

Continued from 1st Page. A Cardinal Sin.

The amount was larger than he had as yet asked Mr. Boucher for at one time, there fore he thought it well to open the attack through Josephine. He expected she would refuse to help him, but determined that she should pay for the refusal.

"Josephine," he said, "you must write to your father by the next post."

"I wrote only yesterday," she replied.

"Well, write again. He's always glad to hear from you. Tell him I must have a thousand—no, say twice hundred pounds—next week."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," she said, rising to leave the room.

He intercepted her.

"You do as I say, or it will be worse for you."

"I will not. Let me pass, if you please."

"If you don't write I will go down and ask him myself. He is not well, I hear, and my visit may upset him; but that will be your fault."

She passed. The thought of her husband going down to her old home to wring money out of the father who had already found him so much was horrible. The very sight of Digby, she knew, was enough to annoy Mr. Boucher beyond endurance.

"I don't see why your father should feel such a dislike to me," continued Digby; "and I'm sure I have a perfect right to what money I want."

"Suppose we say nothing about rights or wrongs," suggested Josephine, with bitter scorn in her voice.

He looked at her angrily.

"Will you send that letter?" he cried.

"I will, I'll leave him from being troubled by you."

"At once, mind."

She made a gesture of assent and left him. The next post he took the letter.

"MY DEAR FATHER,"

"My husband says he must have £1200 next week. I write not because he requests me to do so, so much as to stop him coming to Redhill and worrying you."

It was not quite the letter Digby wanted. He objected to write to his father, in case Digby should go to Redhill as he threatened.

She had learned long ago that her husband was an object of hatred, sometimes she even fancied fear, to her father. She threw the whole blame upon her shoulders, accusing her ill-advised marriage of being the cause why Mr. Boucher could not have Digby to shift entirely for himself.

Philip Boucher's eyes flashed as he read Josephine's letter. He had been quite right in thinking that his son-in-law's long silence meant evil. The end of it this must come soon. Twelve hundred pounds this week! It might be twice double next year!

It was as easy to demand one sum as another—just as dangerous to refuse to give as to pay it. He, then, refused to give one in a point-blank uncompromising manner, and (and the worst that Digby could do).

As we know, when he first yielded to the young man's demands, and introduced to his family as his legitimate son-in-law, his intention was to cast him adrift as soon as he fancied the time was at hand when the tale he would attempt to tell would be accented by everyone as an absurd and malicious invention.

Subsequent events had modified his plan. Digby's great success in marrying Josephine changed the aspect of the affair. He felt his enemy could strike him through his child—that he might make her life an utterly miserable one. Except for this, he believed the time had come when he might venture to defy his enemy; to tell him to do his worst. Allan and Mabel detested the man, and would not be likely to give credence to his tale, or stoop to consider an enemy he might lay before them. Kenneth, his youngest-born, had never, so far as he knew, seen Digby. The more he thought about it the more he inclined to defiance. Even this application for money was conciliatory. Let Digby do his utmost to blast his character in the eyes of the world or of his children, at least he could reap no benefit as far as money went. The moment he imparted the secret of his power to others that power was at an end. Even the support he had afforded the race for the last three years might be explained by his affection for his daughter. No doubt Digby's first act of open warfare would be to ill-treat his wife.

"You might just as well leave, and go no lower how glad her father would be to know her once more beneath his roof."

Yes, he would defy him. Let him come down and threaten as he chose, not a self-would should go into his pockets. The more he thought of it the easier the task seemed. He blamed himself for having remained in this fellow's toils so long, when it was clear that a vigorous effort would free him once and forever. He might even turn the tables upon him, and send him to penal servitude as an impostor. Mr. Boucher, having served himself for the final struggle, felt better than he had felt for a long time. The sooner Digby came to Redhill the better. So he wrote:

"MY DEAREST JOSEPHINE:

"The usual sum will be paid into your credit next quarter day. This is more than your husband has a right to expect, and certainly all I am inclined to do for him."

Josephine handed the letter to her husband without comment. He read it, and for a moment she thought the whole torrent of his rage was to be directed upon her. But he cutted it, and in a few minutes settled down, not to a good, honest glowing fire, but to a convulsive, hidden kind of like like vitriol.

