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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 23. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, OCTOBER 14, 1897.

D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR
TERMS—$1.00 a Year, in Advance

BUSINESS NOTICE.

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N. B, every THURSDAY morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.

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

Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season are inserted at *eight cents* per line nonpareil, for 1st insertion, and *three cents* per line for each continuation.

Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $5 00 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefor with the publisher.

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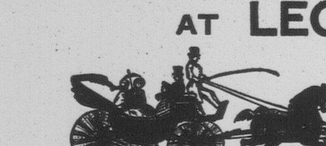

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NOTICE TO HOLDERS OF TIMBER LICENSES
CROWN LAND OFFICE, 24 JULY, 1896.
The attention of all holders of Timber Licenses is called to Section 19 of the Timber Regulations which reads as follows:—
"19 No Spruce or Pine trees shall be cut by any Licensee under any License, not even for piling, which will not make a log at least 18 feet in length and ten inches at the small end; and if any such shall be cut, the Lumber shall be liable to double stumpage and the License be forfeited"
and all Licensees are hereby notified, that for the future, the provisions of this section will be rigidly enforced
ALBERT T DUNN,
Surveyor General

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E. A. STRANG.

Stationery!
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A COMPLETE LINE JUST RECEIVED
—AT—
HICKEY'S PHARMACY.
Call and Inspect it.

Notice to Revisors.
Revisors of votes will be supplied with revision forms on application to the subscriber.
SAM. THOMSON, Sec. Treas., Co. of North'ld
Dated 12th July, 1897.

WANTED
MEN TO SELL FOR THE FONTHILL NURSERIES. OVER 700 ACRES OF CANADIAN GROWN STOCK.
WE IMPORT NO STOCK FROM THE STATES.
Farmers, Farmers, Sons, Implement Agents, Students, Teachers, Retired Ministers, Energetic Clerks who wish to make advancement. find the work of selling our HARDY, HOME-GROWN Nursery Stock, pleasant as well as profitable.
We want more such men this season as the demand for our goods is increasing, owing to the fact that we GUARANTEE ALL OUR STOCK FREE FROM SAN JOSE SCALE.
We make contracts with whole or part time men. Employment the year round. We pay both salary and commission.
Write us for our terms. Outfit free.
STONE & WELLINGTON,
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STOP IT QUICK!
Why suffer with Cholera, Dysentery, Diarrohea Cramps and all such
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When you can stop it quick by using
PENDLETON'S PANACEA?
Halifax N. S. Aug. 1895.
Propr. of Pendleton's Panacea.
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Author of "A Woman's Crime," "John Arthur's Ward," "The Lost Witness," "A Slender Clue," "Dangerous Ground," "Against Odds," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Well!"

It is Mr. Wedron, of the New York Bar, who utter this monosyllable. He sits at the library table in the little lawyer's sanctum; opposite him is his host, and a little farther away, stands Ray Vandyck; a living, breathing, gloomy faced but mute interrogation point. He has just been introduced to Mr. Wedron, and he is anxiously waiting to hear how these two men propose to save from the gallows a man who will make no effort to save himself.

"Well!" repeats Mr. Wedron, "you have seen the prisoner?"

"We have seen him."

"And the result?"

"Was what you predicted. See, here in my note book, I have his very words; you can judge for yourself."

O'Meara passes his note book across to his questioner, and the latter reads rapidly, the short sentences scrawled by his host.

"So," he says, lifting his eyes from the note book. "Doctor Heath refuses to defend himself. Mr. Vandyck," turning suddenly upon Ray, "sit down, sir; draw your chair up here; I wish to look at you, sir."

Not a little astonished, but obeying orders like a veteran, Ray complies mutely.

"Now then," says Mr. Wedron, with brisk good nature, "let's get down to business. Mr. Vandyck, I am here to save Clifford Heath; I was at the inquest; I have had long experience in this sort of business, and I arrive at my conclusions rapidly, after a way of my own. O'Meara, prepare to write a synopsis of our reasonings."

"Of your reasonings," corrects the lawyer, drawing pen and paper toward himself.

"Of my reasonings then. First; are you ready, O'Meara?"

"All ready."

"Well, then; and don't stop to be astonished at anything I may say. First, Clifford Heath knows who stole his handkerchief, and who stole his knife."

