Continued from 1st Page.

A Cardinal Sin.

'Then,' continued Manders, 'when he returns, he will perhaps find that you have been spending a few days with your old friend here.'

'He will take a full amount of revenge,' said Frances.

'He will try to. I shan't blame him. You see I rented this pretty quiet place for the benefit of a person who was much kinder to me than Josephine. I am afraid the truth is well known in B——. I daresay Allan will want to shoot me, but you'll find it hard work to make matters clear to him—or to anyone else, I expect.'

Frances grew crimson as she grasped the full extent of his villany. She rose from her chair.

'And you!' she cried, in scathing accents, 'you to whom my father and I showed nothing but kindness, to plot and intrigue to ruin me in my husband's eyes. If you have any feeling of manhood left, open the doors and let me go.'

'You may go free any moment you like after you have heard what I have to say, and promised me something. I only want to show you exactly how you stand. Your fate is in your own hands. Will you listen?'

'Speak on and let me know the worst a man is capable of.'

'Oh, I'm capable of anything. But sit down again; it seems more comfortable.'

'I prefer standing.'

'All right; stand as long as you like. I am in no hurry, but I shan't speak until you sit down.'

The question was not worth disputing. She resumed her seat,

'That's better,' said Manders, smoking with an air of enjoyment. 'Now listen, and you'll see what I want you to do. It's very little, but until you promise to do it we must continue to be fellow-lodgers.'

'I suppose you want me to assist you in carrying out your imposture?'

'Something of the kind. It suited me to believe and state that my name was Digby Bourchier. Everyone has believed that for the last three years. It was under that name that I won Josephine's affections. I told her I was his heir to Redfills and could turn them all out at any moment. Smart, wasn't it?'

Frances witheld her approbation—his cynical candor was revolting.

'Well, as you know all about me, and, I suppose, are burning to tell Allan and all of them that I am not a Bourchier, but the son of poor but honest parents named Manders, I have been obliged to keep out of your way as long as possible. Looking after Josephine, I tumbled against you. That was a mistake on my part.'

'Then,' said Frances, slowly, 'all the tale you told me about the penitent criminal—the tale which lured me down here—was false.'

'That was smart, wasn't it? Takes a Yankee to devise such a plan as that.'

'Go on,' said Frances.

'I guess there isn't much more to say. It suits me to keep the whole thing dark for another month—after that I don't care. You can tell everybody that Digby Bourchier is George Manders. You swear that until this day month you keep silence, and here are the keys for you, you can walk out at once, catch the train, and be in town by five o'clock.'

'What is the alternative?' asked Frances, disdainfully.

Manders laughed, and flipped his cigar ash into the untidy grate behind him.

'There is none,' he said. 'It's only a matter of time—you'll have to promise before you leave this place; so you'd better be a sensible girl and make up your mind to do so at once—not send poor Allan right across France after you.'

'I will never promise—never. If you have taken these pains to insure my silence, your end must be utterly evil. You are a liar, an impostor, and, for all I know, a murderer. Let me go!'

'Better consider the matter a bit,' said Manders, tilting back his chair and putting his hands in his pockets. There's no harm done yet; you can be home in a couple of hours. By and by it will be too late to avoid gossip and scandal.'

She made no reply, but, turning her head away, looked carefully round the room—there was no means of escape. She rose and tried the folding-doors on her right hand. These were locked. Manders watched every action, but for a while said nothing.

'Well,' he asked, at length, 'have you considered?'

She had considered, and felt convinced that he was weaving some diabolical plot—something that must needs be evil to her husband's people. By this time she rightly believed that he was capable of any villainy. How could she keep silent for the time specified, and know that he was working unchecked to accomplish the object he had in view. This might be Allan's ruin, Josephine's ruin, Mr. Bourchier's ruin, in fact, everyone's ruin. No, she would never consent; nothing should wring such a promise from her. Besides, she felt if it was to be a contest of will between herself and Manders, she was quite his match; therefore, when he repeated his question, she set her lips firmly and looked him full in the face.

'I will never promise,' she said. 'I will stay here until I am released; but I will promise nothing.'

Manders uttered an oath.

'You are a foolish, obstinate woman,' he said. 'Now we shall see which can tire the other out. Until you swear to keep silence for a month, you stay here my prisoner. You'll have to give in sooner or later.'

