HE FELL AMONG THIEVES

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

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As the time approached for the payment of the bill Harry discovered that he could by no means hope to provide more than a hundred pounds towards meeting it, but he made himself fairly easy about it after the manner of youth, under the belief that the holder would renew. He hardly went near the club; but he had casual meetings with his old friends of the Five-Year-Old, and learned to his great rejoicing that Hump had been in extraordinary vein of late, and had been raking in money by the handful. He had no particular affection for Hump, and only rejoiced in that personage's good luck because it seemed likely to be serviceable to himself. He thought that a creditor with his pockets full of money would be pleasanter to deal with than one whose pockets were empty—which again may be accepted as a proof of the young man's ignorance of the world.

But when the day of settling approached, and Harry Wynne met Mr. Whale by appointment he encountered an unexpected blow in the first sentence that was spoken.

"I was afraid," said Whale, who was a mournfully confidential man with a high falsetto voice and a habit of boring an interlocutor into corners, "I was afraid that you weren't going to turn up, and I'm so rotten poor that upon my word I don't know where to look for a fiver."

This staggered the debtor for a moment.

"I am horribly sorry to hear it, old fellow but——"

"For heaven's sake," said the plaintive Whale, "don't tell me you're not going to do it. I've got nine hundred to find to-morrow, and I don't know more than the man in the moon where to look for the other fifty."

"I thought you'd been winning all over the shop," young Wynne answered, feebly. "I haven't been about the club much lately, but when I have met any of the fellows I've heard of nothing but your luck."

"You haven't heard much of my luck," piped Whale, "for this last three weeks, or if you have I haven't I'm stone-broke, my boy, and that's all about it. I've got to pay Hoskins of Cork Street nine hundred to-morrow, and if I can't meet the bill I must hand it over to him to-morrow. You know what sort of a fellow he is."

Harry was perfectly ignorant of the reputation enjoyed by Mr. Hoskins, but there was so serious a forboding in Mr. Whale's tone that his heart quailed at him.

"What can he do?" he asked.

"Do" said Whale, in his anguished falsetto; "he can't do much. He can only run us both into the bankruptcy court, and that means ruin—to me, anyhow. I don't know how your people might take it."

At this point, with an aspect of resigned despair, he sipped at a brandy and soda, bit off the end of a cigar with a sudden malicious spiteful jerkiness, and having apparently forgotten to light, plunged himself moodily into an arm-chair, and did his best to look wretched and disconsolate.

The pigeon had no need to assume any of the airs the rook was acting. He felt quite overwhelmed by this unexpected turn of affairs.

"Look here, Hump," he said in hopeless apology, "I've got a hundred, and if you can stave the thing off for another three months you're welcome to it. I'm awfully sorry, old man," he added with unnecessary contrition. "If I had thought I was putting you into a hole I would never have borrowed the money. I'm earning money now, and I shall earn more as I go on, and if I could only have a year or two to turn round in I could pay it all without bothering anybody."

"My dear boy," Whale responded, with a voice and air of profound wretchedness, "if they'd only give me a month I'm safe as he bank. But old Hoskins is worse than a Jew; he'll have his pound of flesh to-morrow, and he'll take it off both of us, and that's all about it."

This was a sufficiently unpleasant prospect, and Harry sat in silence to contemplate it. He glanced now and again at Whale, who preserved throughout a very creditable assumption of despair. Nothing was said between them for perhaps five minutes, when the rook suddenly leaned over and laid a hand upon his companion's shoulder. The youngster, looking up seemed to read a gleam of hope in his eyes.

"I've got an idea, my boy. I think we can work it. Your credit's pretty good, isn't it? You don't owe much?"

"I don't owe a hundred, outside this," young Wynne answered. "I paid off two or three thousand nine months ago, and I've been going pretty steady since."

"Then we can do it," cried Whale, slapping him on the shoulder with a beaming smile. "Butterfield will do it for us."

"Butterfield?"