A grunt of approbation from O'Meara; a stare of astonishment from Ray.

"For some reason, Heath has resolved to screen the thief." Scratch, scratch. "But he does not feel at all sure that the one who stole his belongings, is the one who struck the blow."

Ray stares in astonishment.

"Now then, there has been a plot on foot against Heath, and I believe him to have been aware of it." He is looking at Ray, and that young man starts guiltily.

"Put down this, O'Meara," says Mr. Wedron, suddenly withdrawing his gaze. "Doctor Heath has nothing to blush for in his past. He withholds his story through pride, not through fear; but it may be necessary to tell it in court, in order to prove that he did not know John Burrill previous to the meeting in Nance Burrill's cottage; and if he refuses to tell his story, I must tell it for him."

It is O'Meara's turn to be surprised, and he writes on with eager eye and bated breath.

"And now, O'Meara," concludes Mr. Wedron, "there were two parties sworn to-day, who did not tell all they knew concerning this affair. One was—Mr. Francis Lamotte."

Ray breathes again.

"The other was—Mr. Raymond Vandyck."

Ray colors hotly, and half starts from his seat. O'Meara lays down his pen, and stares across at his contemporary, but that individual proceeds with unruffled serenity.

"Mr. Vandyck did not tell all that he knows, because he feared that in some way his testimony might be turned against Clifford Heath. Here he can have no such scruples. Our first step in this case must be to find out who Clifford Heath suspects; and why he will not denounce him."

"And that bids fair to be a tough undertaking," says O'Meara.

"Not at all, Mr. O'Meara. I expect that this young man can give us all the help we need."

"I," burst out Ray. "You mistake, sir; I can not help you."

"Softly, sir; softly; reflect a little, this is no time for over-nice scruples; besides, I know too much already. We three are here to help Clifford Heath. Mr. Vandyck, can you not trust to our discretion; you may be able, unknown to yourself, to speak the word that will free your friend from the foulest charge that was ever preferred against a man. Will you answer my questions frankly, or—must we set detectives to hunt for the information you could so easily give?"

The calm, resolute tones of the stranger have their weight with the mystified Ray. Instinctively he feels the power of the man and the weight of the argument.

"What do you wish to know, sir?" he says, quietly. "I am ready to serve Clifford Heath."

"Ah, very good;" signing to O'Meara. "First, sir, as a friend of Doctor Heath, do you know if he has recently had any trouble, any disappointment? He is a young man. Has he been jilted, or—"

"Ah-h-h!" breaks in O'Meara; "why didn't you ask me that Wedron? Upon my soul, I have heard plenty about this same business."

"Then take the witness stand, sir. What do you know? You won't be over delicate in bringing facts to the surface."

"Why," rubbing his hands serenely, "I can't see your drift, Wedron, any more than can Vandyck here; but I have heard Mrs. O'Meara discuss the probable future of Clifford Heath until I have it by heart. Not long ago she was sure he, Heath, was in love with Miss Wardour, and we all thought she rather favored him, although it's hard to guess at a woman's real feelings. Later, quite lately, in fact, the thing seemed to be all off, and my wife has commented on it not a little."

"Oh!" ejaculates Mr. Wedron. "And—had Doctor Heath any rivals?"

"Miss Wardour has plenty of lovers; but I believe that Mr. Frank Lamotte was the only rival he ever had any reason to fear."

"Ah! so Mr. Frank Lamotte has been Heath's rival? Handsome fellow, that Lamotte! Mr. Vandyck," turning suddenly upon Ray, "the ice is now broken. What do you know, or think, or believe, about this attachment to Miss Wardour?"

"I think that Heath really hoped to win her at one time, and I believed his chances were good. Something, I don't know what, has come between them."

"Do you think she has refused him?"

"Honestly, I don't, sir. I think there is a misunderstanding."

"And young Lamotte, what of him?"

"I suppose he has come in ahead; in fact, have very good cause for thinking him engaged to Miss Wardour."

"Bah!" cries O'Meara, contemptuously, "I don't believe it. There's nothing sly about Constance. She would have told me or my wife."

"I'll tell you my reasons for saying this, gentlemen," says Ray, after a moment's hesitation. "I'll tell you all I can about the business. Some time ago, shortly after Heath's last encounter with Burrill, I came into town one day to keep an appointment with him."

"Stay! Can you recall the date?"