She said nothing, but sat still thinking what to do. She looked at her watch, and found the hour was nearly three. In that room it might have been any time. There was not a ray of daylight to show it was not midnight. She thought of the distance from the road to the house, and wondered if it were not possible to attract the attention of some passer by a prolonged scream. To be entrapped and imprisoned this way seemed absurd. A hundred yards or so from the highroad, and within a few miles from London. Surely her voice would reach as far as the road, and someone would come to her assistance. She hated the idea of resorting to the feminine extremity—screaming—but what could she do? She could not overpower her jailer; no one was likely to come by chance or on business to that deserted cottage; she had seen Manders lock the gate securely. Her only hope of escape was to make her voice heard. She must try, much as she disliked screaming in cold blood. If no one came to her aid her only chance would be to tire her captor out, to pit her power of resisting fatigue and watching against his. No, she would promise nothing, unless her life was in absolute danger—nothing.

Having fallen such an easy victim to his craft, she quite believed that he had arranged things so that Allan would be lured away on a false scent. Her heart grew sick with the thought; her cheeks flushed at the idea of her husband pursuing her and Manders on the Continent. How bitterly she regretted the desire for revenge which had been played on by this villain, and so led her into such straits. She must make someone hear!

So she stood up, opened her shoulders, drew a long breath, and screamed a scream, which, coming without warning, made Manders jump in his chair. He had evidently counted upon this proceeding, as it appeared to trouble him little. He lit a fresh cigar and laughed, while his prisoner sent scream after scream, hoping one might succeed in travelling the distance. At last, utterly exhausted, she sank in her chair, waiting to see if her efforts had attracted any attention.

'It's not a bit of good,' said Manders. 'You'll only ruin your voice and tire yourself out. I'll bet you don't make any one hear if you scream for a month.'

From the composure with which he regarded her efforts she felt he was speaking the truth in this respect. The way he had deadened the windows was with a view of guarding against her cries being heard.

She sat down and for three hours neither spoke nor moved. It seemed like a horrible dream. It was new past six o'clock. She knew that Josephine and Mrs. Melville would be wondering at her absence—she dread lest they should even then telegraph for her husband. The idea that for one moment Allen should be led to suspect her of wrong was maddening. Had a loaded pistol been in her hand she would have shot that wretch opposite to her without compunction. Yet she grew more and more resolved to lead herself in no way to his schemes.

He sat all the while in the one chair, smoking continually. The air grew heavy and foul with the fumes of his strong cigar. The room was small and only ventilated by the chimney and the crevices of the doors. Part of the time he read, or pretended to read a dog-eared novel several of which were scattered about; but he kept the while a close watch on his captive. At half past six he arose.

'Still determined?' he asked.

Frances did not trouble to reply.

'Then I must prepare for the saige,' he said opening the cupboard behind him and taking some provisions, a bottle of brandy and soda water. He made a hearty meal and replaced every thing except the brandy and soda water. 'Sorry I must be ungallent enough to refrain from asking you to share my meal,' he said, 'but if the besiegers supply the besieged with provisions the fortress would never fall.'

Till then the thought of hunger and thirst had not occurred to her. He intended, she saw, to starve her into submission. However, she was not hungry or thirsty yet; so she put off considering the evil moment.

Presently Manders spoke again.

'I don't mind doing what I can to make you comfortable, as long as I don't injure myself. You ain't very cheerful company, so if you like to go into the next room, I've no objection.'

He opened the folding-doors, then coming back put a lighted candle on the table near her.

'You can go in there,' he said, 'if you like, and stay there till you are tired; but you must leave the door open so that I can see what you're about, if I want to. If you try to break down things and get to the windows I shall come in and stop with you, or make you come back here.'

Anything was better than his company. She took the candle and passed into the adjoining room.

It was furnished in the half-bedroom, half-sitting-room style. That same precaution had been taken with respect to the window, and a chest of drawers was placed in front of the door, which was no doubt locked. She could not get at it without removing the piece of furniture and alarming Manders. She could sit in a semi-privacy behind the half-opened folding-door, but she knew that if she approached the window he must see her. Screaming in this room she felt would be less likely to aid her then in the other.

