the little face puckered and wrinkled other people's music when he was dead. | into all sorts of lines, the eye closed, the But before the grim thought had well nose was squeezed together, and the lips got hold of him he seemed to see again the sunny faces and to hear the merry Then Jack had to strike off again, only voices singing their song, 'I am so to find the effect as magical as before, glad.' And with the thought of them this time there came a softer feeling and gentler tone. 'Poor little things,' in all there came in the two little maid-be sight arms.' he sighed again, 'It wouldn't mend their music either if I was gone. Nor the wall, making music like this. hers either,' he said to himself a little 'Why we couldn't think whoever it while aftewards, as he thought of the was, father,' said they, wondering, and whitefaced, wife and the little bit of without the merriment fading from their eyes this time. mortality at home there.

So it came about that poor Jack, so They sat at tea, silent and shy, every burdened and helpless, stopped there one of them wondering except the baby and then, and put his face into his that kept stretching out its arms to the hands and said, 'God help me !' He father and found a new delight in pullhad gone on never thinking where he ing at his whiskers. was going, until now he found himself Poor Jack, he wanted all his thoughts outside the long stretch of houses and about him to say what he found it so was under the green trees and in the hard to say, but words wouldn't come midst of the fields. The lark sang and the most eloquent would find it over head, the thrush and the black- hard to talk when a tiny hand was be-Jack leaned on a gate and let his soul he gave them to his wife. and longing.

bird rang out their richest notes; in ing thrust in their mouth and another the branches above him a crowd of tugging at the beard. So Jack had sparrows met and chirped the very to content himself with putting his loudest, merriest music they had every hand into his pocket, and, taking out learned. And there, in the sunset, one sovereign and one half sovereign, flow out to God in helplessness, sorrow 'What's this, Jack?' she asked going

to the window for it was getting dark-beFOREST HARRISON& CO It was quite dark before he passed in ish, and she feared the first glance had