"Yes, Butterfield. Conduit Street. Jeweller."

"What will he do?"

"He'll let a fellow in your position have a bracelet or two, or something of that sort. You needn't tell him what you want 'em for. He'll simply think it's for some girl or other. Attenborough will do the rest."

As before, any port in a storm; but this particular entrance looked perilous, and the mariner was afraid of it for awhile.

"Butterfield won't bother you for a couple of years," and at that assurance all sense of danger vanished. "You'll have to get seventeen or eighteen hundred pounds' worth," and at that the victim winced a little. "It won't make any difference, my boy. You can pay interest on it at your uncle's until you redeem it, and then Butterfield will take it back again, and only charge you a commission for it."

"He doesn't know anything about me," said Wynne.

"Oh, yes, he does, my boy. You trust Butterfield. Your name's in Debrett—that's good enough for him."

Master Wynne jumped into a cab, and drove straight to the jeweller's. Mr. Butterfield was the pink of courtesy, and apparently had no suspicion in his nature. He held a pair of white hands up to his chin and smoothed them over the other with a constant caressing motion, expressive of a fluttered deference. Mr. Butterfield had never before had the extreme honor of dealing with a member of the Bridgebourne family. He was delighted to secure Mr. Wynne's custom, and trusted so to satisfy him by their first transaction, as to secure his constant patronage, and, he hoped, the patronage of the family. What did Mr. Wynne desire? A bracelet? Or a riviere, or both? The moment was curiously opportuna. He had just that moment received from his principal workman a perfect little object of art. It could be worn as a bracelet, as a brooch, as an ornament for the hair, or as a centerpiece for the riviere which accompanied it. The stones were Brazilian, and of the purest water—not the rubbish nowadays imported from the Cape. Mr. Butterfield produced the glittering little object in its morocco case with a lining of sapphire-colored velvet and white satin. Mr. Wynne could observe its extreme neatness, its—its chastity. The price of this charming little object was, it turned out, phenomenal for cheapness. It was only two thousand three hundred pounds, and Mr. Butterfield declared with fervour that no other jeweller in the West End was in a position to offer such an article for less than three thousand.

Mr. Wynne, nervously caressing his incipient moustache, thought it would serve his purpose admirably. Mr. Butterfield rubbed his hands the more at this, and with a confidential certainty into which a little air of the most refined and respectful jocularity was allowed to creep, ventured to think that the lady would approve of it.

An hour later the trinket was in the hands of Mr. Attenborough, and the dreaded bill was in ashes in the fire-grate of Harry Wynne's chambers.

Still an hour later Captain Peter Heaton and Mr. Herbert Whale sat in Mr. Butterfield's private room over a glass of singularly fine old Madeira, and amicably arranged the share which should fall to each of them when Mr. Wynne's family should have been compelled to pay for his purchase.

CHAPTER III.

It was two o'clock on the Saturday preceding the Christmas week, and Mr. Fergusson who was already gloved, great-coated, and ready to depart, had sent a message to Mr. Wynne, requesting a moment's interview.

"I never had a gentleman under my orders until now," said the great contractor, "and when I first engaged ye, Mr. Wynne, I confess that I had a certain misgiving in regard to the enterprise. I've sent for ye to tell ye that I'm very much pleased indeed with your assiduity and your business intelligence. The hill of commercial prosperity, Mr. Wynne, is difficult to climb, and no man can do it by spurts. I'm a pretty quick observer, and I'm inclined to think that ye have the root of the matter in ye. I sent for ye on purpose to tell ye of my satisfaction, and as a sign of it you'll find your salary raised next year to the extent of twelve pounds ten per quarter. Now to a young gentlemen of your up-bringing that sum may appear very insignificant, but you may regard it as the first indication of successful merit. I wish ye a merry Christmas, Mr. Wynne, and a happy new year."