Still she was alone—away from those hateful eyes. She could throw herself on a chair and collect her thoughts. She need not check the tears which, in spite of her bold bearing, was springing to her eyes. She could pray and hope that some chance, or some mistake on Mander's part, might reveal her whereabouts to the friends who, she was certain, would be seeking her high and low to-morrow. She felt glad she had not veiled her self as she walked through the little village. Many persons must have seen her, and would be able to put inquirers on the right track. She would be traced to Charing Cross, where some one may have noticed her. Yes, she would hold out for a long while yet.

There was a washstand in the room. She ventured to pour out a little water and bathe her face, and without fear that her jailer would intrude when he heard her movements. But he did not; and, feeling refreshed, she sat down to pass the long and sleepless hours as best she could.

One by one they passed. She drew out her watch and wound it up; it would be terrible not to have the means of knowing how the time went. It was now night; she had touched nothing since break-fast time—nearly twelve hours ago. She drank a little of the brackish water left in the ewer and assuaged her burning thirst. Manders, she knew, was still smoking, and, she supposed drinking; as from time to time she heard the chink of glass and the gurgling of fluid. Would he eventually drink himself to sleep? This was the only chance of escape she could think of unless the rescue came from without.

Her candle had now burned down into the socket. She felt she dare not stay there in darkness; she feared she might drop off to sleep if the light were with drawn. She must have another candle; must summon up her courage to go to him and demand it. Moreover, it was better to show him she was not afraid. So she steped boldly into the front room.

'Going to give in?' he asked as she entered.

'Give me another candle,' she said, peremptorily.

'Help yourself,' he said, throwing several on the table; 'there's lots here—enough for a week, I calculate.'

She took a couple, and while so doing glanced at him. No, he was not drunk yet. But there was a look in his dark eyes which sent a thrill of fear through her—a look she had not seen there yet—a look that made her long for a weapon. She felt, as she retreated to her own domain, that those eyes were following her. What would happen if sleep or fatigue overpowered her? Brave as she was she shuddered at the thought.

Should she yield and promise? Never, till in the last extremity! Should she promise, and, consider how that promise was extorted, break it the moment she was free? No, she could no do that. A promise or an oath, no matter how given, must be sacred to Frances Bourchier. Oh, if Allen were here; her strong, brave husband? She pictured his wrath—pictured him shaking Manders like a rat—and this mental picture gave her great comfort. The reverse of it, unfortunately, was Allen fallen, like herself, into a trap, and rushing off to the Continent in search of her. The hours wore on until she found it was midnight.

She was growing very hungry and fear began to form in her mind that simple starvation would compel her to yeild. But not yet; she could hold out many hours yet. She took another draught of the bad water, and, as she turned round afterward, saw Manders standing inside the door with wicked eyes gleamiug at her.

She faced him boldly, but her heart sank.

'I don't see why I should sit all alone,' he said, with a thick utterance. 'You come in and cheer me up.'

'I choose to stay here,' she answered.

'Then I'll come in here too; hanged if I don't. A fellow doesn't often get such a lovely girl as you to talk to. I'll come in.'

Without a word she passed him, and took her old seat in the front room. She must not show the fear she felt. Oh, if Allan were here!

Manders followed her, and obedient to a motion of her hand, seated himself in the same chair he had occupied so long. Then he poured out more brandy, and looked across at her.

'Now, let's be jolly and comfortable,' he said. 'I can't bear to keep away from such a beauty as you are, Frances. Everybody hasn't got the finest woman in the world staying of her own free will with him.'

He seemed about to rise. Frances looked at him—such a look, speaking such volumes that he quailed before her eyes and sunk back into his chair. For the time she had conquered. But by and by! Manders muttered something, and took a long pull at his glass, which almost emptied it. He then poured out more spirit.

She saw the action, and trembled. He still had his wits about him, but after a few more glasses he might be madly intoxicated—too wild to listen to or be satisfied by any promise, even if she could bring herself to make it. What would become of her, shut up with a ruffian drunk enough to commit any crime, sober enough to execute it. The bottle which held the brandy was a very large one—originally it might have contained two quarts. He poured as much as seemed good to him into his glass, then replacing the bottle by his side, turned for water to qualify the liquor. In a second her resolve was made; with a sweep of her long arm she sent bottle and glass from the table—dashed them off with such vigor that both broke into fragments against the wainscoting. It was a rash act, and she trembled for the consequences. But anything was better than seeing the man grow more and more dangerous. At one time she had looked forward to his complete intoxication as a means of her release, but she had not taken the intermediate stage into account.