"It was on Monday, I believe, and early in the month."

"Go on."

"I met one of the Wardour servants, who gave me a note. It was a request that I wait upon Miss Wardour at once; she wished to consult me on some private matters. Miss Wardour and I, you must understand, are very old friends."

"Yes, yes; go on."

"I excused myself to Heath, and, just as I was leaving the office Lamotte came in. He challenged me, in bandinage, as though he had a right to say who should visit Wardour. He overheard me telling Heath where I was going."

"Yes."

"During my call, I made some allusion to Lamotte, speaking of him as her accepted lover. She did not deny the charge my language implied, and I came away believing her engaged to Lamotte. When I returned to Heath's office Lamotte had gone, and Heath asked me, rather abruptly, if I believed Miss Wardour would marry Lamotte. I replied, that I did believe it then, for the first time."

"Ah, yes! Mr. Vandyck, are you aware that on this same day, this Monday of which you speak, Clifford Heath received an anonymous note, in a feminine hand; warning him against danger, and begging him to leave town?"

"What, sir?" starting and coloring, hotly.

"Ah, you are aware of that fact. Did you see that note, Mr. Vandyck?"

"I did," uneasily.

"How did Heath treat it?"

"With utter indifference."

"So! And did he, to your knowledge, receive other warnings?"

"I am quite sure he did not."

"During your call at Wardour Place, did Miss Wardour mention Doctor Heath."

"She—did," reluctantly.

"She did. Can you recall what was said."

"It was soon after that street encounter with Burrill. I related the circumstance; she had not heard of it."

"And did she seem unfriendly toward Heath?"

"On the contrary, I think she was, and is, his friend."

"You met Lamotte in Heath's office, Does Lamotte go there often?"

"Why, he made a pretence of studying with Heath, but he never stuck close to anything; he had read a little in the city, I believe."

"Then he is quite at home in Heath's office?"

"Quite at home."

"Thank you, Mr. Vandyck." Mr. Wedron draws back from the table and smiles blandly upon poor Ray. "Thank you, sir. You are an admirable witness; for the second time to-day you have evaded leading questions, and withheld more than you have told. But I won't bear malice. I see that you are resolved not to tell why Miss Wardour summoned you to her presence on that particular day; so I won't insist upon it—I will find out in some other way."

"Thank you," retorts Ray, rather stiffly. "It will be a relief to me, if you can do so. Can I answer any more questions, sir?"

"Not to-night. And, Mr. Vandyck, as a friend of Clifford Heath's, we ask you to help us, and to share our confidence. Now, we must find out first, if Constance Wardour is engaged to Lamotte; and second, the cause of the estrangement between herself and Doctor Heath. Can you suggest a plan?"

"Yes," replies Ray, a smile breaking over his face. "Send for Mrs. Aliston, and question her as you have me."

"Good!" cries Mr. Wedron. "Excellent!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

During the night that saw Sybil Burrill's reason give way under the long, horrible strain that had borne upon it; the night that witnessed the downfall of Frank Lamotte's cherished hopes, and closed the earthly career of John Burrill; Mrs. Lamotte and Mrs. Aliston hovered over the bed where lay Sybil, now tossing in delirium, now sinking into insensibility. Early in the evening Dr. Heath had been summoned, and he had responded promptly to Mrs. Lamotte's eager call.

They could do but little just then, save to administer opiates; he told them there was every symptom of brain fever; by to-morrow he would know what course of treatment to pursue; until then keep the patient quiet, humor all her whims, so far as was possible; give her no stimulants, and, if there was any marked change send for him at once.

The two anxious women hung upon his words; afterward, they both remembered how cheerful, how brave and strong he seemed that night; how gentle his voice was; how kindly his glance; how soothing and reassuring his manner.

In the gray of the morning, Sybil dropped into one of her lethargies after hours of uneasy mutterings, that would have been mad ravings but for the doctor's powerful opiate; and then, after a word combat with Mrs. Lamotte, just such an argument as has occurred by hundreds of sick beds, where two weary, anxious watchers vie with each other for the place beside the bed, and the right to watch in weariness, while the other rests; after such an argument, Mrs. Aliston yielded to the solicitations of her hostess, and withdrew, to refresh herself with a little sleep.