The increase in itself was not magnificent, but it was an earnest of future things, and the kind words which went with it warmed the young fellow's heart. He climbed on to a westward omnibus, and took a certain hardy pride in facing the weather in that economic fashion. He had a fortnight's holiday before him, and gave idleness the first welcome he had ever offered it in his life, having learned its sweets from labor. All his journalistic work was ready beforehand, and his portmanteaux were already packed for a visit to Lady McCorquodale's house at Norwood, where he would encounter the divine and perfect Inthia. He had come to the loverlike stage by this time in which a young man discovers that he is absolutely unworthy of the regard of the girl he cares for, and when his knowledge of her affection fills him with a profound humility and disposes him to high resolve. The routine of the office was glorified by the thought of her, and when he lashed vice or exalted virtue in his weekly article or his prettily turned verses, Inthia was always with him, and the thought of her, to his own mind, inspired him to an excellency he could never have achieved without her.

Romance is not of much use to a young man of limited income, unless it lead him amongst other things to the study of figures. It had led him in that direction, and he had drawn up a creditably business-like balance-sheet by means of which he saw himself and the world no more than a thousand pounds at variance. He would pay interest on the jewels until such time as he could redeem them, and would then be able to return them to Mr. Butterfield at a sacrifice of perhaps a couple of hundred pounds. His income was increasing—he had withdrawn his expenditure to the narrowest limits; he was working for love's sake, and felt as if there was no end to energy or success, and in two years at the least he would be clear. He felt mightily experienced at this time, and realized, as he thought, quite clearly, the price he had paid for his whistle. He had had his lesson, so he told himself, and had paid for it, and sometimes, though he was not often of a devotional turn, he thanked providence devoutly for having opened his eyes so early. He was young, and the world lay before him to conquer and subdue. There was not a lad in London whose heart beat to a more honestly exultant tune than his that grimy afternoon.

The hansom was already at the door to carry him and his belongings to Victoria, and he was actually upon the threshold when the postman brought him a letter which completed his beatitude. It came from the editor of a popular magazine, announced that the article he had sent in a week or two before was accepted, and contained the welcome intelligence that it would be paid for. There are writers who receive more than the half-guinea a page offered for Harry Wynne's first contribution to the magazines, but they are veterans or specialists, and no more get flushed with joy over their earnings than a provision dealer over the profits on the sale of bacon. The budding author felt his cheeks flush and his eye kindle as he read. He was lord of himself and of the world.

With this happy exaltation scarcely subdued he reached his journey's end. Lady McCorquodale actually came into the entrance-hall to receive him, an act of cordiality and condescension that imposing and stately woman had never before permitted herself. Lady McCorquodale was of majestic proportions, and strictly clerical in her dress and demeanor, as befitted the relict of a bishop. The sainted doctor had had a severe time of it in his day, and her ladyship had ruled him by the power of the house of Bridgebourne as with a rod of iron. He had been a man of comparatively humble extraction, and had never overgrown the Scottish pragmatical humility which had distinguished him in his earlier days. A kind of wonder sat upon the good man's soul to find himself the son-in-law of a peer, and legislating under the same gilded roof with him for the benefit of common people. Lady McCorquodale had taken good care of that amazement, and had always kept it alive and flourishing. Now that the good doctor had escaped her rule he had grown to be a king and a saint among men in her remembrance. His portrait decorated almost every apartment in the house, smiling with a sour, thin logical look from the family canvass, the photographic paper, and in the servants' bed-rooms from the framed front pages of illustrated evangelical weeklies, where the impress of the sainted countenance was dinted by the uneven type of the hidden page.

Lady McCorquodale was ten years younger than her brother Lord Hounes, and was therefore at this time fifty-seven years of age. She carried the muscle of the family, and at one time had had some pretensions to beauty, though these had long since worn away. She always wore her widow's weeds, and what with a natively imperious temperament and a long life of government, had developed a gait and bearing like those of a permanently indignant queen. When she was gracious she was all the more agreeable by contrast, but her amiabilities were rare, and her servants in especial lived in dread of her chill and dignified asperities.