Manders sprang to his feet, and dropping the mask altogether; hurled a volley of curses at her. Then he picked up the bottom of the bottle, hoping to find something left there; but the work of destruction had been thoroughly done. The air was thick and oppressive with the exhalations rising from the spilled spirit, and Frances prayed she might not faint.

For a moment the ruffian seemed inclined to attack her. He glared and swore at her. She feared the worst. Then he went back to his chair, and, resuming his cigar, smoked sullenly for about half an hour.

'You think you have been devilish clever,' he said, looking across at her; 'but it's the best thing you could have done for me. I can't get screwed now. I guess, about this time to-morrow you'll feel like giving in. You'll be begging on your knees for something to eat and drink. You'll have to pay a high price, I can tell you.'

'I shall be free long before to-morrow evening. I left word where I was going.'

Manders started and looked at her intently, then turned away with a laugh.

'That's a lie—you'd have told me so before if you had. You're gone to Nice with me, and dear Allan will be off after us to-morrow evening.'

Hour after hour of that long night crept by. The two, the captor and the captive, sat silent but wakeful, eying each other. Manders spoke several times, but Frances declined to open her lips again. He went to his cupboard once or twice and ate some of his provisions, chuckling as he did so. Frances once or twice crept into the back room and drank the brackish water. She dreaded that he would deprive her of even that poor resource. But he did not—there may be a depth of brutality to which no man is able to sink.

Hour after hour passed by. It was morning—nine, ten, eleven, and still the watchers sat. Frances for a while began to grow dreamy; yes, she must be dreaming. That reeking room, the close atmosphere, the candles one after another burning down—could it be possible that outside that sealed window was broad, bright sunlight—that birds were singing and flowers open in the hedges? Then she almost feared she was losing her senses. By a great effort she rose and paced to and fro. She must keep awake—she must struggle on till the night—then exhausted nature, she knew, would have her own way, and she must yield.

To think it was broad daylight outside! People passing within a few hundred yards; yet she might as well be in the deepest cell of the Inquisition. She must make them hear—she would try again.

She screamed wildly, and knew her scream of to-day was but a pitiful echo of that of yesterday. She soon desisted. If no one heard her before, it was absurd to suppose they would hear now. Forgetting her companion, she fell back on her chair and covered her eyes with her hands.

Manders leaned across.

'Will you give in and promise?' he asked.

His voice was hoarse and changed, but the sound of it awoke Frances to a recollection of where she was. She raised her head.

'Never!' she said.

He ground his teeth and looked at his watch—it was twelve o'clock.

'I'm getting tired of this,' he said; 'you're in better training than I am. I've had as much as I can stand of it. I thought I could last you out, but now I don't think I can. I'm just good for a few hours longer; then if you won't swear to shut your mouth, I'll shut it once and for all. If I've got to use this its your own fault.'

He opened his coat as he spoke and showed her the butt of what her American experience told her was a revolver.

[*To be Continued.*]

General News and Notes.

Emollient means softening, This is the action Dr. Kendrick's White Liniment has on swellings of all kinds on man or beast. Try it.

Two hundred and seventeen New York policemen are on the sick list.

Winter Sports.

The gay winter season exposes many to attacks of colds, coughs, hoarseness, tightness of the chest, asthma, bronchitis, etc., which require a reliable remedy like Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam for their relief and cure. Known as reliable for over thirty years. The best cough cure.

Heavy snowstorms and intensely cold weather prevailed in Great Britain last week.

JUST why so many people suffer pain when a remedy of known and certain effect like Hagyard's Yellow Oil may be had at every drug store, is not very clear. This peerless pain soothing remedy is a prompt and pleasant cure for sore throat, croup, colds, rheumatism, lame back, etc. Price 25 cents.

NOT FRENCH KID.

Mrs. Callahan—I want to get a pair of shoes for the little boy.

Clerk—French kid?

Mrs. C. (indignantly)—Indeed not. He's my own son—born an' bred in America.

A Sensible Statement.

SIRS,—Having used your Burdock Blood Bitters successfully for some time past, I must state that for my complaint of biliousness and acid stomach I have never found its equal, and I continue to use it and recommend it to my friends and neighbors.

W. SUTTOF, St. Thomas, Ont.

The ravages of the grip have caused the Pope to suspend the church regulations as to fasting in the afflicted districts.

A Wonderful flesh Producer.