The vigil had been an unusual one, and Mrs. Aliston was very weary. No sound disturbed the quiet of the elegant guest chamber where she lay; and so it happened that a brisk rapping at her door, at ten o'clock in the morning, awoke her from heavy, dreamless slumber, and set her wandering wits to wondering vaguely what all this strangeness meant. Then suddenly recalling the events of the previous night, she sat up in bed and called out:—

"Who is there?"

"It's ten o'clock, madam," replied the voice of Mrs. Lamotte's maid; "and will you have breakfast in your room, or in the dining room?"

Slipping slowly out from the downy bed, Mrs. Aliston crossed to the door, and peering out at the servant, said:—

"I will breakfast here, Ellen. How is Sybil?"

"She is worse, I think, madam, and Mrs. Lamotte is very uneasy; I think she wishes to speak with you, or she would not have had you wakened."

"Tell her I will come to her at once;" and Mrs. Aliston closed the door and began a hurried toilet; before it was completed, Mrs. Lamotte herself appeared; she was pale and heavy eyed, and seemed much agitated.

"Pardon my intrusion," she began, hurriedly; "I am uneasy about Sybil; she is growing very restless, and for more than an hour has called unceasingly for Constance. Do you think your niece would come to us this morning? Her strong, cool nerves might have some influence upon poor Sybil."

"I am sure she will come," replied Mrs. Aliston, warmly, "and without a moment's delay. I will drive home at once, Mrs. Lamotte, and send Constance back."

"Not until you have had breakfast, Mrs. Aliston. And how can I thank you for your goodness, and your help, during the past horrible night?"

"By saying nothing at all about it, my dear, and by ordering the carriage the moment I have swallowed a cup of coffee," replied the good-hearted soul, cheerily. "I hope and trust that Sybil will recover very soon; but if she grows worse, you must let me help you all I can."

Half an hour later the Lamotte carriage rolled swiftly across the bridge and towards Wardour; and so Mrs. Aliston, for the time at least, was spared the shock that fell upon the house of Mapleton, scarce fifteen minutes later—the news of John Burrill's murder, and the finding of the body.

Little more than an hour later Constance Wardour sprang from the carriage at the door of Mapleton, and ran hurriedly up the broad steps. The outer door stood wide open, and a group of servants were huddled about the door of the drawing room, with pale, affrighted faces, and panic-stricken manner.

Seeing them, Constance at once takes the alarm. Sybil must be worse; must be very ill indeed. Instantly the question rises to her lips:—

"Is Sybil—is Mrs. Burrill worse?" and then she hears the startling truth.

"John Burrill is dead. John Burrill has been murdered." In bewilderment, in amazement, she hears all there is to tell, all that the servants know. A messenger came, telling only the bare facts. John Burrill's body has been found in an old cellar; Frank has just gone, riding like a madman, to see that the body is cared for, and to bring it home. Mrs. Lamotte has been told the horrible news; has received it like an icicle; has ordered them to prepare the drawing room for the reception of the body, and has gone back to her daughter.

All this Constance hears, and then, strangely startled, and vaguely thankful that Frank is not in the house, she goes up to the sick room. Mrs. Lamotte rises to greet her, with a look upon her face that startles Constance, even more than did the news she had just heard below stairs.

Intense feeling has been for so long frozen out of that high-bred, haughty face, that the look of the eyes, the compression of the lips, the fear and horror of the entire countenance, amount almost to a transfiguration.

She draws Constance away from the bed, and into the dressing room beyond. Then, in a voice husky with suppressed emotion, she addresses her as follows:—

"Constance Wardour, I am about to place my honor, my daughter's life, the honor of all my family, in your hands. There is not another living being in whom to trust, and I must trust some one. I must, for my child's sake, have relief, or my reason, too, will desert me. Constance, that sick room holds a terrible secret—Sybil's secret. If you can share it with me, for Sybil's sake, I will try to brave this tempest, as I have braved others; if you refuse"—she paused a moment, and then whispered fiercely:—"If you refuse, I will lock that chamber door, and Sybil Lamotte shall die in her delirium before I will allow an ear that I cannot trust within those walls, or the hand of a possible enemy to administer one life-saving draught."

(*Continued on 4th page.*)

General News and Notes.

The picture framer may be the better artist.

Failure often puts forth the brightest blossoms.

Tobolsk, Siberia, claims to be the oldest inhabited place in the world.