"So papa declines to do anything for his affectionate son-in-law?" he spoke slowly, with a vicious curl on each word. "Papa is a silly old man, Josephine."

Josephine turned her head away, but said nothing.

"He is more stupid than ever I thought him, my dear. An obstinate, arrogant, pig-headed old fool, in fact, my dear."

His wife gathered up her work and went to the door. The words "my dear," which had been sufficient to make her leave him, without the abuse he was showering on her father.

"Don't go, my darling wife; stay and hear me complete my estimate of your papa. He is—"

The door closed behind, but not in time to prevent her ears being reached by some blossoms of vituperative art which Digby threw after her, and perhaps directed as much toward her as toward her father. She went to her room, and, as usual, looked at the door. She had never before known her husband in a mood like this. Not only did he feel that the sharpest venom was lying beneath his words, but that he meant to imply that he was able to make use of her for his own ends. She was really frightened, and could do nothing except lie down and weep, and bewail herself. Her only comfort was that her father's letter did not exhibit any fear of his son-in-law.

"She had ordered herself nearly stupid, or nearly to sleep, when the door was rapped by someone's knock. There she heard a loud, mocking voice.

"Good-by, Josephine, my dear. I am going down to Blacktown. I shall sleep to-night, and get over to Redhill to-morrow the first thing. Shall I take any message for you?"

"No," she said, shortly.

"Not even to say how well and happy you are?"

"She dismissed to reply. He rattled the door.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

"Won't you let me in to say good-by, my dear? We are husband and wife, you know."

She glanced fearfully at the door, wondering if he would try and force it. She was more frightened than she liked to own; she knew he had been drinking. Then her memory in living the life she had lived with him for the last two years or more flashed before her. As yet she had never been afraid of him; she despised, perhaps hated him; but she had never feared him. Now she realized that he was a strong man, and the only a weak woman. She began to tremble.

Her fears were groundless, and she breathed more freely as she heard his retreating steps. But he came back again, and rapped the door to gain her attention.

"Finey, my darling," she heard him say, and that set pat on his lips made her shudder, "are you listening? Answer me, or I'll break the door down."

"I am listening," she said, fearing the consequences of silence.

"I am going down to Redhill, my pet; and I am going to play the dence with that old dick, your father."

Then he went away altogether. It was not until long after she had both heard and seen the cab bear him off that she ventured out of her room. She was terribly frightened, not knowing what was going to happen. Whatever the true meaning of Digby's threat, she was sure he was gone to do what mischief he could to her father.

He would not get there before the next morning, so she telegraphed at once to Redhill, that his coming might not take them by surprise. She might have spared herself the trouble. Digby, either having no wish to do such a thing, or merely out of bravado, had telegraphed on his own account, requesting, moreover, that a carriage might be sent to Brookley to meet him. Mr. Boucher, true to his newly-designed war policy, had long telegraphed to pieces, and taken no notice of the request.

"The old fool is infernally in earnest," said Digby, with a black scowl, when alighting on the Hackley platform he found no vehicle awaiting his orders.

"This was going to be a grim affair—a battle royal," he was clearly shown by the fact of Mr. Boucher's coming to meet him. Mr. Boucher was with him simply as an appeal to his courtesy—and Mr. Boucher was a courteous man. The absence of the carriage impressed Digby greatly. It seemed like a warrior who held his foe in such scorn that he would not extend the common civilities of warfare to him. He meant fighting, and to risk his life. Let him fight and do his best—the more stubborn the resistance the more crushing the defeat. Nor in the hour of victory would he forget this petty slight. It rankled in his mind painfully.

But he must get to Redhill somehow. He went to the Hackley Inn and was accommodated with a dingy, disreputable-looking phanton, drawn by a disreputable-looking horse. Assisted by his driver, he arrived at his father's house in a state of some confusion, presenting a most undignified appearance. He saw, or fancied he saw, a covert smile on the old woman's face as she opened the lodge-gate—the horse, phanton, and driver were most freely-looking lot. But, then, it matters little in what way a general reaches the battle-field, so long as he gets there in time and with his forces in proper order.