This is the title given to *Scott's 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

An English syndicate has purchased twenty-three out of the twenty-nine flour mills of Utah and will attempt to control the entire wheat crop of that Territory.

With his thumb, a boy is said to have saved the Netherlands from inundation. Many people have been saved from the invasion of disease by a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine imparts tone to the system and strengthens every organ and fibre of the body.

Lady Somerset, mother of Lady Henry Somerset, now in New York, has just announced her intention to embrace Catholicity following closely on the heels of Lady Edith Curzon, who turned Roman Catholic a month ago.

Provide yourself with a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and so have the means at hand for contending successfully with a sudden cold. As an emergency medicine, it has no equal and leading physicians everywhere recommend it.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

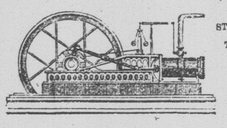
Miramichi Foundry

AND

MACHINE WORKS,

CHATHAM, MIRAMICHI, N. B.

Malleabl Iron, Steam and Water Pipe, Tees, Elbows, Reducers, Union and other Couplings, Globe and Check Valves,



STEAMSHIPS! TUGS, YACHTS, &c. LAUNCHES BARGES, Etc., Built and Repaired,

General Iron and Brass Founders, Mill and Steamboat Builders.

Manufacturers of Steam Engines and Boiles, Gang and Rotary Saw Mills, Gang Edgers, Shingle and Lath Machines, and Well-Boring Machines for Horse and steam power.

POND'S WISCONSIN PATENT ROTARY SAW CARRIAGE A SPECIALITY.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

WM. MUIRHEAD Proprietor.

Miramichi Advance.

Beginning with the issue of November 6th, 1890, when the ADVANCE entered upon its

Seventeenth Year of Publication!

The publisher made an important change in the terms on which the paper isfurnished 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 6th, 1890, are to be settled on the old terms, viz., $2 per year, the advertised credit rate.

I have made special arrangements with the

WEEKLY TELEGRAPH OF ST JOHN

AND THE

FAMILY HERALD AND WEEKLY STAR

of Montreal by which I will furnish either of those papers and the

"ADVANCE"

TOGETHER AT

One Dollar and Sixty Cents a Year!

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.

Having published the ADVANCE for sixteen 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.

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.

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY.

WINTER 1891-1892.

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

Between Chatham and Fredericton.

For Fton. (read down)		For Chatham. (read up)
7.20 a m.....	Chatham	ar. 6.00 p. m.
7.45 a. m....	Chatham Junction	5.32 p. m.
8 55 a. m.....	Blackville	4.25 p. m.
10 30 a. m.....	Doaktown	3.05 p. m.
11.20 a. m.....	Boiestown	2 00 p. m.
12.40 p. m.....	Cross Creek.....	12.40 p. m.
2.05 p. m.....	Marysville	11.17 a. m.
2.17 p. m.....	Gibson	11 05 a. m.
ar 2.20 p. m....	Fredericton	11.00 a. m.

Connecting with I. C. R. Trains.

GOING NORTH.

	Local Time Table. No 9 Express.	No. 7 Mixed.
Leave Chatham,	9.10 p. m.	2 20 p. m.
Arrive Chatham Junc.,	9.40 "	3.00 "
Leave " "	10.00 "	3.30 "
Arrive Chatham,	10.25 "	4.00 "

GOING SOUTH.

	Local Time Table. No. 3 Express.	No. 5 Mixed.
Chatham, Leave,	3.30 a m	10.55 a. m.
Chatham Junc n, Arrive,	4.00 "	11.25 "
" " Leave,	4.10 "	11.40 "
Chatham Arrive,	4 40 "	12.10 p.m

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

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.

Trains on I. C. R. run through to destinations on Saturday nights.

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 N. B. 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.

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

Special attention given to Shipment of Fish.

J. B. SNOWBALL, Manager.

Legal Notices.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

To be sold at Public Auction, on Thursday, the 17th day of December, next, in front of the Post Office, Chatham, between the hours of 12 o'clock noon and 5 o'clock p. m.

All the right, title and interest of Henry A. Muirhead, in and to the following lands and premises.