Whilst her ladyship was greeting her great-nephew in the hall an apparition presented itself upon the staircase and drew his eyes and attention that way. Inthia stood smiling at him from the stairway, looking sweetly pretty in a plain dress of Scotch gray tweed. She advanced after a pause of a second or two, and gave him her hand with a pretty blush. The boy's eyes looked adoration at her, and as the little warm hand nestled in his own for a mere instant he thrilled all over, and was ready to slay dragons. Even her stern ladyship smiled, well pleased at their meeting, and indeed the person would have been hard to please who would not have looked on the young pair with satisfaction. The lad, with his close-cropped gold head, brave forehead, and candid eyes, and his tall slim figure with its promise of manly strength, and the girl, mignonne and graceful, with her steadfast look and changeful color, made a charming picture.

The two young people said little, but they looked a great deal, and when Harry had superintended the unpacking of his belongings he sought the drawing-room, and charmed all ears by a modest recital of his successes. Lady McCorquodale was proud of him, but was not overmuch disposed to show it.

"In my time," she said, with dignity, "gentlemen were not supposed to enter into commerce or letters or that kind of thing. But in these democratic days things are different. We cannot change the times, and I suppose we must go with them like other people. I trust that I shall always speak of papa with the respect which befits his position and his age, but if I occupied his place I would take care that my descendants, at least during my lifetime, were not obliged to derogate from their own proper place in the world."

Inthia was of a different opinion, and for this three months past had accustomed herself to think nobly of commerce. As for her lover's turn for verses, she compared it to Winthrop Macworth Praed's, which was more than the general public did, and even thought it if anything a little superior. He was altogether a hero in her eyes, and that he should scorn delight and live laborious days made him of course more noble than ever. She glowed over the editor who had accepted the young gentleman's first magazine article, and thought him the most discerning of men.

The dinner and the evening passed as dinners and evenings usually pass. The next day was lovely. There had been a fall of snow during the night. The wind blew keen and bracing from the north, and the sun shone brightly with a reddish tinge, as if his face were blown into light and color by that exhilarating air. The young lovers walked to church together, leaving her ladyship to drive thither with the late bishop's sister, Mrs. Brotherick, and that lady's daughters, the Misses Arabella and Julia.

Perhaps the whole of their contemplations were not directed towards the service, and perhaps not even the periods of the rosy-cheeked curate, delightfully intoned as they were, failed to enlist their complete attention. Pleasanter than the rosy-cheeked curate's periods to the ears of the whole congregation Inthia's voice sounded in the musical service of the morning. And if the whole congregation found those fresh, clear, and natural notes pleasant to listen to, it may be taken for granted that her lover found them at least as agreeable as any other listener. The girl had no more thought of singing for show than the robin-redbreast who, excited by the music within the building, perched himself on a tombstone outside and carolled in the intervals of the service; but simply and quietly as she sang, the notes were so pure and true that they made their way through the general clamor of choir and congregation with as little effort as a beam of light shows when it throws a shaft across the darkness. Harry looked at her and thought of Saint Cecilia and of Reynolds' lovely picture of Miss Linley, to which indeed she bore some resemblance. If it is heathen in a young gentleman of two or three and twenty to kneel in spirit at love's shrine in a Christian church, it is to be feared that there are many cultured young heathens in the world, and perhaps after all a young man may be worse occupied even in church than in making honest and manly vows to himself in behalf of the tender and delicate creature whom he means, if he can, to marry. This was certainly Harry's chief spiritual employment for the time being, and by the time service was over he was in as proper a state of self-abasement and good resolve as if every one of the rosy curate's moral shafts had found a target in his bosom.