That he was expected was evident. The old man—servant, steel, to whom he had always been an object of mistrust, conducted him, without a word, to his master's presence. Mr. Boucher was writing a letter, and for a minute did not even look up from the paper before him. This was another little action meant to show how hard he intended fighting. Digby had not spoken with Philip Boucher since that interview four years ago, and he looked at him with some curiosity, wishing to ascertain from a close inspection how long he had to live. His feelings were those of disappointment; the excitement of the impending conflict leading to Mr. Boucher's false appearance of health and strength. He might live for years and years, so he must be the payermaster, not Allan.

"Very fine weather, Mr. Boucher," said Digby, eager to commence the attack.

"We are about to discuss the matter. Kindly let me finish my letter."

He finished it, and laid it aside, evincing neither hurry nor interest in his visitor's errand. Digby began to bully.

"You might just as well send your carriage for me, instead of obliging me to get over here as best I could."

"I did not ask you to come. Your presence is utterly distasteful to me. Why should I send my carriage for you?"

"You know why, well enough." He spoke roughly and coarsely. Mr. Boucher looked at him steadily.

"I told you to me, he said, 'your manner has greatly changed—for the worse; at least thought I thought that impossible. You drink very hard, I hear.'

Digby grew white with rage. His enemy was taunting him. He was to be insulted."

"Indeed! Then what may you want?"

"I told you what I wanted. Now I want two thousand; and I'll have it before I leave you."

"Many people want money, but can't get it," said Mr. Boucher, calmly.

"I'll have it, though, and more, too, from you."

"I think not. I am sorry you have wasted your time in coming on such a fool's errand. I told you in my letter all I intend to do; and that is only for the present."

"Then Mr. Boucher looked straight at Digby, and Digby returned his gaze. The two quite unlooked each other. He might as well have looked at the sun in the sky."

"Oh," said Digby, slowly, "that's it, is it? That's it, exactly," said Mr. Boucher. Digby turned his eyes away, and for a minute seemed in deep thought. He was wrestling with it.

"If you have anything more to say, say it. If not, go," said Mr. Boucher, curtly.

"I've lots more to say—never fear. So you won't fork out this money?"

"No a farthing."

"And I'm to do the worst I can? That's it, is it?"

"That's it, exactly," replied Mr. Boucher for the second time.

"Wonder if you know the worst I can do?"

"As far as I see, you can endeavor to spread about a cock-and-bull tale which no one will believe. The things you have kept to yourself stop that, and your three years' connection with my family will not add weight to your assertions."

"Ah!" said Digby, "you are smart."

"You will, the sake of wounding me, shall at once reply for a warrant against you, for pretending you are Digby Boucher, and obtaining money from me under that name. That will mean penal servitude."

"But there'll be a trial, and things come out."

"What then? How can you get them out? Even then, what difference will it make to you? Unless you can prove you are Digby Boucher, you are certain to be sent to Portland."

"Does you are smart," said Digby. "Why didn't you think of this before?"

"Why not, indeed? It all seemed so simple when that Mr. Boucher was wondering the same thing."

"This by Josephine, my dear. I am going down to Blacktown. I shall sleep to-night, and get over to Redhill to-morrow the first thing. Shall I take any message for you?"

"No," she said, shortly.

"Not even to say how well and happy you are?"

"She dismissed to reply. He rattled the door.

"If what you say is law," continued Digby, "I'd better bolt. I'll go home and thrash Josephine a little first—it will be satisfactory."

"You blackguard!" cried Mr. Boucher, springing from his seat.

"Thought I'd have you there," said the cynical villain. "Now, suppose I go off quietly, and leave you all in peace, what will you do for me?"

Mr. Boucher's heart leaped. It seemed too good to be true. His impulse was to tell him he would do nothing for him; but it is not well to drive a foe to desperation.

"You execute a deed of separation with Josephine, write me a letter stating you are not the man you pretend to be, hand all the certificates over to me, and I will pay your passage to Australia, and send out £2,000 to one of the banks there to be paid on your arrival."

Digby checked. It was a sound Mr. Boucher did not like. What right had a conquered foe to chuckle?

"What do you say?" he asked, sharply, fully prepared to double or even treble the sum he named.