"All and singular that piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Chatham, aforesaid, and known as part of the "Blink Bonnie" property, formerly owned and occupied by the late George H. Russell, deceased, which piece thereof is abutted and bounded as follows, to wit:—Commencing on the west side of Brunswick Street or the Great Road leading from Chatham to Richibucto at the south-easterly angle of the piece of land sold by Thomas G. Russell to John Pallen, thence southerly along the westerly side of the said Great Road or Brunswick Street five hundred and seventy-two feet to the south-easterly angle of the piece of land sold by Thomas G. Russell to James Kerr, thence westerly along the northerly side of the land so sold to the said James Kerr to the easterly side line of the lands so sold to the said James Kerr to the easterly side line of the lands so sold to the said James Kerr to the easterly side line of the lands formerly owned by the heirs of the late Patrick Henderson, deceased, thence northerly on a line parallel with the westerly side of the said Great Road and along the easterly side of the said Henderson Street five hundred and seventy-two feet or to the south-westerly angle of the said piece of land so sold by the said Thomas G. Russell to the said John Pallen, thence on a line at right angles with the said Great Road or Brunswick Street and along the said John Pallen's southerly side line to the westerly side of the said Great Road or Brunswick Street being the place of beginning, containing four acres more or less and was conveyed to John Ellis by the said Thomas G. Russell by Indenture bearing date the twentieth day of January, A. D. 1876, and by the said John Ellis to the said Henry A. Muirhead by deed bearing date the 28th day of April, A. D. 1876, as by reference thereto will more fully appear.

Also, all that other piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Chatham, aforesaid, and abutted and bounded as follows, to wit:—Commencing on the westerly side line of lands conveyed to the said Henry A. Muirhead by John Ellis, at the south-easterly angle of pasture lot number nine, formerly owned by Isaac Matheson, thence southerly along the westerly side line of said lands so conveyed to the said Henry A. Muirhead by the said John Ellis and a continuation of such line seventy-one rods or to a proposed road to be laid out across the land formerly owned by the late Patrick Henderson, deceased, thence westerly along the northerly side of such intended cross-road eighteen rods and two feet or to the easterly side of a road fifty feet wide laid out along said Henderson lands from Wellington road to such intended cross-road and known as Henderson Street, thence northerly along the easterly side of said Henderson Street sixty-eight rods or to the southwest angle of lot number nine so formerly owned by the said Isaac Matheson, thence easterly along the southerly side line of said pasture lot number nine eighteen rods or to the place of beginning, comprehending pasture lots numbers eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two and one and containing by estimation seven acres and seventenths of an acre more or less, and was conveyed to William Muirhead by Thomas G. Russell by Indenture bearing date the twenty-third day of June, A. D. 1873 and by the said William Moirhead to the said Henry A. Muirhead by Indenture bearing date the seventeenth day of December, A. D. 1878, as by reference thereto will more fully appear.

Also, all that other certain piece of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Chatham, aforesaid, and abutted and bounded as follows: On the westerly side of the Great Road leading from Chatham to Richibucto in the Parish of Chatham, aforesaid, being part of the Blink Bonnie property, formerly owned by the late George H. Russell, deceased, and is abutted and bounded as follows, to wit: commencing on the notherly side line of lands owned by James Kerr, at the distance of one hundred and six feet ten inches, from the westerly side of the said Richibucto Road, thence westerly on a continuation of such line, eighty feet, thence northerly on a line at right angles with the said line, twelve feet, thence easterly on a line parallel with said line eighty feet, thence southerly on a line at right angles with the first mentioned line twelve feet, or to the place of beginning, being part of the lands and premises conveyed to the said James Kerr by Thomas G. Russell by Indenture bearing date the eighth day of January, A. D. 1876 and by the said James Kerr to the said Henry A. Muirhead by deed bearing date the twenty-seventh day of April, A. D. 1876, as by reference thereto will more fully appear.

Also, all and singular that certain lot or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in Chatham, aforesaid, and described as follows, to wit:—Commencing at the south side of a street thirty feet wide laid out through the said property on the plan thereof made by Timothy Crocker, Esquire, Deputy Surveyor, at its intersection with Johnston Street, thence north seventy-five degrees east or along the south side of said street as laid out as aforesaid, ninety feet or to the northwest corner of building lot number eight on the plan of the said property, thence south sixteen degrees east or along the westerly side line of said building lot number eight, fifty feet or to the northeast corner of building lot number two on said plan, thence south seventy-five degrees west ninety feet or along the northerly side line of said lot number two to the easterly side of said Johnstone Street and thence north sixteen degrees west fifty feet, or along the easterly side of said Johnstone Street to the south side of said Street so laid out as aforesaid, and being the place of beginning.