Lady McCorquodale sailed majestically down the aisle when service was over, followed in a meeker reflected glory by Mrs. Brotherick and the Misses Arabella and Julia. Harry and his sweetheart lingered behind a little, to give them time to drive away. The slide of the box in which the pew library was kept was opportunely obstinate, and would not close until they had stooped over it for quite a long time, with with heads and hands in near neighborhood. The beneficent obstacle yielded when it had served its turn, and the young people were free to walk home together alone and undisturbed. The curate, at the bottom of his heart had no love for the practice of oratory, had been merciful to himself, and had preached as short a sermon as he dared, so that the lovers had a clear three-quarters of an hour to luncheon, and could walk by a circuitous and countrified route that fine morning.

They had not much to say to each other, and the few sentences they spoke were uttered by fits and starts. The pretty little girl in her furs and the tall lad in his ulster looked peculiarly demure, and to the unintelligent eye gave no sign of their inward condition. In their hearts they were perfectly certain of each other, and yet they were full of those tender, plaguing, and delightful doubts with which love is familiar. They were sorely in want of a neutral theme to talk about, and by and by they found one. A remarkably Christmassy old gentleman, with trimmed mutton-chop whiskers of a snowy whiteness, a face of florid red with good living, stout health, and winter weather, and a figure and attire strongly reminiscent of the John Bull of Mr. Tenniel, was in the act of bowing to an old lady who paused at the door of her house to respond to a courtesy. The old gentleman's bow was perfectly polite, but had yet a tinge of friendly respectful waggery and burlesque in it, as if in the amiable exuberance of his heart he rather overdid it. He had just recovered his shining old head with his broad-brimmed old-fashioned hat, when he turned, and, catching sight of Inthia, bowed again.

"Good morning, my dear," said the old gentleman, with a chuckle in his voice. "You sang charmingly in church this morning. It is a great treat to hear a fine voice in devotional music. I had a voice myself once on a time, but that was long ago."

Harry supposed naturally that this hearty old personage was known to his companion, and stood smilingly to listen to his compliments. The old gentleman, quite sans gene, took from Inthia's hands the book she carried, and fluttered over the pages of Hymns Ancient and Modern until he found a certain page, when, with a stout, gloved forefinger following the notes, he began to hum the tune they indicated in a quaint, quavering old tenor, which had yet a husky mellowness in it.

"Fine tune, Old Boston," said the old gentleman. "Many fine tunes here, and I am sure, my dear, that you sing them all delightfully. I wish it were my privilege to hear you. Good morning, my dear, and forgive an old gentleman for complimenting you."

With that the old gentleman gave another sweeping bow with the old-fashioned hat, and walked away radiant, having returned the book to Inthia's hand still open at the page to which he referred.

"Who is he?" Harry asked, when he had gone out of hearing.

"I don't know him," Inthia responded, her dark eyes dancing with fun, "but he is a very delightful old gentleman."

They laughed happily together, and walked on with their late uneasiness banished from their minds.

"He's an excellent critic," said Harry. "We must allow him that much, at least. What does he call the tune he was humming?"

He bent his head to look at the page, and Inthia held it open before him in her two little gloved hands. They were quite alone upon the road, for they had naturally chosen the least frequented way and Harry essayed, in imitation of the vanished eccentric, to hum the tune before him. He sang like a raven, and horribly out of time.

"No, no," said Inthia, "this is how it goes," and she hummed it slowly, following the notes with her finger as the old gentleman had done a minute or two earlier. "Look," she said; "where the note stands higher than the one before it the voice rises. That is not a very profound lesson in music, but it is true."

She hummed the air once more, pensively and softly, still tracing the notes with her fore finger. The little nail was clearly defined beneath the glove, and the boy traced its outline with the absurdest delightful emotion. He bent down closer and closer, doubtless moved by a desire to master the intricacies of the tune. There was nobody in sight, and the friendly solitude of the fields was all about them. There were high hedges on either side, their bare curves festooned with snow, and glittering in the sunlight like fairy silver. It was uncomfortable to look sideways, and he dropped a half pace behind, so that from his superior height he could look easily over her shoulder. She, to give him a clear view, inclined her head a little to the right, and so gave him a glimpse of her rosy white neck, with a stray tiny curl or two enhancing its fairness by contrast. The young gentleman forgot the tune, so slight a thing will divert the youthful mind from study, but the girl went on pensively humming it. Then, whether it were the delightful finger that still followed the notes, or the pretty round neck with the black ringlets curling upon it, or the tune of Old Boston, so sweetly murmured, or all these together, the young man's arm went suddenly but softly round the girl's waist, and the grave, quiet music stopped in the middle. Their feet stood still together on the snow-covered road, and the boy stole his left hand around her until it reached her left shoulder. Then he drew her gently round, and stooped, to look into her drooping face.