A Wonderful flesh Producer.

This is the title given to *Scotts Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil* by many thousand who have takeit. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food *Use it and try your weight.* Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and $1.00

The old Romans began every banquet with eggs and ended it with apples.

The population of Dublin has decreased within the last 40 years from 261,000 to 245,000.

Frogs have been raining down in thick showers on Bizerta, in Tunis. The largest were the size of a man's thumb.

With a two handed sword Godfrey of Bouillon, at the seige of Antioch, cut a Turk into halves from the shoulders to the hips.

Fly fishing would often be more successful, if the trout were not so fly.

The woman who marries a man for the purpose of reforming him never wants for occupation afterward.

Even the most economical boy you know will be pretty sure to say that it is better to spend fifteen cents than to let his mother cut his hair.

MARK YOU!
We have the best Studio, BEST operator, BEST assistants and the largest and most varied EXPERIENCE, and use only the BEST materials and therefore produce the
Best Photographs.
Whether our patrons be RICH or POOR we aim to PLEASE every time.
IF YOU WANT PICTURE FRAMES,
PHOTOGRAPHS
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COME AND SEE US AT
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CANADA HOUSE.
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LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM.
Every attention pa[id] to
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Located in the business centre of the town.
Stabling and Stable Attendance first rate.
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REVERE HOUSE.
Near Railway Station,
Campbellton, N. B.
formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan
Comfortable accommodation for permanent transient guests. Commercial Travellers will also be provided with
Sample Rooms.
GOOD STABLING on the premises.
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HEAD QUARTERS.
THE HEADQUARTERS FOR DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES AND TOILET ARLICLES .. .. IS AT THE .. ..
NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.
We have on hand now, as usual, a
LARGE & FRESH SUPPLY
of the different Mulsions, Linaments, Cough Syrups, Tonics, Dyspepsia, Rheumatic, Kidney, Asthma and Catarrh Cures.
ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF
TOOTH BRUSHES, HAIR BRUSHES, COMBS, TOOTH POWDERS AND PASTES PERFUMES & SOAPS.
Our perfumes and soaps are the finest in town, and as we have a very large assortment of Soaps, we will offer them at special prices.
We also call your attention to our Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, Tobacco Pouches, Cigar and Cigarette Holders, etc.
NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE,
E. LEE STREET, - - - PROPRIETOR.

ADAMS HOUSE.
ADJOINING BANK OF MONTREAL,
WELLINGTON ST, - - - CHATHAM, N. B.
This Hotel has been entirely Refurnished throughout and every possible arrangement is made to ensure the Comfort of Guests Sample Rooms on the premises.
TEAMS will be in attendance on the arrivals of all trains.
GOOD STABLING, &C.
THOMAS FLANAGAN,
Proprietor

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

GO TO PORTLAND, BOSTON, ETC.
VIA THE
Canada Eastern Railway and Fredericton.

Leave	Loggieville	6.00 a.m.
"	Chatham	6.12 a.m.
"	Chatham Jc.	6.45 a.m.
"	Doaktown	8.50 a.m.
"	Boiestown	9.35 a.m.
"	Cross Creek	10.47 a.m.
Arrive	Fredericton	12.15 p.m.
Leave	"	4.20 p.m.
Arrive	Bangor	11.10 p.m.
"	Portland	3.50 a.m.
"	Boston	7.25 a.m.

Pullman Sleeper runs through from Fredericton Juncton to Boston.

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

BOOTS! SHOES!
If you want a
First Class Article made to Order
come to the shop of Samuel Johnson.
The driving-boots that all the Lumbermen are looking for are made at this establishment, and a stock of them is now on hand,
All Hand-made work and Warranted,
Repairs made promptly.
Prices reasonable all round.
SAMUEL JOHNSON.
Building adjoining the Post Office, Chatham.

AUCTION.
CHURCH LOT.

To be sold at public auction on Monday, the twenty-seventh day of September next in front of the post office Chatham, at twelve o'clock noon, the Glebe Lot, Church Point on the south side of Tabusintac River formerly granted to the Trustees of St. Andrew's Church, Tabusintac. Terms cash.
By order of the Trustees,
ANDREW McLEAN,
Secretary to Trustee,
St. Andrew's Church,
Tabusintac.
Tabusintac,
27th August, 1897.