Also, all that other piece or parcel of land being part of said Johnstone property described as follows, to wit:—Commencing on the south side of said street so laid out as aforesaid, at the northeast corner of building lot number eight on the said plan, thence south sixteen degrees east, along the easterly side line of said lot number eight fifty feet, thence north seventy-five degrees east to the west side of what was formerly a tannery, thence north seventeen degrees thirty minutes west thirty-seven feet or along the west side of the said tannery or to the northwest corner thereof, thence north seventy-two degrees thirty minutes east or along the north side of said tannery twenty-eight feet to the westerly side line of property formerly owned by Mrs. Jane Townley, thence north twenty-seven degrees west or along the last mentioned line to the south side of the said street so laid out as aforesaid and thence south seventy-five degrees west forty-six feet or along the south side of said street to the northeast corner of said lot No. 8, being the place of beginning, which said two pieces of land last above described are known on said plan as building lots numbers two and seven, respectively, and were conveyed by Lemuel J. Tweedie, Esquire, to the said Henry A. Muirhead by Indenture bearing date the twentieth day of October, A. D. 1874, together with all the houses, outhouses, barns, buildings, fences, improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the said several pieces or parcels of lands and premises, belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Also, all other the lands and tenements, hereditaments and premises of the said Henry A. Muirhead, whatsoever and wheresoever situate in the County of Northumberland; The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of several executions issued out of the Supreme and County Courts against the said Henry A. Muirhead.

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, this 31st day of August, A. D. 1891.

JOHN SHIRREFF, Sheriff.

The above Sale is postponed to Thursday, the 28th day of January, next, then to take place in front of the Post Office, Chatham, between the hours of 12 noon and five o'clock p. m., as above named.

Dated Newcastle, this 17th day December, A. D., 1891.

JOHN SHIRREFF, Sheriff.

Oranges, Lemons and Grapes

and a large assortment of

CONFECTIONERY.

PURE GOLD FLAVOURING EXTRACTS AND SPICES A SPECIALITY,

ALSO

Raisins and Currants, Citron and Lemon Peel,

AND A NICE LINE OF

Gift Cups and Saucers and Mugs,

All of which I will sell at

REDUCED PRICES

ALEX. McKINNON.

General Business.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that application will be made by the applicants hereinafter named, to His Honor the Lieutenant Governor in Council, for a grant of Letters Patent under the provisions of "The New Brunswick Joint Stock Companies' Letters Patent Act" and Acts in amendment thereof, incorporating the applicants, and such other persons as may hereafter become shareholders in the proposed Company, a body corporate and politic, under the name and for the purposes hereinafter mentioned.

(1) The proposed corporate name of the Company is "THE CHATHAM ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY."

(2) The objects for which incorporation is sought are—to enable the proposed Company to acquire by purchase, lease or otherwise, and to use and employ machinery, apparatus and instruments and rights relating thereto, or any patents of invention of or affecting the same, or any improvements thereof, for the production and distribution of Electricity for the purposes of light in the Town of Chatham and the places adjacent thereto, and to erect and maintain necessary works in connection therewith, and to acquire and hold sufficient real estate for the purpose, with such other privileges as are incident to the attainment of the objects and purposes above named.

(3) The office or chief place of business of the Company is to be located at the Town of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland.

(4) The amount of the capital stock of the Company is to be Twenty thousand dollars, Two thousand dollars and upwards of which is now actually subscribed.

(5) The said capital stock is to be divided into two hundred shares of one hundred dollars each.

(6) The following are the names, addresses and callings of the applicants:—

MacDougall Snowball, of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland, Electrician;

Jabez B. Snowball, of Chatham aforesaid, Merchant;

James D. B. F. Mackenzie, of Chatham aforesaid, Druggist;

William B. Snowball, of Chatham aforesaid, Accountant; and

George E Fisher, of Chatham aforesaid, Accountant.

And the said MacDougall Snowball, Jabez B. Snowball and James D. B. F. Mackenzie are to be the first or Provisional Directors of the said Company.

Dated this 18th day of November, 1891.