"Inthia, my darling! My dear, dear Inthia."

And that, so far as we have a right to inquire, was the whole of the business.

The winter day had been radiant enough before, but the fresh, bright wind might have blown as balmy as in the summer time, and they have known no difference. The glorious winter sunlight dazzled on the fields and lit every spray of the hedges and every stark wayside weed with a sort of splendor. They walked in fairyland. We have all been there at one time or another, but no man, or woman either, finds an abiding city there. The moments we spent in that enchanted region were brief, but how sweet they were memory knows.

The young people were late for luncheon, and to be late for anything in which she herself was concerned was as a rule among the unforgiveable sins in Lady McCorquodale's eyes. But for once she was disposed to be gracious, and the wonderfully bright, glad countenances of the culprits may have had something to do with the softening of her ladyship's martinet disposition. The presence of a visitor would alone have restrained her from any overt expression of insulted majesty, and as it happened a visitor was present.

Mr. Humphrey Frost was the head of one of the oldest untitled families in Great Britain, and was as solidly proud of being a commoner as he could have been if his forbears had been decorated with every title royalty can bestow. The Bridgebournes were of an old house, but the roots of the Frost family tree went deep into English soil, and the first bearers of the name of whom history held record were solid franklins in Saxon England generations before the rough-and-tumble bands of the Bastard's adventurers found fortunes and titles there. Mr. Frost was not only of a very ancient family, but he was, as the representatives of ancient families sometimes are not, prodigiously wealthy. The railway had made towns of his broad fields, and in doing so had made him a millionaire twice or thrice over. He was not a handsome man, and for his thirty years looked a trifle grizzled and old fashioned, but he had a thoroughly English bonhomie—which by the way is so thoroughly an English quality that there ought to be an English word for it—a smile that illuminated his plain face like sunshine, and a character of sterling, cheerful honesty. In manner he was at once polished and hearty, and there was hardly a man of his time more universally respected. He was a politician, for sheer fault of opportunity to be something more useful, a sound adviser and fair debater, though not brilliant, or likely, apart from wealth and personal influence, to be of striking use to his party.

In the eyes of the maternal population of these islands Humphrey Frost shone with an almost sacred lustre. There were one or two better possible matches for marriageable daughters, but only one or two. And then Mr. Frost's character was unimpeachable, which was more than could be said for all his compeers. He had kept no occult establishment by the side of silver Thames, maintained no stud and owned no sporting colors. He had always been cheerfully serious, and without being the least little bit of a milksop had led a life curiously pure and free from blame for a unoccupied man who had had the handling of vast sums of money from his youth upwards. In short he was a gentleman of as old a fashion as his name and family, honorable, chaste, and high-minded, a standing unconscious reproach to half his compeers.

Mr. Frost had long been the hope and despair of the best families with marriageable daughters on hand, that by this time almost everybody had decided upon him as being intractable, and a born old bachelor. The net had been spread in sight of the bird so often that he had grown exceptionally wary, even for so old a stager as himself. Of all the wiles and stratagems which are held lawful and honorable in the outer courts of Hymen there was probably not one which had not at some time or other been employed upon him, but he had never been entangled by so much as a feather. The world of matrons desperately resigned itself to let him alone.