"Oh, I have lots to say. Guess you're not end fond of your children?"

"You mean," said Mr. Boucher, bitterly, "it is only for their sakes that I have yielded to you one inch."

"Ah, I like to see affection like that! There's Allan, now—a fine young fellow, although he hates me."

"He knows you are an impostor."

"So do you. Of course, I am not Digby Boucher."

"I never thought you were."

"This frankness was alarming. 'Oh, yes, I'm an impostor, and so are you, Mr. Boucher—so are most of us. But we were talking of Allan. I rather like Allan, and mean to do him a good turn.'"

Mr. Boucher felt none the less startled because he was quite in the dark as to where all this was tending.

"He's a happy man, Allan is. Married to the loveliest girl in the world. I hear he worships the ground she treads on. Fonder of her even than I am of Josephine."

His listener fancied he caught the drift of what was coming. Allan's wife was to be used for his purpose. Well, if there was anything against her, Allan must bear it—he chose and married her with his eyes open. Yes, Mr. Boucher felt he should allow to believe anything this joking villain said in her disparage.

"I knew Allan's wife intimately for many years, as well as I knew her father, John Boucher."

"Her father, John Boucher?" repeated Mr. Boucher.

He was beginning to wonder if this man was the devil incarnate, come on earth to punish him.

"Yes, her father, John Boucher—the man you shot. Don't say, I'm not a kind-hearted fellow. I shall be able to tell Allan that his marriage makes the estates quite safe."

Mr. Boucher grew livid. He could not speak.

"For Frances has been trying to find me for four years. She knows I am not all about her father's death. She is most anxious to hear all about it. Till now I have kept out of her sight. As soon as she returns from America I shall renew my acquaintance with her. How delighted she will be with my news—how grateful Allan will be to the man who took John Boucher out of the way, and how happy the husband and wife will be ever afterward. Mysteries are laid in families, and I mean to be the destroyer of all he cared to live for. It was too terrible—too awful! This time he was utterly crushed. The end was near, but he must at any cost state it off for a little while. Not for himself—it had gone past that—but for Allan. At any sacrifice this must be kept from Allan.

"I told you I had lots more to say," said Digby, with a mocking smile. "I'm going back now. Think it all over, and send me the money before Allan comes back."

[To be Continued.]

General News and Notes

The wife of Henry Graves, of Stratford, Pa., killed herself with poison the other day because her husband came home drunk.

Cold Weather Trials. DEAR SIRS,—This fall and winter I suffered from rheumatism in my feet and had the best medical advice without avail. I at last thought of trying B. B. and after using one bottle have not felt any symptoms of rheumatism since. I regard it as a fine family medicine.

J. D. DROST, Headlin, Man.

Bert Stewart and E. L. Maney quarrelled over a game of cards at Richmond, N. C., last Thursday. The former shot the latter, inflicting a mortal wound.

Param Tilton, 89, who died at Lynn, Mass., last Thursday, took part in a battle with a British ship in the war of 1812, and was for nine months a prisoner of the English.

Now Free from Pain. DEAR SIRS,—I have been troubled with Lame back for about 6 months, and thought I would try Hagyard's Yellow Oil, which cured me. Am now free from all pains, and recommend Yellow Oil.

FRANK PALMER, Windsor, Ont.

Last Thursday was Thanksgiving Day in the U. S.

The yearling trotting record is now 2:20 and the pacing record 2:24.

A Good Verdict. SIRS,—I have great reason to speak well of your B. B. Bitters. I have taken 6 bottles for myself and family and find that for loss of appetite and weakness it has no equal. It cures sick headache, purifies the blood and will not fail when used. I heartily recommend it to all wanting a pure medicine.

Mrs. HUGH McNEELY, Truro, N. S.

Ex-President Balmeada of Chili spent \$73,000,000 in the recent civil war.

The Best Yet. DEAR SIRS,—My mother was attacked with inflammation of the lungs which left her very weak and never free from cold, till at last she got a very severe cold and cough. She resorted to try Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and on so doing, found it did her more good than any other medicine she ever tried.

Mrs. KENNEDY, Hamilton, Ont.