J. H. BARRY, Solicitor for Applicants.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that application will be made by the applicants hereinafter named, for His Honor the Lieutenant Governor in Council for a Grant of Letters Patent under the provisions of "The New Brunswick Joint Stock Companies' Letters Patent Act," and Acts in amendment thereof, incorporating the applicants and such other persons as may hereafter become shareholders in the proposed Company, a body corporate and politic under the name and for the purposes hereinafter mentioned.

(1) The proposed corporate name of the Company is—"THE MIRAMICHI TELEPHONE COMPANY."

(2) The objects for which incorporation is sought are—to enable the proposed Company to erect and maintain Telephone lines throughout the Counties of Northumberland, Kent, Gloucester and Restigouche in this Province, and to transmit by telephone messages from any point or points within the said Counties to any other point or points therein, for hire, over the wires of the Company, and to erect and maintain the necessary works in connection therewith, and to acquire and hold sufficient real estate for the purposes of the Company, with such other privileges as are incident to the attainment of the objects and purposes above named.

(3) The office or chief place of business of the Company is to be located at the Town of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland.

(4) The amount of the capital stock of the Company is to be ten thousand dollars, two thousand dollars and upwards of which is now actually subscribed.

(5) The said capital stock is to be divided into one hundred shares of one hundred dollars each.

(6) The following are the names, addresses and callings of the applicants:—

James D. B. F. MacKenzie, of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland, Druggist; MacDougall Snowball, of Chatham aforesaid, Electrician; Jabez B. Snowball, of Chatham aforesaid, Merchant; Francis H. Winslow, of Chatham, aforesaid, Banker; and Scott Fairley, of Blackville, in the County of Northumberland, Lumber Merchant And the said James D. B. F. Mackenzie, MacDougall Snowball, and Jabez B Snowball, are to be the first or Provisional Directors of the said Company.

Dated this 18th day of November, A. D. 1891.

J. H. BARRY, Solicitor for Applicants.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TO be sold at Public Auction on Thursday the 3rd day of March, next, in front of the Post Office, in Chatham, between the hours of 12 noon, and 5 o'clock p. m.

All the right, title and interest of Malcolm Taylor in and to all those several pieces or parcels of land in the County of Nethumberland and Province of New Brunswick, abuted and bounded as follows, viz:—

All that piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Hardwick in the County and Province aforesaid, bounded on the upper or westerly side by land owned by John Williston and on the lower side by lands owned by William W. Williston and being in straight lines from the Shore of Bay du Vin Bay, back to the Highway Road, being the land and premises conveyed to the said Malcolm Taylor, or intended so to be by Alexander Taylor, by Deed dated the 20th day of March, A. D. 1886 and so described.

Also, all that other piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the said Parish of Hardwick, in the County and Province aforesaid, bounded on the upper or westerly side by land owned and occupied by John G. Williston and on the lower side by land owned by William W. Williston, and being in straight lines from the Highway Road, back (or southerly) to the base land, and being the lands conveyed to the said Malcolm Taylor by James Taylor, or intended so to be, by Deed dated the 20th day of March, A. D. 1886, being the lands and premises on which the said Malcolm Taylor lately resided.

The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of Northumberland County Court at the suit of Robert Taylor against the said Malcolm Taylor.

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, this 16th November, A. D. 1891.

JOHN SHIRREFF, Sheriff.

Residence to Rent.

The two-storey dwelling and premises with barn &c. situated on St John Street, lately occup'ed by Miss Perley, is offered to rent. Possession given immediately. Apply to D. G. Smith, Chatham, or

MRS. SARAH DESMOND, Newcastle, NB.

For Sale or To Let.

The Dwelling House and premises situate on Upper Water Street, in the Town of Chatham, at present occupied by F. R. Morrison, Esq.

TO LET.—

The Dwelling House and premises situate on St John Street, in the Town of Chatham, near the R. C. Chapel, at present occupied by H. S. Miller, Esq.

For terms and further particulars, apply to

L. J. TWEEDIE, Barrister-at-Law, Chatham.

Dated at Chatham, 24th March, 1891.

TO LET.

The dwelling house and premises owned by Thomas F. Keary, Esq., situate on St. John street and now occupied by Mr. Richard Stothart. Possession given 1st November next. For particulars apply to

L. J. TWEEDIE. Barrister-at-Law.

Chatham, 30th August, 1891.

LONDON HOUSE.

Wholesale and Retail.

In store, the following reliable Brands of Flour:—

"