Mr. Frost and Lady McCorquodale were friends of long standing, and Mr. Frost's father had been an early patron of the lamented bishop's, having presented him with his first living, so that there was a tie of friendship between the two houses. Outside the magnificent ægis of Lady McCorquodale Mrs. Brotherick was socially an inconsiderable person, and she knew nothing, except at second and third hand, of Frost's impregnability to matrimonial assault. Her motherly bosom fluttered when she learned that he was in the house, and had actually consented to stay to luncheon. Was it—gracious powers!—was it Julia, or was it Arabella whose charms had brought the super-eligible young man hither? She was tremulously courteous to him, and did kotow before him as if she had been an ambassador and he a heathen potentate. Arabella and Julia fluttered their pretty plumage, and with a fine sisterly abnegation each helped the other to the display of her particular charms and virtues. Such an innocent, unsuspecting, dear little nest of marriageable maiden purity they showed that the eligible parti, whose sense of humor in this regard had been cultivated to the finest, smiled inwardly, and had some trouble not to smile outwardly.

The lovers took the ambrosia and nectar of that feast in a charmed silence, and Lady McCorquodale had most of the talking. She disapproved of the rosy curate's doctrinal laxity, and triumphantly crushed him in the theological mill bequeathed to her by the late bishop, proving triumphantly by extracts from his published discourses the curate's fallacies.

Mr. Frost took this as he took most things, with a serene good humor, and being alone with her ladyship for a moment after luncheon, he startled that excellent woman amazingly by asking for an immediate private interview. Her ladyship at once accorded his request, and left Mrs. Brotherwick and the girls to wonder. A strange conflict of doubt and fear raged in those tender bosoms. Lady McCorquodale was the recognized and undeniable head of their house. Was it etiquette that an intending suitor should apply to her rather than to mamma? Mrs. Brotherwick humbly knew herself to be far removed from the exalted circles in which Lady McCorquodale had her habitual being. She was ignorant of these nuances, and could only wait in agitated suspense.

Humphrey Frost went straight to his point, as was the way with him.

"Tell me, Lady McCorquodale," he said, "if I am right in supposing that Miss Grey is free to accept an offer of marriage."

(To be Continued.)

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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.

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Boy—Well, I should say yes. They haven't spoken to each other for a week.

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

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F. O. PETTERSON.

STORE TO RENT.
The store lately occupied by Loggie & Burr. Possession given 24th March. For terms and other particulars apply to
JAS. J. PIERCE.
March 4th 1893.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

"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.

—0—

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.

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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.

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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	.....Birchville.....	3 40
12 25 p. m.	.....Doaktown.....	2 20
1 20	.....Boiestown.....	1 20 p. m.
2 40	.....Cross Creek.....	11 55
4 00	.....Marysville.....	10 35
4 10	.....Gibson.....	10 25
4 15	.....Fredericton..... Lv.	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, Sling Upper Nelson, Boom Chatham Junction, Trev Rapids, Upper Blackville, Blissfield, McNamee's, Ludlow, Astle Crossing Clearwater, Portage Road, Forest' sliding, 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 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 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. B. 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.

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

Established 1866.

Dunlap Bros. & Co.,
AMHERST, N. S.
Dunlap, McKim & Downs,
WALLACE, N. S.
DUNLAP, COOKE & CO.,
AMHERST, N. S.

DUNLAP COOKE & CO.
MERCHANT TAYLORS,
—AND—
GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS.
AMHERST.
N. S.

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

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.
—0—
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,
BILL-HEADS, BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS, PROFESSIONAL CARDS, TICKETS. NOTE-HEADS, LETTER-HEADS, BILLS OF EXCHANGE, ORDERS, DRAFTS, NOTES.
CUSTOMS FORMS, SCHOOL FORMS, STOCK CERTIFICATES.
FISH INVOICES, RAILWAY FORMS, FISH RECEIPTS, LOG AND RAFT RECEIPTS, SCALERS' CARDS, MAGISTRATES BLANKS, SUNDAY SCHOOL CATALOGUES, SAW BLANKS,
ETC., ETC., ETC.
—000—
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