Prince Bismarck says he has no ambition to gain either the German Ministry.

A Wonderful Fish Product. This is the title given to Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil by many thousands who have used it. It gives flesh and strength by virtue of its nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food. Use it and your weight. Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c, and \$1.00.

The Liberator of Nova Scotia has issued an urgent appeal for funds to prosecute the election petitions.

GENERAL BUSINESS. CASTORIA for Infants and Children. Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is known to be superior to any prescription known to man. H. A. ACRES, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miramichi Foundry AND MACHINE WORKS, CHATHAM, MIRAMICHI, N. B. Manufacturers of Steam Engines and Boilers, Gang and Rotary Saw Mills, Gang Edgers, Shingle and Lath Machines, and all kinds of Machinery for Horse and Steam Power. ESTIMATES FURNISHED. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. W. H. MUIRHEAD, Proprietor.

Miramichi Advance. Beginning with the issue of November 6th, 1890, when the ADVANCE entered upon its Seventeenth Year of Publication!

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.

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!

D. G. SMITH, PUBLISHER. Chatham Foundry. ESTABLISHED 1852. Iron and Brass Castings a specialty for Mills, Steamboats, Railways, etc. Stoves, Iron Fallings, Plough and general Agricultural Castings, Rabbit Metal, etc. Machinery Made and Repaired with quick despatch.

T. F. GILLESPIE, Proprietor. UNPRECEDENTED BARGAINS IN WINTER DRY GOODS Sutherland & Creaghan's, Chatham.

Our Dress Department is complete in all the leading LONDON & PARISIAN NOVELTIES FOR WINTER WEAR. Cash purchasers will find we are the only house in the city where Dry Goods are sacrificed regardless of Cost.

Sutherland & Creaghan, WHOLESALE & RETAIL DRAPERS, CHATHAM.

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 2 o'clock p. m. All rights, title and interest of Henry A. Muirhead, in and to the following lands and premises.

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

WE KEEP IN STOCK A LARGE LINE OF READY-PRINTED BLANKS, Which we mail prepaid or deliver promptly on receipt of the quoted prices. Amongst these are the following: CUSTOMS BLANKS.

LAW FORMS. Per Dozen. Per 50. Per 100. Justice's Letter to Debtor 10 cts. 35 cts. \$ 60. Summons to Defendant, 10 35 60. Summons to Debtor, 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. Subpoena, 10 35 60. Affidavit for Capias, 10 35 60. Capias, 10 35 60. Return (to Council) of Sum. Conventions, 5 cts. each.

SCHOOL FORMS. Per Dozen. Per 50. Per 100. Teacher's Agreement, 5 cts. per set. District Assessment List, 5 cts. each. School rate bills in books of 25, 50, and 100, 60 cts. per 100.

SHIPPERS' BLANKS. Per Dozen. Per 50. Per 100. Railway Receipts, 10 cts. 35 cts. \$ 60. Invoice of Merchandise, 10 35 60. Invoice of Fish (all Rail), 10 35 60. Invoice of Fish (Rail and Steamer), 10 35 60. Wood Cargo Charter, 50 2 00. Bills of Lading, 15 40 75.

MISCELLANEOUS. Per Dozen. Per 50. Per 100. Bank Notary's Protest, 40c. \$1.50 \$2.50. Mortgage, (with Ins. Clause), 50 1 50 2 50. Mortgage, (without Ins. Clause), 50 1 50 2 50. Deed, 50 1 50 2 50. Lease, 50 1 50 2 50. Bond, 40 1 50 2 50. Bill of Public Officer, 40 1 50 2 50. Bill of Sale, 50 1 50 2 50. Road Surveyor's Notice, 10 35 60. Drafts in books of 25, 50 and 100, 60 cts. per 100. Notes in books of 25, 50 and 100, \$1.00 per 100. Lumber Scalers' Cards, (N. B. Scale), 5 and 10 cts. each. Safe Survey Bills in books of 1 doz. each, 15 cts. per dozen. Account Seaman's Wages, 15 cts. per book. Certificate Seaman's Discharge, 15 cts. per book. Crew Lists, 5 cts. each. Advance Notes, 10 cts. per dozen.